FALL FICTION NUMBER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 14. Philadelphia, Sep't. 30, 1899 5 Cents the Copy. $2.50 the Year.

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BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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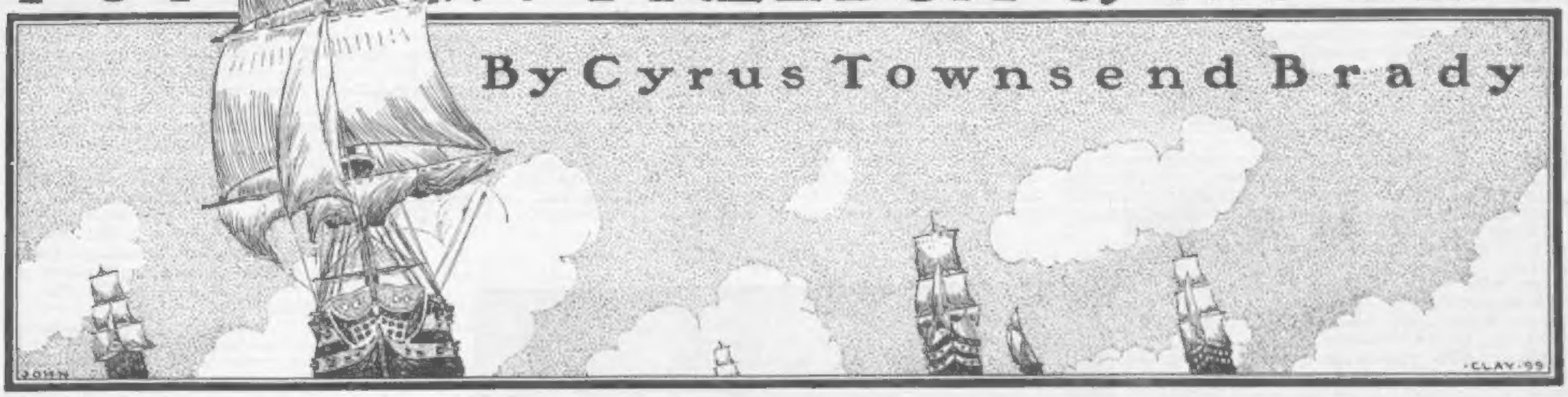
For the FREEDOM of the SEA



Author of For Love of Country, etc.

Book I—First Chapter

SUPPER was over, but as the sun was not yet set, all the members of the house-party were out-of-doors in the pleasant evening weather. Old Colonel Barrett, a soldier of the Revolution, and Sir James Heathcote, engaged in earnest conversation, were sitting near the end of the long, lofty porch, which extended across the front of the building and rose to the height of the roof.

Two officers, one a tall, thin, melancholy looking man, in the uniform of the British Navy, and the other wearing an American naval uniform, and as short and stout as his companion was tall and slender, were walking slowly down the graveled walk toward a little pleasure-house which stood just on the edge of the high bluff overlooking the bay.

In the doorway two young girls were standing, and surrounding them was a group of young officers. In a grove near the house and just on the brow of the hill, the white tents of a battery of artillery and a battalion of infantry, which had encamped there for the night while en route to Washington, the Capital, gleamed under the trees; and the bright uniforms of the men as they lounged on the outskirts of the camp, gazing at the occupants of the Hall, gave a dash of vivid color to the scene.

The two naval officers stopped at the summer-house and looked down at three great ships lazily swinging at anchor in the waters of the Chesapeake. They were His Britannic Majesty's ship Guerrière, 38, Captain James Richard Dacres; His Britannic Majesty's ship Lion, 50, Captain Henry Cunningham, and the United States ship Constitution, 44, Captain Isaac Hull.

A pretty picture they made—the white decks, the rows of spotless hammocks, the grim, black guns, the lofty spars with their tightly and neatly furled sails, the seamen lounging about the deck after supper; for it was the second dog-watch, one of Jack's infrequent hours of play.

The short man broke the silence.

"I tell you, Dacres, it's got to stop."

"My dear Hull," replied the other, "I don't see how it can."

"It can—and shall."

"But how? A British sailor is a British sailor wherever he goes and whatever he does; once a subject of King George, always one, you know."

"No, I don't know—not when he goes as an American citizen under that flag. Besides, you have taken anybody you wanted. I know there are Americans on your ships down there."

"Oh, come now, Hull."

"I tell you again, Captain Dacres, I know it. We have stood this thing long enough, and if I know the temper of our people it's got to stop or something will come of it. I don't hesitate to say that I'd rather sink alongside you than give up a man to any demand you fellows might make. I would not care of what nationality he was."

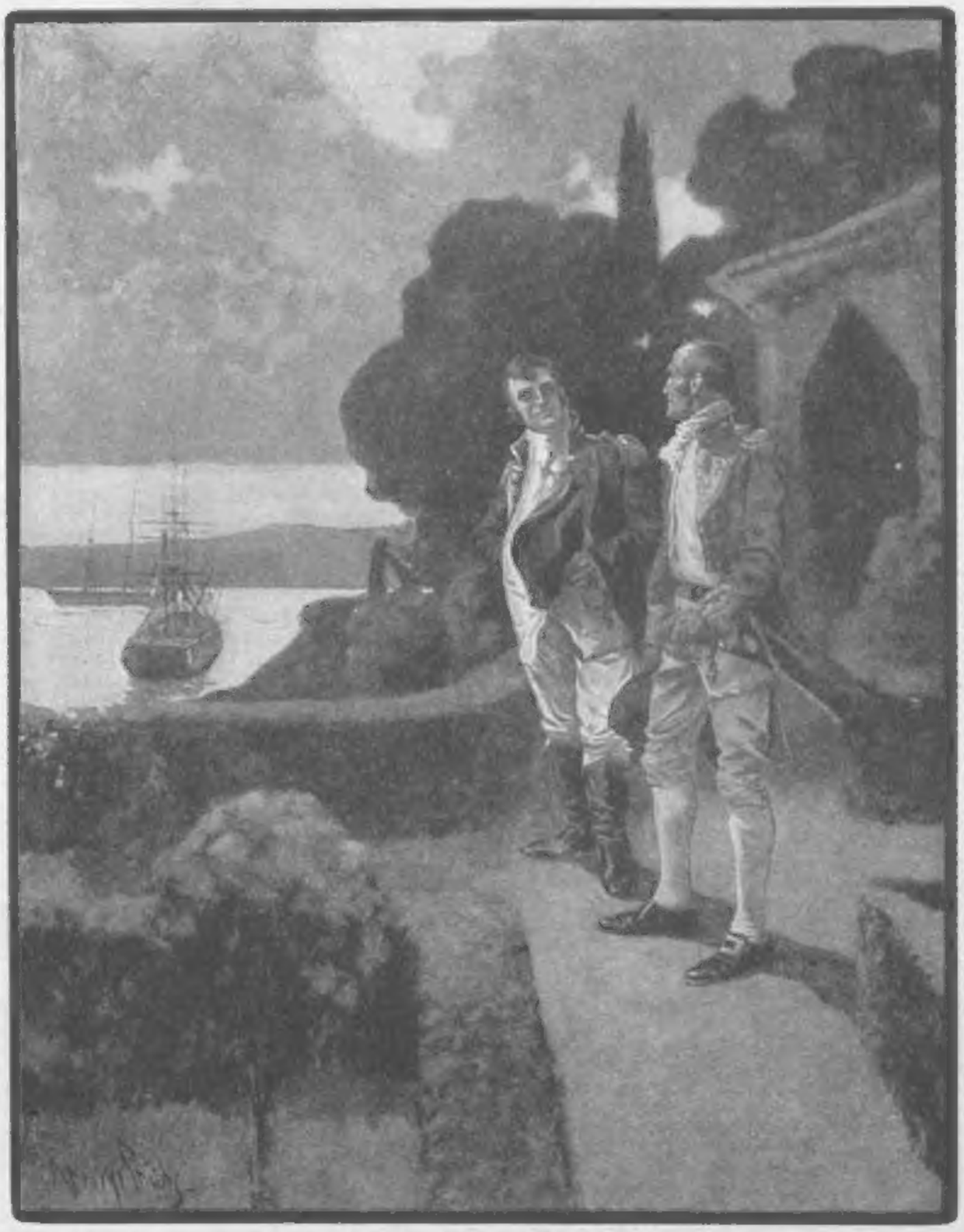
"My dear fellow," replied Captain Dacres, smiling imperturbably, "we disagree, I see. Well, if anything is coming, let it come. I fancy we shall be ready for it. If you won't give up our men, why, then we shall have to take them, that's all."

"They're not your men; but if they were I would not give them up so long as I commanded a ship."

"Oh, well, there are the points of difference. We must have men, and as long as you have them we will take them. Why, how could you help yourself?" went on the Englishman calmly. "Suppose, for instance, you met the Guerrière; why, I could take you in half an hour—knock that bundle of pine boards of yours to pieces in less time, possibly."

"Captain Dacres, you insult me!" exclaimed the stout, choleric American, his face flushing deeply at this nonchalant and somewhat contemptuous remark. His hand played with his sword for a moment, but gradually his face cleared as Dacres explained urbanely:

"My dear Captain Hull, I mean no insult, and cry your pardon if one is conveyed in my words. I am only stating facts. We could knock you into a cocked hat, you know."



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"CAPTAIN DACRES, YOU INSULT ME!" EXCLAIMED THE STOUT, CHOLERIC AMERICAN

"I'll bet you a cocked hat you don't, Dacres; and if I don't finish you up in thirty minutes myself, I'll give you two cocked hats instead of one," said Hull smiling.

"Done; but I ought to give you odds, I think, to be perfectly fair."

"Never mind the odds; or, if you think best, I will give them to you; mine is the heavier ship, you know."

"That only makes us even; mine is an English ship."

"And mine an American."

"Dash it all, that's why I wanted to give you odds!"

"And that is why I shall feel uncomfortable about taking your cocked hat, Dacres."

"Well, well, wait until you get it, my friend; meanwhile, we won't quarrel about it, but fight it out when the war begins."

"And begin it will unless you stop," replied Captain Hull.

"And stop we won't."

"There, you see, we begin our discussion all over."

"Let us drop it, then," said Captain Dacres; "we can't agree."

"Agreed," was the reply. "There is only one way to settle it, and that is with the ships side by side—and then, God guard the right!"

"Amen," said the Englishman solemnly; "we at least will remain friends."

"Ay, surely," replied Hull frankly; "my father fought against England in the Revolution, and died in the prison-ship Jersey, in Wallabout Bay."

"And mine commanded a schooner in the naval battle on

Lake Champlain, in the same war, and died a Vice-Admiral of the Red a few years since."

"I am sorry he did not transmit a better opinion of us to his son."

"Ah, well, my friend, all you lack is experience; when you have been fighting the Dutch, the French, the Spanish, the whole world, even," continued Dacres proudly, "as long as we have, you'll get that experience."

"We'll get all we need from you, Dacres," retorted Hull bluntly.

"You will find us anxious and willing to give it to you, I'm sure," replied Dacres.

"And don't forget the hat."

"Not I, for I count upon wearing it; but it has grown late; let us go into the house; I see the guests of the evening are arriving."

Arm in arm the two men turned toward the Hall.

Second Chapter

DURING the conversation between the two Captains the lingering twilight had faded into darkness. The Virginians of that day kept early hours, and for some time past a stream of carriages filled with matrons and maids from the neighboring country-seats, and followed by gay cavaliers on horseback, had been driving up to the wide entrance. After laying aside their wraps, the guests, with whom the two officers mingled, were received in the great drawing-room by Colonel Barrett and his daughter, Margaret, assisted by Evelyn Heathcote.

The two girls made a pretty picture as they stood together under a brilliantly lighted chandelier at the end of the long room. Evelyn Heathcote was cast in a rather large mould; tall, stately and imposing, with a nobility of carriage and of feature that impressed the most casual observer. Like most Englishwomen, her complexion was fair, and her abundant hair had that glint of sunshine with which a compensating Nature strives to lighten the dull air of the foggy little island. Her eyes were as blue as the sea that washes its shores. Upon her usually pale, calm face the excitement of the evening and a defection on the part of an hitherto devoted cavalier, Lieutenant Richard Heathcote, of which her keen eyes had speedily made her aware, had brought a delicate flush to her cheek.

She was dressed in a short-waisted gown of pale blue, made after the fashion called Empire, a fashion imported from France; there were straps of pearl passementerie drawn across the breast, and the dress was cut *décolleté*, disclosing a pair of snowy shoulders. A broad panel of the same pearl trimming fell from the short waist to the hem of the gown. Her hands and arms were covered with long, white, wrinkled gloves; her hair was done in a large knot, into which a bunch of white ostrich tips had been thrust; on her feet she wore pink satin shoes with ties crossed over the instep, and white silk stockings, which the dress, cut rather short before, though trailing a little behind, plainly exposed. In short, she represented the extreme mode of the period, and at Almacks they used to say there was not a better gowned nor a better looking woman in all England than Evelyn Heathcote.

Greater contrast could not be imagined than that presented by the two girls, for Margaret Barrett, a year or two younger than her friend, was as small and dark as the other was tall and fair. Her hair, which she, of course, wore in the all-prevailing Greek knot, was of dark chestnut; her complexion was of that rich olive tint so rarely seen in its perfection; her large, expressive eyes were hazel, sometimes lightening into a shadowy gray, sometimes darkening into a bluish black. Sometimes they dreamed, sometimes they glistened with limpid light, sometimes they filled with tears, and again they flashed with fire, according to her varying moods. She had a smiling and most kissable mouth, the red lips shaped like a Cupid's bow. Her nose, very slightly *retroussé*, had a merry, piquant, coquettish expression suited to her slender and graceful figure.

She was simply gowned in white, and wore no gloves. The modestly cut neck and half-open sleeves of her dress permitted glimpses of a pair of round arms and youthful shoulders charming in their immaturity. Slippers of pale blue, with ties crossed over pale pink stockings, covered her dainty feet. Instead of a fan, she carried a bunch of deep red roses. Unlike her friend, all her movements lacked the repose of majesty, and were quick, active, full of life and nervous energy. Evelyn was a girl to love and admire; Margaret was one to live and die for.

Though the tendency to brilliancy in masculine dress had been somewhat modified by the introduction of less extravagant fashions than those of the past, the extent of the change was not yet great, and men still expressed their fancy in the choice of their attire. Silk, satin, brocade, and vivid color had not become the exclusive property of women. Colonel Barrett, for instance, clung to the fashion of the not-distant Revolutionary days, and appeared in all the glory of powdered hair, immense ruffled tie, satin coat, waistcoat and knee-breeches, with silk stockings, diamond buckles and court sword.

The naval officers wore their uniforms—ruffled shirts, blue coats heavily laced with gold on the breast, collar and cuffs, one or two brilliant gold epaulets, according to their rank, white or red waistcoats, as they were Americans or English. They carried cocked hats under the arm, wore swords at the side, tight-fitting ankle-trousers, and tasseled half-boots if Americans, and knee-breeches, silk stockings and pumps if English.

Lieutenant-Colonel Winfield Scott and his officers were arrayed in the rich blue uniform of the artillery corps, trimmed with gold lace, with white crossed belt on the breast, black stock, high riding-boots, immense chapeau with braid, eagle and cockade.

Major Hugh Brady and his infantry officers wore a similar uniform, but laced with silver, and each carried a polished leather shako with white pompon, and wore high leather gaiters instead of boots. The American marine officers were in green uniforms faced with white, and the British were in scarlet.

The civilians wore high white stocks, with broad, full cravats and ruffled shirts; long-skirted coats, with high rolling collars of blue, green, brown, red, white, or any other color, with low fancy waistcoats, heavy watch-fobs, tight knee-breeches and boots, or long, tight-fitting trousers tied at the ankle, with slippers and rosettes on their feet. The ballroom, therefore, lighted by hundreds of wax candles in chandeliers, sconces and candelabra, presented a brilliant picture of moving color, the like of which we no longer see.

ACTUALLY, SHE WAS BEING PULLED AROUND IN HIS ARMS!

It was a day in which old-fashioned ceremony and courtesy had not been displaced by new-fashioned indifference. The gentle art of curtsying was still as much a part of a young lady's education as were reading, writing and ciphering; so there was much elaboration and form in the welcoming of the guests before the opening of the ball, and a degree of stiffness in the party which did not vanish until the coming of the negro fiddlers who furnished the music for the dancing.

Then the dance began, and contra-dance, reel and jig followed each other in pleasant succession. For those who did not dance there were card-tables provided in appointed rooms of the great house, which were much sought after by the older men and the dowagers, and the great buffet and the tables in the dining-room were loaded with substantial eatables and drinkables.

Among the most indefatigable of the dancers was Lieutenant Heathcote, a son of the beautiful Anne Fitzhugh, who had been the proudest woman in the Old Dominion: proud of her birth, proud of her broad acres, proud of her beauty, proud of her ancient name. In spite of all this, however, she had married, in early youth, Mr. George Fairford, the son of a New York shopkeeper, and by him had had one son, Blakely Fairford, at present First Lieutenant of the Constitution.

Providence being unwilling that such a *mésalliance* should be perpetuated—so her friends thought, at least—had removed Mr. Fairford, after a short year of wedded life, to a sphere where there is no giving in marriage. Undeterred by her first experience, Lady Anne had adventured upon the sea of matrimony a second time, bestowing her beauty, her pride and all the rest on a wandering English gentleman, Sir James Heathcote.

The young couple had speedily removed to England, leaving poor little Blakely behind in America, where he was brought up in the house of Colonel Barrett, a distant connection of his family. In the course of time Lady Anne bore another son and called him Richard. He, too, had a love of the sea in his blood; perhaps it came from an ancient adventurer who had been somehow mixed up with the Fitzhughs in those old days when the risks were great, the takings many, and dead men told no tales on the Spanish Main. At any rate, he was an officer in the English Navy, and now Second Lieutenant on the Guerrière. With the lapse of years the tie between the mother and her American son had grown more and more frail through her infrequent visits, which had finally ceased altogether, and the little American was forgotten.

So the Lady Anne was entirely wrapped up in her younger son, to whom she gave a double share of her affection. The lonely little American boy, however, as he grew to manhood, loved and dreamed of the ideal he had formed of his splendid mother beyond the seas, and held as his chiefest admiration several miniatures and portraits of her which adorned the walls of Colonel Barrett's house.

Just before the beginning of hostilities in 1812, Sir James Heathcote, accompanied by a distant connection, Miss Evelyn Heathcote, had come over to this country to look after his wife's Virginia estates and take what steps he could to secure them in the event of the disaffection between the two nations culminating in an open rupture. Colonel Barrett had gladly accorded him hospitality, and thus the reason for the present assemblage is apparent. The three ships of war, of course, only happened to be in the Chesapeake at the same time.

The principal object of Lieutenant Heathcote's interest during the evening was the fair hostess herself. It was remarked by many, and by none more forcibly than by Lieutenant Fairford, that she seemed in nowise averse to accepting the attentions of the handsome Englishman, and it was not until the evening was far advanced that Fairford found himself able to secure the company of his cousin. Taking her hand, he led her out of the Hall toward the little summer-house at the end of the wharf. His outward manner was gracious, but his inward feelings were turbulent.

Although, on account of the long absences necessitated by his cruises in distant seas, he had not exactly grown up with Margaret, he had been at home at regular intervals of two or three years, and the affection with which he had regarded the merry-hearted companion of his childhood had unconsciously and insensibly deepened until it had become the all-absorbing passion of his nature.

It had required, however, just the stimulus which the evident appreciation exhibited by his stepbrother for his cousin supplied to discover to him the full depth of his love, and that which had hitherto smouldered suddenly broke into flame. He was a modest man, however, and as he had never spoken to Margaret on this subject he had no assurance upon which to found that airy structure of happiness which lovers build, and it was, therefore, with much trepidation that he spoke that night.

As to Margaret herself, the thought of Blakely Fairford as a lover had never entered her head. But when Fairford spoke to her that night the feeling of open admiration with which she had enjoyed the comradeship of the young Englishman was lost in the depth of a new and true emotion. However, and I grieve to say it, Margaret was not only witty and wise and gay, but she was a natural coquette as well, and that and her surprise at the overwhelming revelation, not only of Fairford's feeling, but of her own, moved her to simulate an indifference she did not feel.

So, when Fairford told her how he loved her, she laughed. It was a merry laugh, and musical, too, but it held no sweetness for him. When he begged her not to dance with his brother again; when he asked her for a kiss, which she would have freely given him that very morning as a sister might; when he pleaded for a rose from those which she held in her hand, she put him off with smiles and jests.

But when the old Fitzhugh temper rose to the surface in him and he grew angry, demanding, when he should have continued to plead, she became as hard as struck flint, and matched the blows of his pride by returning flashes of fire, until, with an open rupture, the two who loved each other walked back to the house at odds.

If Margaret had been beautiful before, she surpassed herself now, and the color in her cheeks rivaled that of the rose which she waved airily in the direction of Heathcote as she entered. Fairford, gloomy and furious, remained behind in the doorway. She accepted an invitation for a reel from Heathcote at once, very much to the discomfiture and indignation of the Lady Evelyn, and that widened the breach.

Fairford, naturally, and with a quick appreciation that it might not be pleasant to his brother, consoled himself by

dancing attendance upon Evelyn Heathcote, whom he really liked extremely, and who, piqued at the desertion of her cousin Richard, whom she had always considered her own private property, was in nowise loath to accept the attentions of so dashing a cavalier as the American.

Toward the close of the evening Heathcote proposed to Margaret that he should teach her a new dance, lately introduced into England, which none of the Americans had ever seen, called the waltz. Margaret, ignorant of the character of the dance, and happening to catch a particularly stern glance from the jealous Fairford at the moment, readily acquiesced, and gave strict attention while Heathcote showed her the steps.

"Oh, don't let her dance it!" whispered Evelyn to Fairford. "It's really not the thing at all; 'tis much condemned in England, and——"

"She may do as she pleases for aught I care," he answered recklessly.

"But you don't understand," she continued quickly; "he has to take her in his arms and—do interfere!"

"It will be useless, you will see, but I will try," he answered, stepping forward to where Margaret stood watching Heathcote humming the air and exhibiting the step.

"I think I understand how it is done," she said, smiling. "So," taking her skirts in her hand and making the turn gracefully.

"Splendid! Splendid!" cried Heathcote, and there was a murmur of applause from the other guests, who had all gathered about them. "Who will play for us? Evelyn, you?"

She shook her head, and Fairford said:

"Margaret, don't dance this, I beg of you. I am informed that—that——" he hesitated, not liking openly to affront his brother, who was, in a certain sense, his guest.

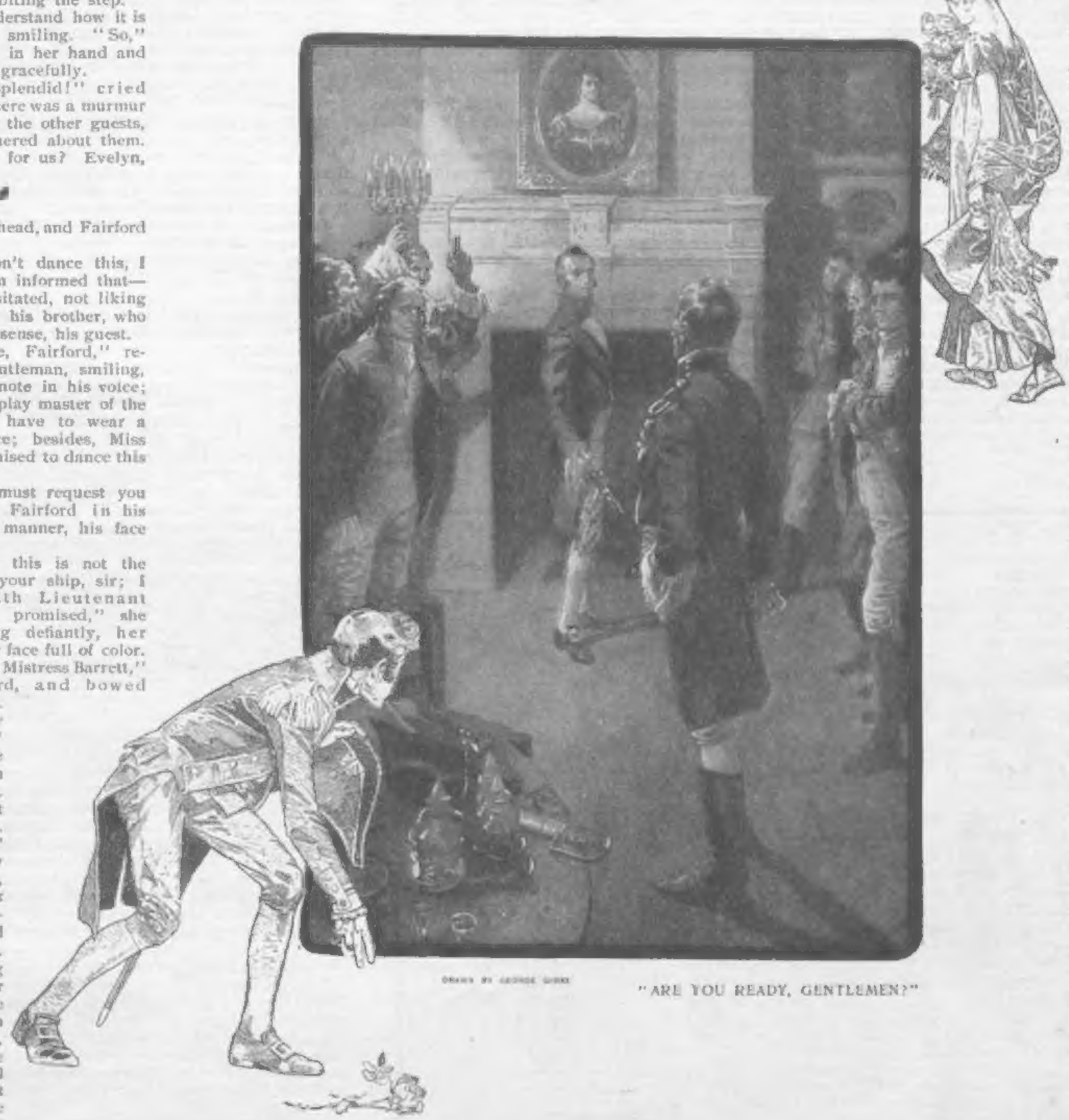
"Have a care, Fairford," responded that gentleman, smiling, but with a hard note in his voice; "if you wish to play master of the revels you will have to wear a more smiling face; besides, Miss Barrett has promised to dance this with me."

"Margaret, I must request you ——" continued Fairford in his most imperious manner, his face flushing.

"You forget this is not the quarter-deck of your ship, sir; I dance this with Lieutenant Heathcote, as I promised," she replied, smiling defiantly, her eyes shining, her face full of color.

"As you please, Mistress Barrett," returned Fairford, and bowed and retreated.

"Who can play the measure?" cried Heathcote gayly. You can, Howard. Sit down, then, at this harpsicord. Now, madam," as the first few bars of the slow, dreamy *trois temps*, the original waltz, floated through the room. Then, stepping forward, to her great surprise he slipped an arm around her waist, and before she knew it, whirled her away in what was probably the first waltz ever danced in the United States.



"ARE YOU READY, GENTLEMEN?"

For a moment she struggled to break away, and then, catching sight of Fairford's gloomy face convulsed with rage and jealousy, abandoned herself to the fascinating motion. Though her partner held her at arm's length, barely touching her, a wave of horrified indignation swept over the people in the ballroom, and they were by no means Puritans, either! Such a shocking thing had never been seen nor heard of before. Actually, she was being pulled around in his arms! Shades of her ancestors! Disapproval looked from every woman's eyes, and envy filled the souls of the younger men.

A moment more and Margaret had lost caste; what might have broken forth no one can tell, when the voice of Colonel Barrett, who had just come in from the card-room, stopped the pair, and rescued his daughter from the consequences of her reckless behavior.

"My daughter," he said with perfect courtesy and yet with crushing disapproval, "if you will honor me, and enough others can be found to follow our example, we will, in the *menuet de la cour*, show the thoughtless and foolish present with what dignity and grace the dances of the past were carried on."

"A rose in memory of this," whispered Heathcote to his fair partner. Carelessly dropping one from the bunch at his feet, with a heightened color and an angry heart at the reproof of her father, for certainly she had represented, if any one did, the "thoughtless and foolish present," she returned the Colonel's stately bow with a deep curtsy and began the minuet. Shortly after this, as it was long past the usual retiring hour, the party broke up. Those who lived nearby returned home; others of the ladies sought their apartments for the night, and the gentlemen adjourned to the dining-room.

Third Chapter

WHEN the young men came together in the dining-room, cards were produced, and the play became fast and furious. The wine, which had been rather sparingly used heretofore, out of deference to the ladies, flowed freely. Those who did not play—including Fairford and Heathcote—engaged in conversation, and the subject under discussion was, of course, the burning question of the hour—the impossible claims of England on the high seas, and the position of the United States.

An acrid tone soon pervaded the conversation, and under the stimulus of the wine he had taken, Lieutenant Heathcote assumed a leading and, unfortunately, an offensive part. The laws of courtesy were more or less forgotten.

"What chance have you against the British Navy with your old frigates?" he asked. "They are nothing but pine boards, after all."

"You will find that pine is a stronger wood than you think for, Richard," replied Fairford quietly, but with blazing eyes.

"Oh, will we?" sneered Heathcote; "what's the odds if we do? We have over a thousand ships, and you less than twenty. We will run that prison-striped flag of yours off the ocean," he concluded.

There were cries of "Shame! Shame!" from the little group of Americans, and even some of Heathcote's brother-officers attempted to remonstrate with him.

"Oh, come now, Heathcote, this is too much!" said Howard, First Lieutenant of the Lion. "Remember where you are, man."

"I know where I am," was the answer. "Let me alone, will you? Once an Englishman, always one—that's our creed; a man who once belongs to King George belongs to him forever. We'll take him and keep him wherever we find him—on the high seas, on the decks of your ships—where you will. What are you going to do about it?" he continued hotly; "how are you going to help it, pray? I will wager I can take a sloop of war and capture any frigate you have, in spite of your dirty little flag."

"I am the senior American naval officer present," responded Fairford fiercely. "I demand that you apologize here and now for your insult to the flag."

"Apologize be d——d!" returned Heathcote with equal fierceness. "We'll not only take the men, but," and he smiled mockingly as he drew a red rose from his breast, "we'll take the women, too."

Fairford, with upraised hand, sprang at him, but others quickly intervened and the blow fell upon empty air.

"This is an insult which can only be wiped out in one way," he cried furiously.

"Quite so," replied Heathcote with equal spirit. "When and where you please."

"I am ready now," answered Fairford, striving to recover his composure.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said one of the older officers; "between brothers——"

"No more brothers than Englishmen and Americans are!" broke in Lieutenant-Colonel Scott fiercely.

"The observation of the gentleman is most accurate," answered Heathcote smoothly, beginning to get the better of the wine. "Being of this mind, and having obtruded his large personality into this quarrel, perhaps he is willing to bear the consequence of his interference."

"With the greatest pleasure, sir," answered Scott, "if there are any effective possibilities left in you when Mr. Fairford has finished with you."

"The gentleman does me too much honor; he would make an excellent target. If it were not so manifestly unfair to him, I would suggest cannon at long range."

Deeply enraged at the reference to his great size, the hot-tempered Scott stepped toward the Englishman, whose slender figure looked small indeed beside his huge antagonist. Heathcote had all the courage and pride of his race and nation, and he faced his enemy with magnificent calmness.

"Have patience, my great sir, and you may in your turn get as near to me as you wish."

"Hold on, Scott," said his friend, Major Brady, of the infantry, restraining him with a powerful grasp. "It's not your turn yet; and you, sir," addressing Heathcote, "if this is going to be a tournament, I hope you won't omit the infantry from your entertainment."

"An Irishman is always ready to fight in any quarrel but his own; you shall follow your two friends, sir."

"Faith, I wish I had a better chance of getting into action, then."

"Don't despair, sir, I beg of you. Is there any one else—the gentleman in green? We have the Navy, the Artillery, and the Infantry; we can complete the service if he will represent the Cavalry—say the Horse Marines?" continued Heathcote.

"I am accustomed to be addressed in a proper manner by those whom I desire to kill, but I will waive my right in this instance and give you an opportunity if you desire it," warmly replied Captain Bush, of the marine corps, as brave an officer as ever drew a sword.

"Sir, I thank you; I do desire it. What next?" said Heathcote, bowing gracefully.

"Let us proceed to business if your engagement book is sufficiently well filled for your purpose," answered Fairford.

"If you wish to make a general affair of this, Heathcote, and intend challenging the whole United States, why not select three of us to accompany you and settle the thing at once? I shall be glad to be one. I don't like this procession of yours," said one of the English officers.

"No," said Heathcote promptly; "this is my affair; one Englishman should be a match for any four Americans; it is odds to which we are accustomed; let no one interfere with me, and we will begin immediately."

"Would it not be better to wait until morning instead of showing such unseemly haste to conclude this unfortunate

affair?" commented one of the American officers, Robert Ludlow, Third Lieutenant of the Constitution, a great friend of Fairford and an admirer of Evelyn Heathcote as well.

"I should be most happy to oblige you," responded Heathcote, "but, unfortunately, we are under orders to sail early in the morning, and we shall have to conclude the affair immediately or postpone it to a more distant day."

"The sooner the better," replied Fairford. "I believe that I have already expressed my wish to settle the matter at once. If I am not mistaken, you will find the Colonel's dueling pistols in the cabinet there. Lieutenant Ludlow will act for me——"

"And Lieutenant Howard for me," continued Heathcote quickly. "Doctor St. George, of the Guerrière, is present, and he will do whatever may be necessary, I am sure; so we are provided for all contingencies."

The three gentlemen named bowed and withdrew to one side for a short consultation, taking the Colonel's pistols with them. The others gathered themselves together at the opposite end of the room in a small alcove, leaving the two brothers alone in the centre.

With a smile of indifference Heathcote turned on his heel and walked over toward the mantel at the end of the long apartment. Fairford stood waiting quietly by the side of the table. Like every true American, he fiercely resented any insult to the flag which represented his country, and chafed under the openly expressed contempt of the English for the little American Navy. These insults were quite sufficient to have brought about the present condition of affairs, and when there was added the bitterness of jealousy caused by Margaret's conduct with his stepbrother, the vivid remembrance of that wild, foreign dance, it was with hot and bitter rage that he longed for an opportunity to kill him.

On his part, with much less cause, Richard Heathcote was almost as much incensed against his brother. Jealous of the latter's supposed influence over Margaret Barrett, whom, if he did not love, he greatly admired, and by a singular contradiction of sentiment, even more jealous of the attention which his brother had latterly paid to Evelyn, for whom he cherished a deeper affection than he would have admitted, and infuriated by her kindly reception of that attention; with an honest and thorough-going contempt for the little American Navy; and last, somewhat inflamed by the wine he had taken, he was almost as bitter as his stepbrother.

Still, each one really liked the other, and it is possible that if there had been time for reflection the matter might have been adjusted amicably and without recourse to arms.

The two seconds and the Doctor came forward at this juncture and made an announcement of the arrangements through Lieutenant Howard.

"Gentlemen, we have agreed that the weapons shall be pistols, and that you shall stand face to face, the long way of the room, at a distance of ten paces. Lieutenant Ludlow, of the Constitution, will give the word: he will count three, and give the word to fire; you are not to fire until after the word has been given. In consideration of the fact that my principal is under engagement to meet Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, Major Brady and Captain Bush in succession to-night, you will each be allowed but one shot at the other. Do you accept the terms?"

"Certainly," responded both principals.

"Here are the pistols, which we have just charged; there is, we believe, no difference between them. My principal, as the challenged party, has the first choice."

As he spoke he extended his hands with the weapons toward Heathcote, who carelessly took the nearer one. Fairford received the other.

"As there is no difference in position on account of the light, which I will hold myself where I now stand, the other lights in the room being extinguished, Lieutenant Heathcote will stand where he now is, and Lieutenant Fairford will stand here," he continued, after he had carefully walked ten paces from the former.

"Take your places, gentlemen. I presume it is unnecessary to state to the other gentlemen that they must remain absolutely quiet. Now, Lieutenant Ludlow, will you give the word?"

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" said the latter.

"One moment," said Fairford quietly; "I wish to say that I have already used this pistol, and this may give me some advantage."

Ludlow turned to Howard, who looked toward Heathcote.

"It is of no consequence whatever," replied that officer carelessly. "Proceed."

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" said Ludlow again; and when Fairford, stern and cold, and Heathcote, smiling and gay, had nodded acquiescence, he began to count.

"One, two——" Both men, with arms steady from long practice, raised their pistols simultaneously, and each took careful aim at the other.

Back of Heathcote, above the mantel, hung the picture of a beautiful woman. Though the two antagonists were totally different types of men, Fairford being fair, tall, broad-shouldered and strong, while Heathcote, though as tall as his brother, was dark and slender, there was a curious likeness in the face of each man to the face in the picture. Some trick of carriage, a pride of port, the poise of the head, the piercing glance of the strong, gray eyes, which they all three had in common, proclaimed that the woman of the picture was the mother of both.

As Ludlow counted three, Fairford's glance took in both the face in the picture and the face of his brother.

His brother! Good Heavens, what were they about to do?

He started slightly, and then the enormity of the situation burst upon him. Was it too late? He had half opened his mouth to speak when came the final word, "Fire!"

Then he held himself steady as a rock, mechanically glancing along the barrel of his pistol.

A sharp report rang through the room. He heard the whistle of a bullet past his ear, heard the crash of breaking glass behind him, and felt a slight tug at the side of his head.

When the smoke had cleared away he found himself, entirely unharmed, before his now defenseless brother. Heathcote, his discharged pistol hanging by his side, was bravely facing him; his face was a little paler than before, but he was still smiling serenely. He, too, had had his moment of realization; it had come as he had pressed the trigger, and had unconsciously deflected his aim.

"Thank God!" he whispered to himself; "he is unhurt."

Then Fairford, nerving himself and seeking to silence his conscience, took long and careful aim, while the others waited in breathless silence to see the result of the expected shot. Presently, he slowly lowered his arm. There was an instant murmur from the group of men in the alcove.

"I must ask," cried Lieutenant Howard to Lieutenant Ludlow, "that your principal take his shot at once. Such a proceeding as this is most unusual."

"Heave ahead, Fairford; why do you delay?" answered Ludlow promptly. "There are others here who must be considered."

"Let the gentleman take his time, Howard; I can wait," said Heathcote urbanely.

"Enough of this," interjected Fairford; "I refuse to continue. I cannot fire at a defenseless man who looks at me with my mother's eyes. The matter can go no further. He is my brother and cannot insult me."

He threw the pistol down on the table and folded his arms.

"I say you shall fire!" responded Heathcote, starting forward eagerly. "By Heaven, you humiliate me beyond expression! No man shall receive my shot without returning it."

"I can not and will not," answered Fairford. "You may say and do what you please; you are my brother, and I cannot forget it."

"You shall, you must, Blake!" responded Heathcote sternly, though using the familiar name. "You cannot put this disgrace upon me! How can I oblige these other gentlemen if I allow this matter to end in this way? Do not put this shame upon me," he cried, seizing the pistol at the same time and trying to force it into Fairford's unwilling hand. "Brother, for the sake of my honor, take the shot. Gentlemen, I appeal to you," he said, turning to the two seconds, as Fairford still shook his head.

"The laws of honor certainly demand that he take his shot," said Howard. "You agree with me, do you not, Mr. Ludlow?"

"Certainly; you must do it, Fairford," said Ludlow.

"And I tell you now the laws of nature and the laws of God——" began Fairford firmly.

"And to you, gentlemen, I appeal," said Heathcote, interrupting again and turning to the spectators; "we are not dealing with laws other than those of honor now. Give your voice."

"Take the shot!" "Give him his shot!" "It is a shame to refuse!" cried the others.

"I want none of my brother's blood upon my hands, and I will not, as I have said before, continue this affair," returned Fairford. "You have abundant evidence of Lieutenant Heathcote's courage in his gallant action here, and if any other gentleman doubts his or mine I shall be most happy to accommodate him at once and promise no interruptions."

"May I ask," said Lieutenant-Colonel Scott suavely, "in what situation this leaves me with regard to my unfulfilled engagement with Lieutenant Heathcote?"

"And what is my position?" brusquely added Major Brady.

"And mine?" chimed in Captain Bush.

"In no position at all, gentlemen; the affair is ended. This is not the place where the question of efficiency and superiority, which has been raised by my English brother, can be settled. We will fight it out on the decks of our ships and on the field of battle, where I doubt not ample opportunity will be afforded for the exhibition of that courage which is the common heritage of the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon."

"And of the Celt as well," interrupted Brady.

"I hope Lieutenant Fairford will not discriminate against the Germans, from whom I sprang," said Captain Bush.

"Certainly not, gentlemen. That courage which is the common heritage of every man, I should have said."

"Oh, Blake, you have undone me!" said Heathcote bitterly, still unconvinced.

"Not so, Richard, for——"

At this juncture the door of the room opened and Colonel Barrett, Sir James, Captains Hull and Dacres, and the older members of the party walked in.

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

"WHAT ELSE DID HE DO?"
"BEAT TO QUARTERS, SIR"

Fourth Chapter

"GENTLEMEN, gentlemen," said Colonel Barrett, sniffing the powder smoke, and seeing, from the broken glass behind Fairford and the general disorder, what had happened, "how is this—have you been fighting in my house? Violating my hospitality by engaging in a duel under my roof?"

"If it was one of my men, I will engage it was not without cause that he entered into the matter," said Hull calmly.

"I will engage the same thing of mine," answered Dacres, his dark face flushing.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Scott," continued Colonel Barrett, unheeding this interruption, "will you have the goodness to advise me——" But he was interrupted once more, this time by the rolling of a drum through the still night.

All the officers started simultaneously. It was the beat to quarters, and Hull exclaimed under his breath:

"That is the Constitution, surely!"

The old Colonel, however, kept on: "Will you tell me what is the cause of all this?"

Scott hesitated, looking around the room inquiringly.

"Out with it, man!" exclaimed Hull. "If there has been any fighting we want to know what it was about, and if there is going to be any more we want to take a hand in it. I trust I voice your sentiments, Captain Dacres?"

"Wholly," replied the Englishman proudly; "pray give us the details, Colonel Scott."

"Have I your permission, gentlemen?" questioned Scott, looking at the principals and seconds.

"Yes, yes."

"Go on, go on," was the reply from all parts of the room. The Englishmen had withdrawn to one side and arranged themselves about Captain Dacres, and the American officers had assembled near Captain Hull, the other guests facing Colonel Barrett in the middle of the room, between the two parties.

"The question, sir," said Scott gravely, "was the old and open one of the right of His Britannic Majesty's ships to search our ships, impress our men, and insult our flag, with a secondary question of the efficiency of our Navy."

"By gad, I will wager they will find out very shortly that neither of these is an open question," interrupted Brady, fiercely. Hull and his officers smiled at the impetuous Irishman, and the English officers laughed scornfully.

"Silence, sir," commanded Colonel Barrett; "do you wish to precipitate another quarrel? Proceed."

"That is all, sir. We resented both the statement and the manner of its presentation, and Lieutenant Fairford, Major Brady, Captain Bush and myself took the matter up."

"Who were your antagonists?" said the Colonel.

"We had only one; Lieutenant Heathcote."

"What! Were you all going to fight him?" demanded the astonished Colonel.

"Yes, sir; but in succession."

"Well done, Dick," said old Sir James approvingly to his son.

"I must beg that we be not interrupted again. Go on, Colonel Scott," resumed the Colonel.

"Well, sir, Mr. Fairford was to have the first chance at the man. He received his broth—Lieutenant Heathcote's fire—unharmed, and then threw down his pistol and refused to take his shot, saying that he could not fire at a man who looked at him with his mother's eyes. That was your phrase, was it not?" said the tall artilleryman, bowing toward Lieutenant Fairford.

"It was, sir," was the response.

"Gentlemen, I call you to witness," interrupted Heathcote at this point, "that I begged and implored him to return my fire."

"He did; it's true," came from all parts of the room.

"Our man was right—no fight in the family," cried Hull impetuously. "I will take his place, and I doubt not Captain Dacres will represent his own Lieutenant. Our nations have forgotten the common brotherhood of a common ancestry in that which now lies between them, and I pledge my word there will be no interruptions on this occasion."

Dacres, with his hand on his sword, started forward impetuously.

"The man who fights in this house must first cross swords with me," said old Colonel Barrett calmly, "and, old as I am, I trust that I have not forgotten how to bear arms as becomes a gentleman."

At this moment one of the Colonel's servants came into the room.

"Please, suh, deys an offisuh f'um de Constitution heah to see de Cap'n."

"Captain Hull! Where is he?" cried a young, excited voice.

"Here, sir," answered the Captain sharply. "Why do you call so loudly?"

"Sir," said the midshipman, saluting, "Lieutenant Read"—the officer left in command during Hull's absence—"has sent me to say that a deserter from the Guerrière came aboard the Constitution at seven bells, followed shortly after by an officer from that ship to demand his return."

"What answer did he make to that demand?" returned Hull, starting forward eagerly.

"He said, 'No,' sir," responded the boy breathlessly.

"What else did he do?"

"Beat to quarters, sir."

Hull smiled and lifted his hands.

"Well done!" he cried in exultation.

The Americans in the room broke into cheers.

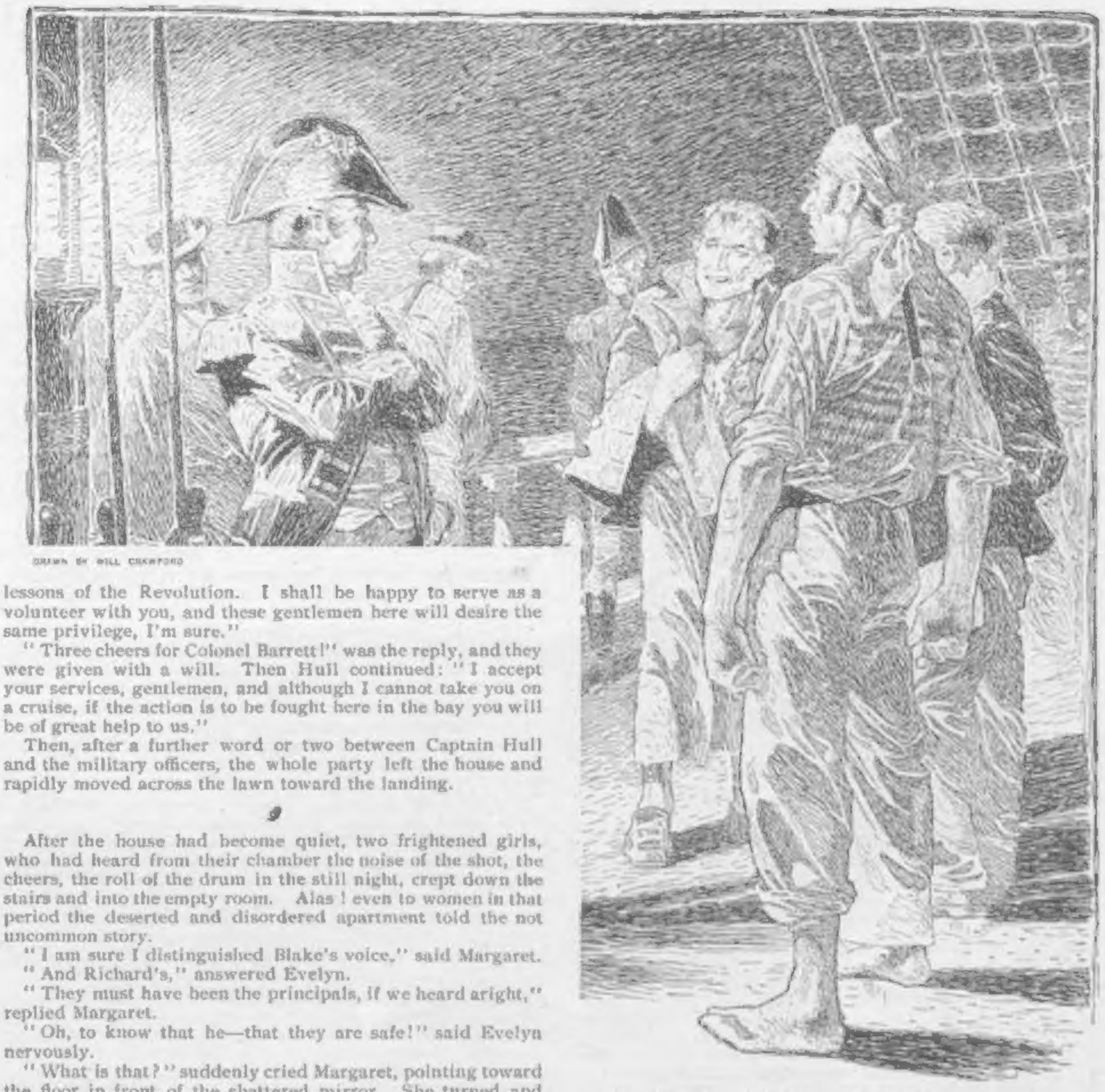
"We will try out this quarrel on the decks of our ships," cried Dacres fiercely. "Gentlemen," turning to his officers, "to your stations. Colonel Barrett, we thank you for your hospitality and bid you good-night. Captain Hull, here's to our speedy meeting," and laying his hand upon his sword, and followed by his officers, he walked proudly out of the room.

"Gentlemen," said Hull, smiling, "we have a worthy antagonist. Let us go to our ships. Colonel Scott, Major Brady, a few words with you, please. Now, gentlemen," said Hull, after a little whispered conversation with the two Army officers, "I am ready to go. Colonel Barrett, good-night."

"Captain Hull," said the old Colonel, "if there is to be an engagement, I trust that I am not too old to remember the lessons of the Revolution. I shall be happy to serve as a volunteer with you, and these gentlemen here will desire the same privilege, I'm sure."

"Three cheers for Colonel Barrett!" was the reply, and they were given with a will. Then Hull continued: "I accept your services, gentlemen, and although I cannot take you on a cruise, if the action is to be fought here in the bay you will be of great help to us."

Then, after a further word or two between Captain Hull and the military officers, the whole party left the house and rapidly moved across the lawn toward the landing.



DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

—"YOU ARE AN AMERICAN, ARE YOU?"

After the house had become quiet, two frightened girls, who had heard from their chamber the noise of the shot, the cheers, the roll of the drum in the still night, crept down the stairs and into the empty room. Alas! even to women in that period the deserted and disordered apartment told the not uncommon story.

"I am sure I distinguished Blake's voice," said Margaret.

"And Richard's," answered Evelyn.

"They must have been the principals, if we heard aright," replied Margaret.

"Oh, to know that he—that they are safe!" said Evelyn nervously.

"What is that?" suddenly cried Margaret, pointing toward the floor in front of the shattered mirror. She turned and stooped swiftly. "That" was a curl that had been clipped from Fairford's head by Heathcote's bullet.

"Look," she said, holding it up to Evelyn's gaze, "I see it all now. Lieutenant Heathcote must have stood there beneath his mother's picture, and Blake here. There was but one shot, you know, and that cut off this lock of hair; then there was an interruption of some sort, and now they have gone. He is unharmed—both of them."

"You are right," said Evelyn. "But do you care so much for Lieutenant Fairford?" she asked softly.

"I love him," said Margaret, hiding her face in her hands and weeping in the relief of the assurance. "And you, Evelyn," she resumed in a moment, "are you not grateful there was but one shot? That they are both safe?"

"I am grateful and glad indeed," said the more reticent English girl, "that both are safe; thankful that no hand is stained with a brother's blood," she added solemnly.

"More than glad for one, at least, are you not, Evelyn?" cried Margaret, springing forward with impulsive affection and clasping her friend in her arms. "See, here is the rose he wore over his heart. I gave it to him; but that is nothing. It is you he loves; will you not keep it?"

Evelyn took it with a long sigh of relief and pressed it to her lips. "You are a sweet child, Margaret," she said gratefully, and then Margaret kissed her, and the two girls clung to each other in a new-born affection which not all the wars on earth could ever break.

Fifth Chapter

BY THE end of the wharf, at the foot of the hill, Captain Hull found one of the Constitution's boats in waiting, and noticed with pleasure that the men who manned it were armed. The little party was soon embarked, and under the impetus of the trained crew, who used the long and steady man-of-war stroke, the little cutter disappeared in the direction of the Constitution. The watchful officers on that ship presently heard the rattle of oars in rowlocks, and then made out a dark blur on the still water.

"Boat ahoy!" cried the officer of the deck.

"Constitution," was the reply, given by Hull himself. The officer sprang toward the starboard gangway, attended by the other officers, who were all on deck. The boatswain and his mates ranged themselves about the entrance with the side boys, and the shrill whistling of the boatswain's pipes as the Captain stepped aboard, a somewhat unusual practice at night, by the way, announced the arrival of the commanding officer. Acknowledging the salutes of his officers, he glanced proudly across the decks crowded with men at their stations and lighted by long lines of battle-lanterns.

"Well, Mr. Read," he said to the Lieutenant in command, "you have a deserter on board?"

"Yes, sir; three."

"Three! I thought you said one from the Guerrière."

"So I did, sir, but since that time two more have come aboard from the Lion."

"Gad, gentlemen," said Hull, smiling, "if this keeps up they won't have men enough left to fight us. Where are these deserters? I wish to see them," he continued, walking aft to the quarter-deck.

"Forward, there," cried Lieutenant Read sharply; "pass the word for the men from the Lion and the Guerrière to lay aft to the quarter-deck."

In a few moments three men, still dripping with water from their long swim, presented themselves before the Captain.

"What is your name, my lad?" he asked of the smallest.

"Badely, sir; Bill Badely, at Your Honor's service," answered the man with an unmistakable English accent, making a sea scrape with his foot and knuckling his forehead by way of salute.

"And you are an American, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"In Boston, sir."

"Oh, you were, were you? Boston, England, most likely."

The man grinned sheepishly.

"What is your name?" asked the Captain of the elder of the other two, a perfect giant in appearance.

"John Martin, sir; and this is my son, Samuel. We were——"

"Steady," said Hull sharply; "do not volunteer any information until you are asked for it. You're not an old man-of-war's man, are you?"

"No, sir; we're fishermen."

"Where are you from?"

"Massachusetts, sir. Gloucester."

"So I should judge from hearing you speak. Are you two from the Lion?"

"Yes, sir."

"How came you and your son to get on the Lion, Martin?"

"We were kidnapped two weeks ago from the schooner Eliza Ann by the d——d murdering——"

"Avast there; that will do," said Hull sternly. "I do all the swearing that is done on this quarter-deck myself. Go forward, all of you."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the elder Martin, touching his forehead respectfully as he realized something of the nature of the Captain with whom he was dealing; "may I speak, sir?"

(Continued on Page 232 of this number)

The SERGEANT'S Private MADHOUSE

By Stephen Crane

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THE moonlight was almost steady blue flame, and all this radiance was lavished out upon a still, lifeless wilderness of stunted trees and cactus plants. The shadows lay upon the ground, pools of black and sharply outlined, resembling substances, fabrics, and not shadows at all. From afar came the sound of the sea coughing among the hollows in the coral rocks.

The land was very empty; one could easily imagine that Cuba was a simple, vast solitude; one could wonder at the moon taking all the trouble of this splendid illumination. There was no wind; nothing seemed to live.

But in a particular, large group of shadows lay an outpost of some forty United States marines. If it had been possible to approach them from any direction without encountering one of their sentries, one could have gone stumbling among sleeping men, and men who sat waiting, their blankets tented over their heads; one would have been in among them before one's mind could have decided whether they were men or devils. If a marine moved, he took the care and the time of one who walks across a death-chamber. The Lieutenant in command reached for his watch, and the nickel chain gave forth the slightest tinkling sound. He could see the glisten in five or six pairs of eyes that turned to regard him. His Sergeant lay near him, and he bent his face down to whisper: "Who's on post behind the big cactus bush?"

"Dryden," rejoined the Sergeant just over his breath.

After a pause the Lieutenant murmured: "He's got too many nerves. I shouldn't have put him there." The Sergeant asked if he should crawl down and look into affairs at Dryden's post. The young officer nodded assent, and the Sergeant, softly cocking his rifle, went away on his hands and knees. The Lieutenant, with his back to a dwarf tree, sat watching the Sergeant's progress for the few moments that he could see him moving from one shadow to another. Afterward the officer waited to hear Dryden's quick but low-voiced challenge; but time passed, and no sound came from the direction of the post behind the cactus bush.

The Sergeant, as he came nearer and nearer to this cactus bush—a number of peculiarly dignified columns throwing shadows of inky darkness—had slowed his pace, for he did not wish to trifle with the feelings of the sentry. He was expecting his stern hail, and was ready with the immediate answer which turns away wrath. He was not made anxious by the fact that he could not as yet see Dryden, for he knew that the man would be hidden in a way practiced by sentry marines since the time when two men had been killed by a disease of excessive confidence on picket. Indeed, as the Sergeant went still nearer he became more and more angry. Dryden was evidently a most proper sentry.

Finally he arrived at a point where he could see him seated in the shadow, staring into the bushes ahead of him, his rifle ready on his knee. The Sergeant in his rage longed for the peaceful precincts of the Washington Marine Barracks, where there would have been no situation to prevent the most complete non-commissioned oratory. He felt indecent in his capacity of a man able to creep up to the back of a G Company member on guard duty. Never mind; in the morning, back at camp——

But suddenly he felt afraid. There was something wrong with Dryden. He remembered old tales of comrades creeping out to find a picket seated against a tree, perhaps upright enough, but stone dead. The Sergeant paused and gave the inscrutable back of the sentry a long stare. Dubious, he again moved forward. At three paces he hissed like a little snake. Dryden did not show a sign of hearing. At last the Sergeant was in a position from which he was able to reach out and touch Dryden on the arm. Whereupon was turned to him the face of a man livid with mad fright. The Sergeant grabbed him by the wrist and with discreet fury shook him. "Here! Pull yourself together!"

Dryden paid no heed, but turned his wild face from the newcomer to the ground in front. "Don't you see 'em, Sergeant? Don't you see 'em?"

"Where?" whispered the Sergeant.

"Ahead and a little on the right flank. A reg'lar skirmish line. Don't you see em?"

"Naw," whispered the Sergeant.

Dryden began to shake. He began moving one hand from his head to his knee, and from his knee to his head rapidly, in a way that is without explanation. "I don't dare fire," he wept. "If I do they'll see me, and oh, how they'll pepper me!"

The Sergeant, lying on his belly, understood one thing. Dryden had gone mad. Dryden was the March Hare. The old man gulped down his uproarious emotions as well as he was able, and used the most simple device. "Go," he said, "and tell the Lieutenant, while I cover your post for you."

"No! They'd see me! And they'd pepper me! Oh, how they'd pepper me!"

The Sergeant was face to face with the biggest situation of his life. In the first place, he knew that at night a large or a small force of Spanish guerrillas was never more than easy rifle-range from any marine outpost, both sides maintaining a secrecy as absolute as possible in regard to their real position and strength. Everything was on a watch-spring foundation. A loud word might be paid for by a night attack which would involve five hundred men who needed their sleep, not to speak of some of them who would need their lives. The slip of a foot and the rolling of a pint of gravel might go from consequence to consequence until various crews went to general quarters on their ships in the harbor, their batteries booming as the swift searchlight flashed through the foliage. Men would get killed—notably the Sergeant and Dryden—and the outposts would be cut off, and the whole night would be one pitiless turmoil. And so Sergeant George H. Peasley began to run his private madhouse behind the cactus bush.

"Dryden," said the Sergeant, "you do as I told you, and go tell the Lieutenant."

"I don't dare move," shivered the man. "They'll see me if I move; they'll see me. They're almost up now. Let's hide——"

"Well, then you stay here a moment and I'll go and——"

Dryden turned upon him a look so tigerish that the old man felt his hair move. "Don't you stir!" he hissed. "You want to give me away? You want them to see me? Don't you stir!" The Sergeant decided not to stir.

He became aware of the slow wheeling of eternity, its majestic incomprehensibility of movement. Seconds, moments, were quaint little things, tangible as toys, and there were billions of them, all alike.

"Dryden," he whispered at the end of a century, in which, curiously, he had never joined the marine corps at all, but had taken to another walk of life and prospered greatly in it—"Dryden, this is all foolishness!"

He thought of the expedient of smashing the man over the head with his rifle, but Dryden was so supernaturally alert that there surely would issue some small scuffle, and there could be not even the fraction of a scuffle. The Sergeant relapsed into the contemplation of another century. His patient had one fine virtue. He was in such terror of the phantom skirmish line that his voice never went above a whisper, whereas his delusion might have expressed itself in coyote yells and shots from his rifle. The Sergeant, shuddering, had visions of how it might have been—the mad private leaping into the air and howling and shooting at his friends, and making them the centre of the enemy's eager attention. This, to his mind, would have been conventional conduct for a maniac. The trembling victim of an idea was somewhat puzzling. The Sergeant decided that from time to time he would reason with his patient. "Look here, Dryden, you don't see any real Spaniards. You've been drinking or—something. Now——"

But Dryden only glared him into silence. Dryden was inspired with such a profound contempt of him that it had become hatred. "Don't you stir!" And it was clear that if the Sergeant did stir the mad private would introduce calamity. "Now," said Peasley to himself, "if those guerrillas *should* take a crack at us to-night, they'd find a lunatic asylum in front, and it would be astonishing."

The silence of the night was broken by the quick, low voice of a sentry to the left some distance. The breathless stillness brought an effect to the words as if they had been spoken in one's ear.

"Halt! Who's there? Halt, or I'll fire!" Bang!

At the moment of sudden attack, particularly at night, it is improbable that a man registers much detail of either thought or action. He may afterward say: "I was here." He may say: "I was there"; "I did this"; "I did that." But there remains a great incoherency because of the tumultuous thought which seethes through the head.

"Is this defeat?" At night in a wilderness, and against skillful foes half seen, one does not trouble to ask if it is also death. Defeat is death, then, save for the miraculous ones. But the exaggerating, magnifying first thought subsides in the ordered mind of the soldier, and he knows, soon, what he is doing, and how much of it. The Sergeant's immediate impulse had been to squeeze close to the ground and listen—listen; above all else, listen. But the next moment he grabbed his private asylum by the scruff of its neck, jerked it to its feet, and started to retreat upon the main outpost.

To the left, rifle-flashes were bursting from the shadows. To the rear, the Lieutenant was giving some hoarse order or caution. Through the air swept some Spanish bullets, very high, as if they had been fired at a man in a tree. The private asylum came on so hastily that the Sergeant found he could remove his grip, and soon they were in the midst of the men of the outpost. Here there was no occasion for enlightening the Lieutenant. In the first place, such surprises require statement, question and answer. It is impossible to get a grossly original and fantastic idea through a man's head in less than one minute of rapid talk, and the Sergeant knew that the Lieutenant could not spare the minute. He himself had no minute to devote to anything but the business of the outpost. And the madman disappeared from his ken, and he forgot about him.

It was a long night, and the little fight was as long as the night. It was heartbreaking work. The forty marines lay in an irregular oval. From all sides the Mauser bullets sang low and swift. The occupation of the Americans was to prevent a rush, and to this end they potted carefully at the flash of a Mauser—save when they got excited for a moment, in which case their magazines rattled like a great Waterbury watch. Then they settled again to a systematic potting.

The enemy were not of the regular Spanish forces, but of a corps of guerrillas, native-born Cubans, who preferred the flag of Spain. They were all men who knew the craft of the woods and were all recruited from the district. They fought more like red Indians than any people but the red Indians themselves. Each seemed to possess an individuality, a fighting individuality, which is only found in the highest order of irregular soldier. Personally, they were as distinct as possible, but through equality of knowledge and experience they arrived at concert of action. So long as they operated in the wilderness they were formidable troops. It mattered little whether it was daylight or dark, they were mainly invisible. They had schooled from the Cubans insurgent to Spain. As the Cubans fought the Spanish troops, so would these particular Spanish troops fight the Americans. It was wisdom.

The marines thoroughly understood the game. They must lie close and fight until daylight, when the guerrillas would promptly go away. They had withstood other nights of this kind, and now their principal emotion was a sort of frantic annoyance.

Back at the main camp, whenever the roaring volleys lulled, the men in the trenches could hear their comrades of the outpost and the guerrillas pattering away interminably. The moonlight faded and left an equal darkness upon the wilderness. A man could barely see the comrade at his side. Sometimes guerrillas crept so close that the flame from their rifles seemed to scorch the faces of the marines, and the reports sounded as if within two or three inches of their very noses. If a pause came, one could hear the guerrillas gabbling to each other in a kind of delirium. The Lieutenant was praying that the ammunition would last. Everybody was praying for daylight.

A black hour came finally when the men were not fit to have their troubles increase. The enemy made a wild attack on one portion of the oval which was held by about fifteen men. The remainder of the force was busy enough, and the fifteen were naturally left to their devices. Amid the whirl of it, a loud voice suddenly broke out in song:

"The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him."

"Who the deuce is that?" demanded the Lieutenant from a throat full of smoke. There was almost a full stop of the firing. The Americans were puzzled. Practical ones muttered that the fool should have a bayonet-hilt shoved down his throat. Others felt a thrill at the strangeness of the thing. Perhaps it was a sign!

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

This croak was as lugubrious as a coffin. "Who is it? Who is it?" snapped the Lieutenant. "Stop him, somebody!"

"It's Dryden, sir," said old Sergeant Peasley as he felt around in the darkness for his madhouse. "I can't find him—yet."

"Please, oh, please—oh, do not let me fall!
You're—gurgh-ugh——"

The Sergeant had pounced upon him.

The singing had had an effect upon the Spaniards. At first they had fired frenziedly at the voice, but they soon

ceased, perhaps from sheer amazement. Both sides took a spell of meditation.

The Sergeant was having some difficulty with his charge. "Here, you, grab 'im! Take 'im by the throat! Be quiet, you idiot!"

One of the fifteen men who had been hard pressed called out, "We've only got about one clip apiece, Lieutenant. If they come again——"

The Lieutenant crawled to and fro among his men, taking clips of cartridges from those who had many. He came upon the Sergeant and his madhouse. He felt Dryden's belt and found it simply stuffed with ammunition. He examined Dryden's rifle and found in it a full clip. The madhouse had not fired a shot. The Lieutenant distributed these valuable prizes among the fifteen men. As they gratefully took them, one said, "If they had come again hard enough they would have had us, sir—maybe."

But the Spaniards did not come again. At the first indication of daybreak they fired their customary good-by volley. The marines lay tight while the slow dawn crept over the land. Finally the Lieutenant arose among them, and he was a bewildered man, but very angry. "Now, where is that idiot, Sergeant?"

"Here he is, sir," said the old man cheerfully. He was seated on the ground beside the recumbent Dryden, who, with an innocent smile on his face, was sound asleep.

"Wake him up," said the Lieutenant briefly.

The Sergeant shook the sleeper. "Here, Minstrel Boy, turn out. The Lieutenant wants you."

Dryden climbed to his feet and saluted the officer with a dazed and childish air. "Yes, sir."

The Lieutenant was obviously having difficulty in governing his feelings, but he managed to say with calmness: "You seem to be fond of singing, Dryden? Sergeant, see if he has any whiskey on him."

"Sir?" said the madhouse, stupefied. "Singing—fond of singing?"

Here the Sergeant interposed gently, and he and the Lieutenant held palaver apart from the others. The marines, hitching more comfortably their almost empty belts, spoke with grins of the madhouse. "Well, the Minstrel Boy made 'em clear out. They couldn't stand it. But—I wouldn't want to be in his boots. He'll see fireworks when the old man interviews him on the uses of grand opera in modern warfare. How do you think he managed to smuggle a bottle along without us finding it out?"

When the weary outpost was relieved and marched back to camp, the men could not rest until they had told a tale of the voice in the wilderness. In the meantime the Sergeant took Dryden aboard a ship, and to those who assumed charge of the man he defined him as "the most useful crazy man in the service of the United States."

The Interrupted Reprimand

THE uprising of the Yaqui Indians in the Southwest gives new interest to stories of the old fighters. General Z. R. Bliss, United States Army, of Washington, recently retired, has many a tale of fire and blood to tell.

"The most exciting time I ever passed through," said the General the other day, "was just before a battle in the Civil War. The Colonel commanding my regiment was disabled, and I was hurriedly put in charge. The officer of the right wing of the Army did not know of the change; therefore when he was ordered by me to move a certain distance to the front he was afraid to do so until he had heard from the Colonel. This was natural, for, so far as he knew, I had no right to issue the orders, and he thought that he would be liable to arrest if he obeyed them. He had just turned to me with a refusal, and I was about to arrest him, when he dropped dead."

BLAINE'S LIFE TRAGEDY

By

John J. Ingalls

BLAINE and I were next-door neighbors in the Senate, my desk being at his left, then Hamlin, and then Conkling in the last seat of the middle row east of the gangway.

Blaine's conduct in the preliminary movements of the campaign of 1880 was mysterious and inexplicable. He remained the popular favorite, but his enemies were, if possible, more malignant and relentless than at any previous time in his career.

Morton, his great competitor in the West in 1876, was dead, but Conkling, Sherman, Logan, Cameron, Edmunds and others, while they had no love for one another, were still united by the common bond of hatred for Blaine. He was unmistakably the enthusiastic choice of nine out of ten Republicans, black and white, North and South; but the knowledge of his popularity only whetted the rage of his foes, and gave edge to their determination to spare nothing, foul or fair, for his destruction.

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

AT LAST THE SERGEANT WAS IN A POSITION FROM WHICH HE WAS ABLE TO REACH OUT AND TOUCH DRYDEN ON THE ARM

These astute political veterans saw clearly that a crisis had come in which the ordinary regulation tactics would fail. Blaine, having no rival in the affections of his party, it became necessary, therefore, to discover or invent a competitor. It was not easy.

Various favorite sons were brought forward, only to be received with indifference, disdain or derision. General Sherman was approached, but he refused peremptorily, almost contemptuously, to permit his name to be used.

There was one gigantic figure which had grown still more colossal in the interim since the decree of the Electoral Commission. General Grant's last term had been prolific in scandal that had nearly wrecked his party, but the people saw that rogues and knaves had imposed on the simplicity and inexperience of a generous nature, and the memory of his errors was obliterated by gratitude for the vast services he had rendered the Republic.

He was at this time in the Orient on his tour around the world, and as the nations through which he traveled rose up and stood uncovered while he passed by, the American people obtained a new conception of the grandeur of his achievements and the immortality of his fame. It seemed not so much the judgment of contemporaries as the verdict of posterity.

But there was no popular desire to give him a third term. No emergency existed which rendered even his great qualities indispensable. The traditions and precedents of our history were against it. It was an innovation that verged on revolution; and yet if Grant wanted it many were willing that he should have it in further acknowledgment of the obligation that could never be fully acquitted.

GRANT'S IGNORANCE OF THE THIRD-TERM MOVEMENT

Whether General Grant was himself ambitious for another term, and aware of the movement in his favor, I never knew. My belief is that the opponents of Blaine, looking over the field, concluded that Grant was the only name with which they could conjure, and put him forward without his knowledge, trusting to the agitation and excitement of his return to the United States to make it appear that he was the popular choice and overwhelm all opposition.

The New York papers, one day while the contest was raging, contained the account of Grant's reception in Siam. Conkling read to me with much dramatic effect the General's reply to the King, and commented upon Grant's remarkable intellectual development in later years.

The occasion seeming opportune, I asked him whether Grant knew anything about the movement going on to put him in nomination for a third term. Conkling replied with much emphasis that he had never had a word of conversation or a line of correspondence with him on the subject, and that the movement, so far as he knew, was a spontaneous demand of the people. Logan said substantially the same thing.

But notwithstanding this popular demand, Cameron, who was in absolute control of the Republican machine in Pennsylvania, had a convention called many weeks earlier than customary, and secured the election of a Grant delegation, though the Republicans of that State were practically solid for Blaine.

Logan did the same in Illinois, another Blaine State, in May. In the meantime, Sherman, who was Secretary of the Treasury, secured Ohio, and by his agents picked up many negro delegates from the Southern States, while Edmunds, in New England, got Vermont and Massachusetts.

I asked Blaine how he expected to win while his enemies were packing conventions and setting up hostile delegations in his territory. He did not appear to be disturbed, and thought the people would take care of the convention at last.

WHEN GARFIELD WAS NOMINATED

The day of the nomination (Tuesday, June 8) the Senate met at eleven, and considered the Calendar and the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, but the proceedings were languid and perfunctory.

Blaine took part in the debates occasionally, but betrayed no agitation. The bulletins were brought into the chamber every few minutes, in duplicate, one for the Vice-President and the other for Blaine. To the groups that gathered around he exhibited no concern. He strolled in the intervals about the chamber and in and out of the corridors, chatting freely about the incidents of the convention brought over the wire.

Conkling's "Appomattox and its famous apple-tree," and his quotation from Raleigh, "The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb," were much approved.

When the details of the thirty-fifth ballot were brought to his desk, between two and three P. M., he studied them

attentively a moment and then said: "Garfield will be nominated on the next ballot."

About four o'clock the announcement of Garfield's nomination came. Blaine showed no emotion, and after a brief silence said to me:

"I did not expect the nomination. The combination was too strong for my friends to overcome. But there is one thing I have done."

"What is that?" I inquired.

He answered: "I have put an end forever to the third-term idea in this country!"

Then he took part in the discussion of an item in the Appropriation Bill concerning the census in Rhode Island. Senator Beck, of Kentucky, good-naturedly twitted him with his defeat, which he thought had thrown him into ill humor, but Blaine took no notice of the gibe, and made no sign.

Although he accepted Garfield's offer of the place in a characteristically gushing and indiscreet letter of December 20, 1880, Blaine was in doubt, or to his intimates professed to be, about the policy of entering the Cabinet as Secretary of State. The Senate was congenial to him, and he felt that his incumbency was for life if he so desired.

Great as were the prerogatives of the premiership, it was a subordinate position, whose term must be brief and might be uncertain. He seemed to halt and hesitate to the end. Just before leaving the Senate Chamber for the last time he looked around on the familiar scene and the familiar faces with an aspect of pathetic regret. "Well," he said, "good-by; I am going; but I have arranged so that I can come back here whenever I want to."

Blaine's evil genius seemed for the moment to be placated. Though he had twice failed in his efforts to reach the Presidency, he had riches, honor and power.

He was still young, as years count in great careers. After two terms in Garfield's Cabinet, which he anticipated, he might reasonably reckon on the succession, and he would then be but fifty-eight. So, facing eastward on Dupont Circle, he built a noble palace, which was to be the scene of his stately triumphs, his diplomatic functions and his political hospitalities.

But Fate's truce was brief and hollow. Destiny, the mighty magician, sinister and sardonic, touched the trigger of the assassin's pistol, and throne, crown and sceptre vanished as in the vision of Macbeth on the blasted heath.

TOOK THE NOMINATION TO DEFEAT ARTHUR

The nomination of Arthur was a sop to the forces led by Conkling to salve their humiliation at the defeat of Grant. It was a placebo to New York and the stalwarts. Even in the stuff that dreams are made of there was no thought that he would be President. But, by the legerdemain of doom, Guiteau reinstated the vanquished. Blaine ceased to be an actor in the drama, and became a spectator again.

The accession of Arthur gave that urbane and imperturbable politician an opportunity to which he was not equal. He was meshed in complications he could not unravel.

He trod the paths of his feet with marvelous circumspection, but the labyrinth was too intricate and he lost the clue. His personal bearing was princely and incomparable. His presence was majestic, and his manners were so engaging that no one left him after even the briefest interview without a sentiment of personal regard.

Transferred suddenly from the arena of municipal politics, where he was a most successful manager, he was brought face to face with an immense exigency to which parochial maxims were not applicable. He was not familiar with the strange stories of the death of kings.

His motives were high, but he did not discern that the factions he sought to unite were irreconcilable. As the direct beneficiary of the heinous crime of an assassin, he was to some an object of suspicion, to others of aversion.

Garfield's Cabinet was an incongruous mosaic, hastily thrown together, incapable of cohesion, and certain to disintegrate. Arthur could not peremptorily remove Garfield's Ministers without arousing resentment, but their relations soon became so strained that after a few weeks, to relieve the President from further embarrassment, they resigned.

In filling their places Arthur exhibited singular infirmity. Blaine was succeeded by the mild and inoffensive Frelinghuysen. Lincoln, *in loco parentis*, was not disturbed. Allison, of Iowa, had declined two portfolios in Garfield's Cabinet, preferring to remain in the Senate, but to save the honors for his constituency persuaded his colleague, Governor Kirkwood, to take the position of Secretary of the Interior. He and Naval Secretary Hunt remained a little longer than their associates, but were followed in April by Teller, of Colorado, and Chandler, of New Hampshire.

James, Postmaster-General, a representative of the "better element" in New York, was succeeded by the amiable but obsolete Howe, of Wisconsin, who died two years later, and was followed by Gresham and Frank Hatton before the term ended. To the office of Attorney-General came Benjamin H. Brewster, of Philadelphia, the frightful distortion and disfigurement of whose features were forgotten in the grace of his manners and the charm of his conversation.

In the choice of these successors, had Arthur, while exasperating Garfield's friends, propitiated Conkling, his course would have been explicable; but he alienated both. The defeat of Judge Folger, of New York (who succeeded Windom in the Treasury), as the Republican candidate for Governor of that State three years afterward, by Grover Cleveland, by 200,000 majority, was the Cossack's answer.

There was a Washington's Birthday luncheon February 22, 1884, at General McKee Dunn's, Lanier Place, Washington, just east of Capitol Park, at which the most amusing incident was the very obvious chagrin of a rural statesman who appeared in evening dress among a throng arrayed in morning costume.

Blaine was one of the guests. I had not met him before during the winter. I was busy in the Senate, and he was occupied with his Twenty Years in Congress, and with social afternoon recreations.

I asked him how his Presidential canvass was going on.

He said he had received above seven thousand letters from correspondents in every State, asking his wishes and plans, and proffering help, to no one of which had he replied.

He seemed to regard the outlook for Republican success as exceedingly dubious on account of the factions in New York and Ohio and the record of the party in Congress. He said he neither desired nor expected the nomination, adding, however, with great emphasis and intensity, "But I don't intend that man in the White House shall have it!"

June 6, 1884, on the fourth ballot and the fourth day of the convention at Chicago, Blaine was nominated by 541 to 207 for Arthur, and forty-one for Edmunds.

THE WORST CAMPAIGN IN AMERICAN HISTORY

The campaign that followed was the most feculent and loathsome in our records. It was a carnival of revolting filth and indecent defamation: the *cloaca maxima* of American politics.

PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON

JAMES G. BLAINE

To his extraordinary power of attracting friends Blaine added an inexhaustible capacity for making enemies. He had an indiscreet pugnacity, and could not resist the temptation to bump and thump and jolt an adversary, whether in his own party or on the other side. The Democracy hated him for his attack on Davis and the South eight years before. Grant bore him no good will. Conkling's vengeance was eternal. Arthur would have been more than human had he felt no resentment for Blaine's avowed hostility and contempt.

The day of their revenge had come. His foes—and they were many among Republicans as well as among Democrats—adopted the apothegm of Beaumarchais:

"Calumniate! Calumniate! Something will always stick!"

Caricature reinforced lampoon and pasquinade. The terrible "Tattooed Man," perhaps the most cruel and brutal, as it certainly was the most effective cartoon of our time, kept constantly before the people the vague assault upon his integrity, which was one of the most formidable weapons of his opponents.

He was abstemious in his habits, correct in his life, and a church member, but he never had the unreserved confidence of the moral element of the country.

THE PART THAT BURCHARD PLAYED

Conscious of the desperate malignity of the coalition against him, Blaine conducted his campaign with immense energy. Many Republican papers deserted him and openly supported Cleveland. Others were lukewarm, and carped and sniveled, but he "flew an eagle's flight, bold and forth on." His health was precarious and the strain enormous.

With a physician and a private car he traveled North and West, arousing prodigious enthusiasm, like a conqueror returning from battle. Hope elevated and joy brightened his crest.

Had he remained on his tour as originally planned it seems now he might have won, but New York was doubtful and its electoral vote would decide the result. A vast procession of merchants and representative business men, marching with Cleveland banners many hours to the refrain:

"*Dear Mr. Fisher:* Burn, burn, burn this letter!"

terrified the Republican managers, who thought some counter-demonstration indispensable, and Blaine consented to attend a banquet October 29. At ten o'clock the morning of that day a delegation of clergymen called on him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel with assurances of their sympathy and support. The spokesman was the Rev. Dr. Burchard, who said in the course of his improvised remarks: "We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism and Rebellion!"

How many votes this apt alliteration alienated will never be known, but after several days of suspicious delay subsequent to the election, the Democratic officials announced that Cleveland had carried the State by 1047 votes. That they falsified the returns, gave Butler's vote to Cleveland, and stole the State from Blaine is beyond reasonable doubt.

FAILING HEALTH AND FAMILY SORROWS

After his defeat Blaine finished his Twenty Years in Congress, and in 1887 went to Europe. He wrote from Paris, in November, to the Chairman of the National Committee that under no circumstances would he be a candidate again.

His withdrawal turned the contest of 1888 into a free-for-all scrub race. Hawley, Gresham, Harrison, Allison, Alger, Depew, Sherman, Fitler, Rusk, Ingalls, Phelps, Lincoln and McKinley received votes on the first ballot, June 28, Sherman being in the lead with 229. Blaine cabled from Edinburgh, June 24, requesting his friends to refrain from voting for him.

Harrison was nominated and elected, and Blaine entered his Cabinet as Secretary of State, to complete the work interrupted by the death of Garfield. But his strength was not equal to the task. While in Italy the previous year he had been stricken with paralysis, and his physical and mental powers never regained their vigor.

He became irregular in his attendance at the department, and performed its routine duties at his house, one of the famous mansions of Washington, shadowed by the memory of many tragedies. Its first occupant was Secretary Spencer, whose son was hanged at sea for mutiny. At its door Philip Barton Key was shot by General Sickles. In one of its upper chambers Secretary Seward was assaulted by Payne, the night of Lincoln's assassination, and nearly stabbed to death. Secretary Belknap was its next tenant, and death was his guest.

When Blaine entered this abode in 1889 his three sons and three daughters were living. January 15, 1890, the eldest son, Walker, a young man of great promise, the prop and staff of his father, died.

A little more than two weeks later, February 2, the eldest daughter, wife of Colonel Coppinger, died under circumstances peculiarly tragic and distressing. June 18, 1892, his second son, Emmons, died in Chicago from exposure and overexertion to secure his father's nomination at Minneapolis. His sorrows came not as single spies, but in battalions.

A PATHETIC FAREWELL AT MINNEAPOLIS

There was no cordiality between Harrison and Blaine. The Secretary had been a confirmed invalid since 1887, and was unable to bear the burdens of his great office. Much of the work of the Department of State for which Blaine received credit was performed by the President, who had refused, it was rumored, to appoint Walker Blaine First Assistant Secretary and to nominate Colonel Coppinger as Brigadier-General over many seniors in the service.

Blaine's friends characterized Harrison as a scorpion, and the situation became tense as the time for nominating his successor drew nigh. Harrison was a candidate for a second term, and Blaine stated publicly that he was not in the field. His declaration was superfluous, for it was an open secret that he was mortally ill and incapable of the fatigue and stress of a campaign.

Suddenly yielding to what sinister suggestion, what evil importunity can never be known, at the last moment, the afternoon of Saturday, June 4, he resigned from the Cabinet.

The Convention at Minneapolis was to meet the following Tuesday, and Blaine's action "could mean only one thing": an open alliance with the enemies of the President. He immediately left Washington for Maine, tarrying at Young's Hotel, in Boston, to receive bulletins from the Convention.

On the fourth day—June 10—he was put in nomination by Senator Wolcott, of Colorado.

The scene was indescribably pathetic.

All knew he was at the threshold of eternity, but at the mention of his name the innumerable hosts broke into confused and volleyed thunders that for twenty-seven minutes seemed to shake the foundations of earth and sky.

Like the chorus of an anthem, with measured solemnity, the galleries chanted, "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!" and again, "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!" myriads of stamping feet keeping barbaric rhythm, while plumes and banners waved, and women with flags and scarfs filled the atmosphere with motion and color and light.

It was the passing of Blaine. That gigantic demonstration was at once a salutation and a requiem. The Republican party there took leave of their dying leader and bade him an eternal farewell.

Editor's Note—In ex-Senator Ingalls' series of political reminiscences, this is the second of two papers on Blaine's Life Tragedy.

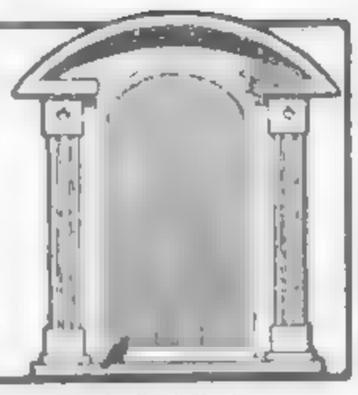
UNDER THE EAVES

by

BRET HARTE

Pictures by

C. D. Williams



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THE assistant editor of the San Francisco Daily Informer was going home. So much of his time was spent in the office of the Informer that no one ever cared to know where he passed those six hours of sleep which presumably suggested a domicile. His business appointments outside the office were generally kept at the restaurant where he breakfasted and dined, or of evenings in the lobbies of theatres or the ante-rooms of public meetings. Yet he had a home and an interval of seclusion of which he was jealously mindful, and it was to this he was going to-night at his usual hour.

His room was in a new building on one of the larger and busier thoroughfares. The lower floor was occupied by a bank, but as it was closed before he came home, and not yet opened when he left, it did not disturb his domestic sensibilities. The same may be said of the next floor, which was devoted to stockbrokers and companies' offices, and was equally tomblike and silent when he passed; the floor above that was a desert of empty rooms, which echoed to his footsteps night and morning, with here and there an oasis in the green sign of a mining secretary's office, and the desolating announcement that it would only be "open for transfers from two to four on Saturdays." The top floor had been frankly abandoned in an unfinished state by the builder, whose ambition had "o'erleaped itself" in that sanguine era of the city's growth. There was a smell of plaster and the first coat of paint about it still, but the whole front of the building was occupied by a long room with odd "bull's-eye" windows, looking out through the heavy ornamentations of the cornice, over the adjacent roofs. It had been originally intended for a club-room, but after the ill fortune which attended the letting of the floor below, and possibly because the earthquake-fearing San Franciscans had their doubts of successful hilarity at the top of so tall a building, it remained unfinished, with the two smaller rooms at its side.

Its incomplete and lonely grandeur had once struck the editor during a visit of inspection, and the landlord, whom he knew, had offered to make it habitable for him at a nominal rent. It had a lavatory with a marble basin and a tap of cold water. The offer was a novel one, but he accepted it, and fitted up the apartment with some cheap second hand furniture, quite inconsistent with the carved mantels and decorations, and made a fair sitting room and bedroom of it. Here of a Sunday, when its stillness was intensified, and even a passing footstep on the pavement sixty feet below was quite startling, he would sit and work by one of the quaint open windows. In the rainy season, through the filmed panes, he sometimes caught a glimpse of the distant, white-capped bay, but never of the street below him.

*

The lights were out, but groping his way up to the first landing he took from a cupboarded niche in the wall his candlestick and matches, and continued the ascent to his room. The humble candlelight flickered on the ostentatious gold letters displayed on the ground-glass doors of opulent companies which he knew were famous, and rooms where millionaires met in secret conclave, but the contrast awakened only his sense of humor. But he was always relieved after he had reached his own floor. Possibly its incompleteness and inchoate condition made it seem less lonely than the desolation of the finished and furnished rooms below, and that it was only this recollection of past human occupancy that was depressing.

He opened his door, lit the solitary gas jet that only half-illuminated the long room, and, it being already past midnight, began to undress himself. This process presently brought him to that corner of his room where his bed stood, when he suddenly stopped, and his sleepy yawn changed to a gape of surprise. For, lying in the bed, its head upon his pillow and its rigid arms accurately stretched down over the turned back sheet, was a child's doll! It was a small doll—a banged and battered doll that had seen service, but it had evidently been "tucked in" with maternal tenderness, and lay there with its staring eyes turned to the ceiling, the very genius of insomnia!

His first start of surprise was followed by a natural resentment of what might have been an impertinent intrusion on his privacy by some practical-joking adult, for he knew there was no child in the house. His room was kept in order by the wife of the night watchman employed by the bank, and no one else had a right of access to it. But the woman might have brought a child there and not noticed its disposal of its plaything. He smiled. It might have been worse! It might have been a real baby!

The idea tickled him with a promise of future "copy"—of a story with farcical complications, or even a dramatic ending, in which the baby, adopted by him, should turn out to be somebody's stolen offspring. He lifted the little image that had suggested these fancies, carefully laid it on his table, went to bed, and presently forgot it all in slumber.

In the morning his good humor and interest in it revived to the extent of writing on a slip of paper: "Good morning! Thank you—I've slept very well," putting the slip in the doll's jointed arms, and leaving it in a sitting posture outside of his door, when he left his room. When he returned, late at night, it was gone.

But it so chanced that, a few days later, owing to press of work on the Informer, he was obliged to forego his usual Sunday holiday out of town, and that morning found him, while the bells were ringing for church, in his room with a pile of manuscript and proof before him. For these were troublous days in San Francisco; the great Vigilance Committee of '56 was in session, and the offices of the daily papers were thronged with eager seekers of news. Such affairs, indeed, were not in the functions of the assistant editor, nor exactly to his taste; he was neither a partisan editor, nor exactly to his taste; he was neither a partisan of the so-called Law and Order Party, nor yet an enthusiastic admirer of the citizen revolutionists known as the Vigilance Committee, both extremes being incompatible with his habits of thought. Consequently he was not displeased at this opportunity of doing his work away from the office and the "heady talk" of controversy.

*

He worked on until the bells ceased and a more than Sabbath stillness fell upon the streets. So quiet it was that once or twice the conversation of passing pedestrians floated up and into his window, as of voices at his elbow.

Presently he heard the sound of a child's voice singing in a subdued tone, as if fearful of being overheard. This time he laid aside his pen—it certainly was no delusion! The sound did not come from the open window, but from some space on a level with his room. Yet there was no contiguous building as high.

He rose and tried to open his door softly, but it creaked, and the singing instantly ceased. There was nothing before him but the bare, empty hall, with its lathed and plastered partitions, and the two smaller rooms, unfinished like his own, on either side of him. Their doors were shut; the one at his right hand was locked; the other yielded to his touch.

For the first moment he saw only the bare walls of the apparently empty room. But a second glance showed him two children—a boy of seven and a girl of five—sitting on the floor, which was further littered by a mattress, pillow and blanket. On one of the trunks there was a cheap tray, containing two soiled plates and cups and fragments of a meal. But there was neither a chair nor table nor any other article of furniture in the room. Yet he was struck by the fact that in spite of this poverty of surrounding the children were decently dressed, and the few scattered pieces of luggage in quality bespoke a superior condition.

*

The children met his astonished stare with an equal wonder and, he fancied, some little fright. The boy's lips trembled a little as he said apologetically:

"I told Jinny not to sing. But she didn't make *much* noise."

"Mamma said I could play with my dolly. But I fordot and singed," said the little girl penitently.

"Where's your mamma?" asked the young man. The fancy of their being relatives of the night watchman had vanished at the sound of their voices.

"Dorn out," said the girl.

"When did she go out?"

"Last night."

"Were you all alone here last night?"

"Yes!"

Perhaps they saw the look of indignation and pity in the editor's face, for the boy said quickly:

"She don't go out *every* night, but last night she went to——"

He stopped suddenly, and both children looked at each other with a half laugh and half cry, and then repeated in hopeless unison, "She's dorn out."

"When is she coming back again?"

"To-night. But we won't make any more noise."

"Who is it brings you your food?" continued the editor, looking at the tray.

"Roberts."

*

Evidently Roberts, the night watchman! The editor felt relieved; here was a clue to some explanation. He instantly sat down on the floor between the two children.

—a second glance showed him two children—a boy of seven and a girl of five—sitting on the floor

"So that was the dolly that slept in my bed," he said gayly, taking it up.

God gives helplessness a wonderful intuition of its friends. The children looked up at the face of their grown up companion, giggled, and then burst into a shrill fit of laughter. He felt that it was the first one they had really indulged in for many days. Nevertheless he said "Hush!" confidentially; why he scarcely knew, except to intimate to them that he had taken in their situation thoroughly. "Make no noise," he added softly, "and come into my big room."

They hung back, however, [illegible] eyes. "Mamma said we mussent do out of this room," said the girl.

"Not *alone*," responded the editor quickly—but with *me*, you know; that's different."

The logic sufficed them, poor as it was. Their hands slid quite naturally into his. But at the door he stopped, and motioning to the locked door of the other room, asked:

"And is that mamma's room, too?"

[illegible] little hands slipped from his, and they were silent. Presently the boy, as if acted upon by some occult influence of the girl, said in a half-whisper, "Yes."

The editor did not question further, but led them into his room. Here they lost the slight restraint they had shown and began, child fashion, to become questioners themselves.

In a few moments they were in possession of his name, his business, the kind of restaurant he frequented, where he went when he left his room all day, the meaning of those funny slips of paper and the written manuscripts, and why he was so quiet! But any attempt of his to retaliate by counter-questions was met by a sudden reserve so unchildlike and painful to him—as it was evidently to themselves—that he desisted, wisely postponing his inquiries until he could meet Roberts.

He was glad when they fell to playing games with each other quite naturally, yet not entirely forgetting his propinquity, as their occasional furtive glances at his movements showed him. He, too, became presently absorbed in his work until it was finished and it was time for him to take it to the office of the Informer. The wild idea seized him of also taking the children afterward for a holiday to the Mission Dolores, but he prudently remembered that even this negligent mother of theirs might have some rights over her offspring that he was bound to respect.

*

He took leave of them gayly, suggesting that the doll be replaced in his bed while he was away, and even assisted in "tucking it up." But during the afternoon the recollection of these lonely playfellows in the deserted house obtruded itself upon his work and the talk of his companions. Sunday night was his busiest night, and he could not therefore hope to get away in time to assure himself of their mother's return.

It was nearly two in the morning when he returned to his room. He paused for a moment on the threshold to listen for any sound from the adjoining room. But all was hushed.

His intention of speaking to the night watchman was, however, anticipated the next morning by that guardian himself. A tap upon his door while he was dressing caused him to open it somewhat hurriedly in the hope of finding one of the children there, but he met only the embarrassed face of Roberts. Inviting him into the room, the editor continued dressing. Carefully closing the door behind him, the man began with evident hesitation:

"I oughter hev told ye suthin' afore, Mr. Breeze, but I kalkilated, so to speak, that you wouldn't be bothered one way or another, and so ye hadn't any call to know that there was folks here——"

"Oh, I see," interrupted Breeze, "you're speaking of the family next door! The landlord's new tenants."

"They ain't exactly *that*," said Roberts, still with embarrassment; "the fact is—ye see—the thing points *this* way: They ain't no right to be here, and it's as much as my place is worth if it leaks out that they are."

Mr. Breeze suspended his collar buttoning and stared at Roberts.

"You see, sir, they're mighty poor, and they've nowhere else to go—and I reckoned to take 'em in here for a spell and say nothin' about it."

"But the landlord wouldn't object, surely. I'll speak to him myself," said Breeze impulsively.

Roberts in alarm, "he wouldn't like it's just this way. The mother, she's a born lady, and did my old woman a good turn in old times when the family was rich—now she's obliged—just to support herself, you know—to take up with what she gets, and she acts in the daily in the theatre, you see—and hez to come in late of nights. In them cheap boarding houses, you know, the folks looks down upon her for that, and won't hev her, and in the cheap hotels the men are—you know—a darned sight wuss—and that's how I took her and her kids in here."

"I see," nodded the editor sympathetically, "and very good it was of you, my man."

Roberts looked still more confused, and stammered with a forced laugh. "And—so—I'm just keeping her on here,

a' knownst—until her husband gets——" he stopped ... nly

"So she has a husband living, then?" said Breeze in surprise

"In the mines, yes, in the mines!" repeated Roberts with a monotonous deliberation quite distinct from his previous hesitation—"and she's only waitin' until he gets money enough—to—to take her away." He stopped and breathed hard

"But couldn't you—couldn't *we*—get her some more furniture? There's nothing in that room, you know—not a chair or table—and unless the other room is better furnished——"

"Oh? Oh, yes!" said Roberts quickly, yet still with a certain embarrassment; "of course *that's* better furnished, and she's quite satisfied, and so are the kids, with anythin'. And now, Mr. Breeze, I reckon you'll say nothin' of this, and you'll never go back on me?"

"My dear Mr. Roberts," said the editor gravely, "from this moment I am not only blind but deaf to the fact that *anybody* occupies this floor but myself"

"I knew you was white all through, Mr. Breeze," said the night watchman, grasping the young man's hand with a grip of iron, "and I tell my wife so. I sez, 'Just you let me tell him *everythin'* '—but she——" he stopped again and became confused

"And she was quite right, I dare say," said Breeze with a laugh; "and I do not want to know anything. And that poor woman must never know that I ever knew anything either. But you may tell your wife that when the mother is away she can bring the little ones in here whenever she likes."

Thank ye—thank ye, sir!—and I'll just run down and tell the old woman now—and won't intrude upon your dressin' any longer."

He grasped Breeze's hand again, went out and closed the door behind him. It might have been the editor's fancy, but he thought there was a certain interval of silence outside the door before the night watchman's heavy tread was heard along the hall again

❧

For several evenings after this Mr. Breeze paid some attention to the ballet in his usual round of the theatres. Although he had never seen his fair neighbor, he had a vague idea that he might recognize her through some likeness to her children. But in vain. In the opulent charms of certain nymphs and in the angular austerities of others he failed equally to discern any of those refinements which might have distinguished the "born lady" of Roberts' story, or which he himself had seen in her children.

These he did not meet again during the week, as his duties kept him late at the office. But from certain signs in his room he knew that Mrs. Roberts had availed herself of his invitation to bring them in with her, and he regularly found "Jinny's" doll tucked up in his bed at night, and he as regularly disposed of it outside his door in the mornings, with a few sweets like an offering tucked in its rigid arms.

But another circumstance touched him more delicately; his room was arranged with greater care than before, and with an occasional exhibition of taste that certainly had not distinguished Mrs. Roberts' previous ministrations. One evening on his return he found a small bouquet of inexpensive flowers in a glass on his writing-table. He loved flowers too well not to detect that they were quite fresh, and could have only been put there an hour or two before he arrived.

The next evening was Saturday, and, as he usually left the office earlier on that day, it occurred to him, as he walked home, that it was about the time his fair neighbor would be leaving the theatre, and that it was possible he might meet her

At the front door, however, he found Roberts, who returned his greeting with a certain awkwardness which struck him as singular. When he reached the niche on the landing he found his candle was gone, but he went on, groping his way up the stairs, with an odd conviction that both these incidents pointed to the fact that the woman had just returned, or was expected.

❧

He had also a strange feeling—which may have been owing to the darkness—that some one was hidden on the landing or on the stairs where he would pass. This was further accented by a faint odor of patchouli as, with his hand on the rail, he turned the corner of the third landing, and he was convinced that if he had put out his other hand it would have come in contact with his mysterious neighbor But a certain instinct of respect for her secret, which she was even now guarding in the darkness, withheld him, and he passed on quickly to his own floor.

Here it was lighter, the moon shot a beam of silver across the passage from an unshuttered window as he passed. He reached his room door, entered, but instead of lighting the gas and shutting the door, stood with it half open, listening in the darkness

His suspicions were verified; there was a slight rustling noise, and a figure which had evidently followed him appeared at the end of the passage. It was that of a woman habited in a grayish dress and cloak of the same color; but as she passed across the band of moonlight he had a distinct view of her anxious, worried face. It was a face no longer young; it was worn with illness, but still replete with a delicacy and faded beauty so inconsistent with her avowed profession that he felt a sudden pang of pain and doubt. The next moment she had vanished in her room, leaving the same faint perfume behind her. He closed his door softly, lit the gas and sat down in a state of perplexity. That swift glimpse of her face and figure had made her story improbable to the point of absurdity, or possible to the extreme of pathos!

It seemed incredible that a woman of that quality should be forced to accept a vocation at once so low, so distasteful and so unremunerative. With her evident antecedents, had she no friends but this common Western night watchman of a bank? Had Roberts deceived him? was his whole story a fabrication? and was there some complicity between the two? What was it? He knit his brows.

She had been there alone with the proofs; she only could have tampered with them

❧

Mr Breeze had that overpowering knowledge of the world which only comes with the experience of twenty-five years, and to this he superadded the active imagination of a newspaper man. A plot to rob the bank? These mysterious absences, that luggage which he doubted not was empty and intended for spoil! But why encumber herself with the two children? Here his common sense and instinct of the ludicrous returned, and he smiled.

But he could not accept the ballet dancer! He wondered, indeed, how any manager could have accepted the grim satire of that pale, worried face among the fairies, that sad refinement amid their vacant smiles and rouged cheeks. And then, growing sad again, he comforted himself with the reflection that at least the children were not alone that night, and so went to sleep.

For some days he had no further meeting with his neighbors. The disturbed state of the city—for the Vigilance Committee was still in session—obliged the daily press to issue "extras," and his work at the office increased

It was not until Sunday again that he was able to be at home. Needless to say that his solitary little companions were duly installed there, while he sat at work with his proofs before him.

The stillness of the empty house was only broken by the habitually subdued voices of the children at their play, when suddenly the harsh stroke of a distant bell came through the open window. But it was no Sabbath bell, and Mr. Breeze knew it. It was the tocsin of the Vigilance Committee, summoning the members to assemble at their quarters for a capture, a trial or an execution of some wrong-doer. To him it was equally a summons to the office—to distasteful news and excitement.

❧

He threw his proofs aside in disgust, laid down his pen, seized his hat, and paused a moment to look around for his playmates! But they were gone! He looked into the open door of their room—they were not there! He tried the door of the second room—it was locked

Satisfied that they had stolen downstairs in their eagerness to know what the bell meant, he hurried down also, met Roberts in the passage—a singularly unusual circumstance at that hour—called to him to look after the runaways, and hurried to his office.

Here he found the staff collected excitedly discussing the news. One of the Vigilance Committee prisoners, a notorious bully and ruffian, detained as a criminal and a witness, had committed suicide in his cell. Fortunately this was all reportorial work, and the services of Mr. Breeze were not required. He hurried back, relieved, to his room.

When he reached his landing, breathlessly, he heard the same quick rustle he had heard that memorable evening, and was quite satisfied that he saw a figure glide swiftly out of the open door of his room. It was no doubt his neighbor, who had been seeking her children, and as he heard their voices as he passed, his uneasiness and suspicion were removed.

He sat down again to his scattered papers and proofs, finished his work, and took it to the office on his way to dinner. He returned early in the hope that he might meet his neighbor again, and had quite settled his mind that he was justified in offering a civil "good-evening" to her, in spite of his previous respectful ignoring of her presence. She must certainly have become aware by this time of his attention to her children and consideration for herself, and could not mistake his motives. But he was disappointed, although he came up softly; he found the floor in darkness and silence, and he had to be content with lighting his gas and settling down to work again.

A near church clock had struck ten when he was startled by the sound of an unfamiliar and uncertain step in the hall followed by a tap at his door. Breeze jumped to his feet and was astonished to find Dick, the "printers' devil," standing on the threshold with a roll of proofs in his hand

"How did you get here?" he asked testily.

"They told me at the restaurant they reckoned you lived yar, and the night watchman at the door headed me straight up. When he knew whar I kem from he wanted to know what the news was, but I told him he'd better buy an extry and see."

"Well, what did you come for?" said the editor impatiently.

"The foreman said it was important, and he wanted to know afore he went to press ef this yer correction was *yours?*"

He went to the table, unrolled the proofs, and, taking out a slip, pointed to a marked paragraph. "The foreman says the reporter who brought the news allows he got it straight first-hand! But ef you've corrected it he reckons you know"

Breeze saw at a glance that the paragraph alluded to was not of his own writing, but one of several news items furnished by reporters. These had been "set up" in the same "galley" and consequently appeared in the same proof-slip. He was about to say curtly that neither the matter nor the correction were his when something odd in the correction of the item struck him. It read as follows:

> "It appears that the notorious 'Jim Bodine,' who is in hiding and badly wanted by the Vigilance Committee, has been tempted lately into a renewal of his old recklessness. He was seen in Sacramento Street the other night by two separate witnesses, ... whom followed him, but he escaped in some friend's ...

The words "in Sacramento Street" were stricken out and replaced by the correction "on the Sancelito shore," and the words "friendly doorway" was changed to "friendly dingey." The correction was not his, nor the handwriting, which was further disguised by being an imitation of print A strange idea seized him

"Has any one seen these proofs since I left them at the office?"

"No, only the foreman, sir

He remembered that he had left the proofs lying openly on his table when he was called to the office at the stroke of the alarm bell; he remembered the figure he saw gliding from his room on his return. She had been there alone with the proofs; she only could have tampered with them.

❧

The evident object of the correction was to direct the public attention from Sacramento Street to Sancelito as the probable whereabouts of this "Jim Bodine." The street below was Sacramento Street, the "friendly doorway" might have been their own.

That she had some knowledge of this Bodine was not more improbable than the ballet story. Her strange absences, the mystery surrounding her, all seemed to testify that she had some connection—perhaps only an innocent one—with these desperate people whom the Vigilance Committee was hunting down. Her attempt to save the man was, after all, no more illegal than their attempt to capture him. True, she might have trusted him, Breeze, without this tampering with his papers, yet perhaps she thought he was certain to discover it—and it was only a silent appeal to his mercy. The corrections were ingenious and natural—it was the act of an intelligent, quick-witted woman.

Mr. Breeze was prompt in acting upon his intuitions, whether right or wrong. He took up his pen, wrote on the margin of the proof, "Print as corrected," said to the boy carelessly, "The corrections are all right," and dismissed him quickly.

The corrected paragraph which appeared in the Informer the next morning seemed to attract little public attention, the greater excitement being the suicide of the imprisoned bully and the effect it might have upon the prosecution of other suspected parties, against whom the dead man had been expected to bear witness.

Mr Breeze was unable to obtain any information regarding the desperado Bodine's associates and relations; his correction of the paragraph had made the other members of the staff believe he had secret and superior information regarding the fugitive, and he thus was estopped from asking questions. But he felt himself justified now in demanding fuller information from Roberts at the earliest opportunity.

For this purpose he came home earlier that night, hoping to find the night watchman still on his first beat in the lower halls. But he was disappointed. He was amazed, however, on reaching his own landing to find the passage piled with new luggage, some of that ruder type of rolled blanket and knapsack known as a "miner's kit" He was still more surprised to hear men's voices and the sound of laughter proceeding from the room that was always locked. A sudden sense of uneasiness and disgust came over him.

❧

He passed quickly into his room, shut the door sharply, and lit the gas. But he presently heard the door of the locked room open, a man's voice, slightly elevated by liquor and opposition, saying, "I know what's due from one gen'leman to 'nother"; a querulous, objecting voice saying "Hole on! not now," and a fainter feminine protest, all of which were followed by a rap on his door.

Breeze opened it to two strangers, one of whom lurched forward unsteadily with outstretched hand. He had a handsome face and figure, and a certain consciousness of it even in the confusion of liquor; there was an aggressive treacherousness of eye which his potations had not subdued He grasped Breeze's hand tightly, but dropped it the next moment perfunctorily, as he glanced around the room.

"I told them I was bound to come in," he said, without looking at Breeze, "and say 'Howdy!' to the man that's

bin a pal to my women-folks and the kids—and acted white all through! I said to Mame, 'I reckon *he* knows who *I* am, and that I kin be high toned to them that's high-toned kan return shake for shake, and shot for shot'" Eh! that's me! So I was bound to come in like a gen'leman, sir, and here I am!"

He threw himself in an unproffered chair and stared at Breeze.

"I'm afraid," said Breeze dryly, "that, nevertheless, I never knew who you were, and that even now I am ignorant whom I am addressing."

■

"That's just it," said the second man, with a querulous protest, which did not, however, conceal his admiring vassalage to his friend; "that's what I'm allus telling Jim 'Jim,' I says, 'how is folks to know you're the man that shot Kernel Baxter, and dropped three o' them Mariposa Vigilantes? They didn't see you do it! They just look at your fancy style and them mustachios o' yours and allow ye might be death on the girls, but they don't know ye! And this man yere—he's a scribe in them papers—writes what the boss editor tells him and lives up yere on the roof, 'longside yer wife and the children—wot's he known' about *you?*' Jim's all right enough," he continued, in easy confidence to Breeze, "but he's too fresh 'bout himself."

Mr. James Bodine accepted this tribute and criticism of his henchman with a complacent laugh, which was not, however, without a certain contempt for the speaker and the man spoken to. His bold, selfish eyes wandered around the room as if in search of some other amusement than his companions offered.

■

"I reckon this is the room which that hound of a landlord, Rakes, allowed he'd fix up for our poker club—the club that Dan Simmons and me got up, with a few other sports. It was to be a slap up affair, right under the roof, where there was no chance of the police raiding us. But the cur weakened when the Vigilantes started out to make war on any game a gen'leman might hev—that wasn't in their gunny-bag, salt pork trade. Well! it's gettin' a long time between drinks, gen'lemen, ain't it?" He looked around him significantly.

Only the thought of the woman and her children in the next room, and the shame that he believed she was enduring, enabled Breeze to keep his temper, or even a show of civility.

"I'm afraid," he said quietly, "that you'll find very little here to remind you of the club—not even the whiskey. For I use the room only as a bedroom, and as I am a workingman and come in late and go out early, I have never found it available for hospitality—even to my intimate friends. I am very glad, however, that the little leisure I have had in it has enabled me to make the floor less lonely for your children."

Mr. Bodine got up with an affected yawn, turned an embarrassed yet darkening eye on Breeze, and lunged unsteadily to the door. "And as I only happened in to do the reg'lar thing between high toned gen'lemen, I reckon we kin say 'quits.'" He gave a coarse laugh, said "So long," nodded, stumbled into the passage, and thence into the other room.

■

His companion watched him pass out with a relieved yet protecting air, and then, closing the door softly, drew nearer to Breeze and said, in husky confidence:

"Ye ain't seein' him at his best, Mister! He's bin drinkin' too much, and this yere news has upset him."

"What news?" asked Breeze.

"This yere suicide o' Irish Jack's."

Was he his friend?"

"Friend!" ejaculated the man, horrified at the mere suggestion. "Not much! Why, Irish Jack was the only man that could hev hung Jim! Now he's dead, in course the Vigilantes ain't got no proof ag'in Jim. Jim wants to face it out now and stay here, but his wife and me don't see it, noways! So we're takin' advantage o' the lull ag'in him to get him off down the coast this very night. That's why he's been off his head drinkin'; ye see, when a man has been for weeks hidin'—part o' the time in that room and part o' the time on the wharf where them Vigilantes has been watchin' every ship that left, in order to ketch him—he's inclined to celebrate his chance o' gettin' away——"

"Part of the time in that room?" interrupted Breeze quickly.

■

"Sartin! Don't ye see? He allus kem in as you went out; *sabe?* and got away before you kem back; his wife all the time just a hoverin' between the two places and keepin' watch for him. It was killin' to her, you see—for she wasn't brought up to it—whiles Jim didn't keer—had two revolvers and kalkilated to kill a dozen Vigilantes afore he dropped. But that's over now, and when I've got him safe on that 'plunger' down at the wharf to-night, and put him aboard the schooner, he'll be all right ag'in."

"JIM'S ALL RIGHT ENOUGH," HE CONTINUED IN EASY CONFIDENCE TO BREEZE, "BUT HE'S TOO FRESH 'BOUT HIMSELF"

"And Roberts knew all this—and was one of his friends?" asked Breeze.

Roberts knew it, for Roberts' wife used to be a kind o' servant to Jim's wife in the South, when she was a girl, but I don't know ez Roberts is his *friend*."

"He certainly has shown himself one," said Breeze.

"Ye—e—s," said the stranger meditatively; "ye—e—s." He stopped, opened the door softly and peeped out, and then closed it again softly. "It's sing'lar, Mr. Breeze," he went on in a sudden yet embarrassed burst of confidence, "that Jim thar—a man that kin shoot straight—and hez, frequent; a man that knows every skin game goin'—that *that* man Jim," very slowly, "hexent really—got—any friends—'cept me—and his wife."

"Indeed," said Mr. Breeze dryly.

"Sure! Why you yourself didn't cotton to him—I could see *that*."

■

Mr. Breeze felt himself redden slightly and looked curiously at the man. This vulgar parasite whom he had set down as a worshiper of sham heroes certainly did not look like an associate of Bodine's—and had a certain seriousness that demanded respect. As he looked closer into his wide round face, seamed with smallpox, he fancied he saw even in its fatuous imbecility something of that haunting devotion he had seen on the refined features of the wife. He said more gently:

"But one friend like you would seem to be enough."

"I ain't what I uster be, Mr. Breeze," said the man meditatively, "and mebbe ye don't know who I am. I'm Abe Shuckster, of Shuckster's Ranch—one of the biggest in Petalumy. I was a rich man until a year ago, when Jim got inter trouble. What with mortgages and interest, pavin' up Jim's friends and buying off some ez was set ag'in him, thar ain't much left, and when I've settled that bill for the schooner I reckon I'm about played out. But I've allus got a shanty at Petalumy, and mebbe when things is froze over and Jim gets back—you'll come and see him—for you ain't seen him at his best."

"I suppose his wife and children go with him?"

"No! He's ag'in it, and wants them to come later. But that's all right, for you see she kin go back to their own house at the Mission, now that the Vigilantes are givin' up shaderin' it. So long, Mr. Breeze! We're startin' afore daylight. Sorry ye didn't see Jim in condition."

He grasped Breeze's hand warmly and slipped out of the door softly.

For an instant Mr. Breeze felt inclined to follow him into the room and make a kinder adieu to the pair, but the reflection that he might embarrass the wife, who it would seem had purposely avoided accompanying her husband when he entered, withheld him. And for the last few minutes he had been doubtful if he had any right to pose as her friend. Beside the devotion of the man who had just left him, his own scant kindness to her children seemed ridiculous.

He went to bed, but tossed uneasily until he fancied he heard stealthy footsteps outside his door and in the passage. Even then he thought of getting up, dressing and going out to bid farewell to the fugitives. But even while he was thinking of it he fell asleep, and did not wake until the sun was shining in his windows.

■

He sprang to his feet, threw on his dressing gown and peered into the passage. Everything was silent. He stepped outside—the light streamed into the hall from the open doors and windows of both rooms—the floor was empty; not a trace of the former occupants remained. He was turning back when his eye fell upon the battered wooden doll set upright against his door-jamb, holding stiffly in its jointed arms a bit of paper folded like a note. Opening it, he found a few lines written in pencil:

"God bless you for your kindness to us, and try to forgive me for touching your papers. But I thought that you would detect it, know what I did it, and then help us, as you did! Good-by!"

Mr. Breeze laid down the paper with a slight accession of color, as if its purport had been ironical. How little had he done compared to the devotion of this delicate woman or the sacrifices of that rough friend! How deserted looked this nest under the eaves which had so long borne its burden of guilt, innocence, shame and suffering! For many days afterward he avoided it except at night, and even then he often found himself lying awake to listen for the lost voices of the children.

■

But one evening, a fortnight later, he came upon Roberts in the hall.

"Well," said Breeze with abrupt directness, "did he get away?"

Roberts started, uttered an oath which it is possible the Recording Angel passed to his credit, and said: "Yes, *he* got away all right!"

"Why, hasn't his wife joined him?"

"No. Never in this world, I reckon! and if anywhere in the next I don't want to go there!" said Roberts furiously.

"Is he dead?"

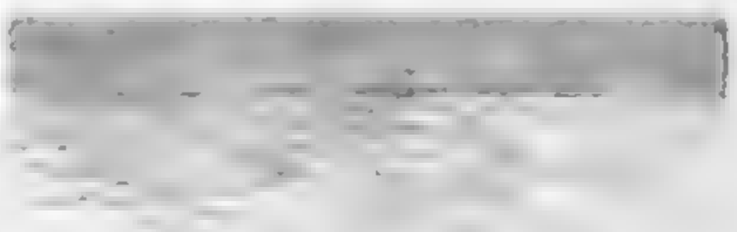
"Dead! That kind don't die!"

"What do you mean?"

Roberts' lips writhed, and then, with a strong effort, he said with deliberate distinctness. "I mean—that the d—— d hound went off with another woman—that—was—in—that—schooner, and left that fool Shuckster adrift in the plunger."

"And the wife and children?"

Shuckster sold his shanty at Petalumy to pay their passage to the States. Good-night."



A New SENSATION

By Sarah Grand

Author of The Heavenly Twins

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IT WAS the night of one of her famous little dinners, and she was sitting at the head of her own table, contemplating her guests. The moment was one of those before the ice cream comes to promote thought by checking digestion, when the conversation is merriest and most intimate; and she knew that she should be satisfied, if not amused and pleased, yet there was no feeling of satisfaction in her heart. It was all so accustomed to her, so stale—fools, fruits, flowers, lights, harmonious colors, luxurious appointments, conventional people—all that goes to secure social success; how well she knew it! and how weary she was of the monotony—the monotony of wealth, than which nothing is more stultifying.

Mere social distinction had been her ambition. To shine in society, that had been her one aim in life, to rival women, to conquer men; and everything—money, position, personal appearance—had been in her favor. Her idea had been to perk about in new clothes and trifle with men, and the idea of the men with whom she trifled had also been to perk about in new clothes and trifle with women.

For fifteen years she had pursued her pitiful purpose, and had had her triumphs; but now, at thirty-three, sitting there surveying her guests, she was suddenly seized upon by a great distaste for the present, a terrible dread of the future. What had it *profited* her—so many rivals humiliated, so many men at her feet, and her costumes described in the ladies' papers! The men in her set were too easy of conquest; the women, mere butterflies of fashion and frivolity, were not worth wasting her energies upon, and it is not history they make in the ladies' papers. Yes, certainly she had shone in her set; but she knew well enough that her set was but a small clique, quite provincial in its narrowness.

So what was the use of it all? and what would be the end of it all? She had done no good in her time; she had made no name for herself. Old age would be upon her by and by; she would have to outlive youth and beauty, which were her stock in trade; she would have to descend into joyless oblivion, courted to the last for her money, no doubt, but ending unhonored, unloved and unregretted.

There was a pause in the chatter. She felt she had been remiss. She should have borne her part in the conversation as hostess, and not snatched that moment for reflection.

❧

"I've been thinking"—she remarked to the man on her right—"I've been thinking that I need a new sensation."

"And how do you propose to procure such a thing?" he asked, raising his eyebrows and languidly perusing her face, on which her life had written some telltale lines that he perfectly understood.

"You think it is not possible?" she said in the gentle, well-bred way that made her so charming.

"I think it would be difficult," he answered without emphasis, his manner in its easy indifference being very much the counterpart of her own.

She turned to the man on her left. "What do you think?" she said. "Have I exhausted 'all the pleasures of all the spheres'?"

"The pleasure of being yourself can never be exhausted," he answered gallantly.

"Fatuous fool!" she thought. "I knew he would say something to that effect. Why do men expect a woman to be pleased with empty insincerities, which are an insult to her intellect?" She caught the eye of a lady opposite, who asked if she had any idea in her mind; but the question was so evidently put for the sake of saying something that she merely smiled archly in response, and the smile carried her easily over the necessity of answering.

When her guests had gone she strolled through the empty rooms. They were decorated to excess, and reeked of luxury of the stifling kind, reflected from France. Everywhere were hangings; everywhere was silk or satin, even on the ceilings. The house was lined like a bonbon box, and it suddenly seemed to her ridiculous. She felt the artificiality, the stuffiness of it, and her impulse was to tear down the hangings and fling the windows wide open. It would have done her good to use her idle arms, to rouse herself to action, to rise to a burst of energetic enthusiasm, even if only for a moment, and expend it on wrecking the place. But there were servants about. One of them in the hall was rearranging a curtain which had fallen away from the pillar it should have been draping. He looked at the lady as she strolled past him but saw no sign in her placid face of the turmoil of discontent that was raging within.

She went to her own room and caught her maid yawning.

"I suppose you would be glad to go to bed?" she said, with unwonted consideration.

The woman made an ineffectual attempt to deny her weariness.

"Well, go," said the lady. "I don't want you to-night—or stay. Give me the A B C."

The maid brought it from an adjoining room.

Her mistress turned over the pages hurriedly, then glanced at the clock. It was too late for a train that night. "Never mind," she said. "I'm dying for a breath of fresh air. Pack up, and we'll go into the country the first thing to-morrow morning."

❧

The next evening saw her settled at a little country inn looking out over an old, wild common into a lovely land.

She had been there once before, with a picnic party, in the height of summer, but she knew that the place had not been at its best then, because summer was like her own set, full blown—that is to say, as to all its possibilities. Now, early spring with its infinite promise was upon the land, and she had come expecting to find that delicious spot at its freshest and fairest, and had not been disappointed.

The evening was heavenly still. She had the long, low lattice-window of her rustic parlor wide open, and was lounging on the broad window seat, with her elbow resting on the sill and her head on her hand, looking out. The pure air held the delicate faint perfume of primroses. It fanned her cheek in gentle gusts intermittently, and when it subsided it was as if it had withdrawn to renew its freshness between each gust.

The tender saffron of the sunset, shading to green, lingered low down in the west. Below, to the left, was a clump of tall trees, whence there came at intervals the first sweet, soft, tentative notes of a nightingale, newly arrived, and not yet in full song. Above at the zenith, out of the clear, dark, indigo of the sky, a few white stars shone resplendent.

The nightingale! the nightingale!

As the lady sat there it seemed as if something evil and oppressive slipped like a cloud of cobwebs from her jaded soul, making way for her to come into possession of her better self.

❧

The next morning the sun shone on the white wonder of cherry and pear trees all in full flower. She strolled out early. Dewdrops hung on every blade and branch; birds were building; sweetbriars scented the breeze. She took her way across the common slowly, inhaling deep breaths of the delicious air; looking, listening. Everywhere was color, freshness, beauty; every little healthy, happy creature was active and occupied, and the birds sang full throated their morning songs. She picked the fragrant flowers from the yellow gorse, handfuls of them, all wet with dew, and she buried her face in them, bathing it, and felt that her youth was renewed.

At the farther side of the common there was a ploughed field, surrounded by a quickset hedge which was all flushed with green where the young buds were bursting—the children's "bread and cheese." She picked some of the buds and ate them in memory of the time when she was a little child.

On the other side of the hedge, in the ploughed field, the rooks were busy. Three of them rose and flew away. She saw their bright, dark, glossy wings shine iridescent against the cloud flecked blue as they passed.

"Three for a wedding!" she said to herself blithely. Then she turned and found herself face to face with a tall young man in a light tweed suit, and, being surprised, she flushed, and dropped her parasol from under her arm where she was carrying it to have her hands free.

"I beg your pardon," he said, raising his hat. "I'm afraid I startled you."

Then he stared into her face with sudden intentness, as if he were taken aback or astonished by something he saw there, and, although she was accustomed to admiration, she flushed again, and smiled, and looked young.

❧

Some little hard thing hit her face, then fell on the bosom of her dress. She looked down. It was a scarlet ladybird, speckled with black.

"That's for good luck," she said.

"It's for fine weather, I should think," he remarked.

And she was thankful for his sober prose. One of her own men would have turned the occasion to the usual kind of account with one of the usual fatuous compliments.

But he was moving off with another salute.

"Stay!" she exclaimed; "stay a moment—please. Can you tell me——"

He paused two paces from her, and looked at her again with an odd expression.

"Can you tell me where I am?" she pursued. "For I did not mark my road as I came, and now I don't see mine hostelry, and I doubt if I can find my way back."

"Ah," he answered, "you must pay attention when you wander among the heights and hollows of the common."

"Heights and hollows!" she exclaimed. "I see none. Surely it is all one long level, with only shallow undulations."

"Not shallow," he said, "but deep and difficult to find your way among if you are not observant. I've lost myself more than once. But I'm going to the inn now. If you will follow me I'll show you the shortest cut."

He strode on as he spoke, leaving her to follow him or not, as she chose. She did choose. And as they pursued their way in silence she wondered mightily what manner of man this was in well-cut clothes (she was apt to measure a man's worth by the cut of his clothes), who spoke with the accent of a gentleman, and lived not so very far from town, yet was so—unexpected. That was the word. But how refreshing it was to meet one such after the sophisticated clubmen whose every move and mood she could foresee accurately, whatever happened!

"I am staying here; will you come in and rest?" she said when they reached the inn, acting thoughtlessly on a hospitable impulse.

"I am coming in," he answered in his slow way. "I have some business here."

Thank you for guiding me," she jerked out, taken aback, and flushing hotly; and then she hurried upstairs, leaving him on the doorstep. She entered her little parlor panting, and threw herself into a chair, feeling horribly humiliated.

Presently there came a knock at the door. "Come in!" she exclaimed irritably.

"I beg your pardon." She looked around in surprise. "You asked me in?"

Yes," she said shortly; "and I thought you took the invitation—oddly."

"You had gone before I could thank you," he answered "You seem to be a very—sudden—lady. Or is it that I am clownishly slow?"

She looked into his honest, serious face and broke into a smile herself, involuntarily, to which he instantly responded.

"What nice teeth he has!" she thought. The physical aspect of the man pleased her immensely. He was such a splendid young animal; so strong and healthy! But beyond that, the mere external man, if there were anything beyond, she was unaware of it.

"If you are clownishly slow then I am shrewishly quick," she said. "Come in, now, and sit down. Do you live in this neighborhood?

He crossed the room in his deliberate way and settled himself on the window-seat. "Yes," he answered. "You pass my house on your way from the station."

"On the way from the station—there is only one house—at least, I saw only one, a great castle sort of place on the side of a hill with beautiful gardens all about it."

"That *is* my house," he said absently. He was looking at her again with queer intentness. Then, as if with an effort, recollecting himself, he turned his head and looked out over the lovely landscape.

Her respect for him, which had been hovering down about zero, flew up to a hundred when she heard he was the master of a house like that. The man himself she could hardly appreciate except in the outward aspect of him, but his commercial value, his position and house and acres—those things appealed to her. There is no more commercial-minded person in the world than your fashionable lady of good birth. She would barter her own soul if she could. This one had sold herself in marriage. Her husband, now dead, was an honest old city man, whom she had in her heart despised; but of the two, though his manners lacked the grace and charm of hers, he had been the pleasanter person to live with.

There was a silence after that last remark, but it was one of those silences which are strangely full of meaning; and she felt that there was that in it which was of deeper significance than anything she had ever heard expressed in words.

When those to whom she had hitherto been accustomed were silent, she knew they were searching their shallow pates for more material to make up into idle chatter. They were all effervescence, and cheap at that; but this was still wine of the rarer sort. What was he thinking of? What was he feeling? How strangely still it was

Suddenly, below in the hazel bushes, a bird called softly, "Sip-sip-sip." Her companion roused himself. "That's the lesser whitethroat," he remarked. "I expect he has his nest down there."

"You must show it to me" she answered dreamily

A small copper butterfly and a little blue argus came fluttering into the room, fighting. The copper was buffeting the argus and spoiling its beauty

"They fight wherever they meet, those two," he said, watching the combat. "They have fought since the beginning of time, and will fight on to the end, I should think. Would you believe that two such pretty creatures could be so pugnacious?"

She only smiled. But she was thinking cynically that she knew some pretty creatures of another species who were quite as bad.

The butterflies, still buffeting each other, fluttered out once more into the open.

He rose. "I must go," he said

"You will come again, I hope," she answered, looking up at him without rising from her chair. The oval of her face showed to advantage in that attitude, and in the contemplation of it he forgot for a moment to answer her.

Then he said in his slow way. "Yes—yes. I will come again, thank you. For whom shall I ask?"

"My name is De Vigne," she answered "Lady Flora de Vigne. Do you think it a pretty name?"

He considered a little, and then said "Humph!" expressively. After which he drew a cardcase from his pocket, took out a card and laid it on the table. Then he bowed and left her

She sat still for some time after he had gone, with her eyes shut, curiously conscious of everything—the sunshine, the sweet air, the scent of flowers, the incessant "Sip sip sip" of the whitethroat in the hazel bushes below, but, above all, of the little white card on the table. Who was he, this young knight of the open countenance, lord of that castle on the hill, and those fair grounds, all dappled with spring flowers?

"They are his and he is—mine," she ventured

A little longer she rested there with her eyes shut, giving way to ecstatic feeling. Then she rose, sighed, took up the card and read: "Adam Woven Poleson, market gardener

"AH! IT IS BEAUTIFUL!"

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

Lady Flora laughed. Every time she looked at the card she laughed. But not mirthfully, for she was all ruffled. It was too absurd! And such a liberty into the bargain! Really, things socially were coming to a pretty pass when a market gardener lived in a castle, looked lordly in Scotch tweed, and spoke like a gentleman! More than anything, she resented the cut of those clothes; any gentleman might have worn them. There was no telling now what sort of person one was speaking to. It was fatuous of her to have asked him to call again—and call again he certainly would. That sort of person is always pushing. Well, there were two ways out of it. Let him come and then order some vegetables from him, or pack up and go.

She rang for her maid and ordered her to pack. They would catch the evening train after dinner.

Then she strolled out into the old inn garden and threw herself into a chair. Above, the sky was radiantly blue, with great masses of snow-white clouds that drifted across it slowly, casting their shadows on the earth, and changing their shape continually. Behind her the hill rose abruptly, covered with trees. About her were bushes budding and beds bright with spring flowers. In front was the long, low house, and high above it, on the other side, some grand old elms appeared. There were bronze buds on the beeches. The horse-chestnuts were well out in leaf. Tufts of purple anthers hung from the slender branches of the ash. The thick, rugged boles of the Scotch firs reflected warm, ruddy lights, and their canopies of deep blue-green showed dark against the tenderer foliage of the spring. Little fly-catchers flitted in and out among the shrubs, a shy bullfinch piped unseen in an undertone, while a bold thrush on the topmost twig of an elm sang out at intervals divinely. The lady looked and listened without rendering an account of anything to herself; but by degrees the heavenly peace possessed her. What does anything matter so that we are at ease, untroubled, silent and satisfied? That was the first stage. But as the day declined there came a second when thought was suspended, replaced by an exquisite sensation of well-being, a glow as of warmth and light and color, and at intervals little shivers of delicate delight when the bird sang—the thrush, my dear, the thrush!

"Unpack again, please. I sha'n't go till to-morrow." So she announced when she went in to dinner. But for two days after that she wandered about with a set countenance, in a state of indecision—restlessly. She wanted to go, and she wanted to stay: she didn't know what she wanted. Only when she wanted to go, the birds and the butterflies, the trees and flowers and fresh air, the outlook over the lovely, lonely land, and the blue vaulted sky above, held her enchanted, but when she wanted to stay, the sight of that little white card, which she left lying on the table for an object lesson, moved her to joyless mirth and impelled her forth. Had it but been "My knight"! But "my market gardener"! Impossible! She must go. Yet why should she go—driven away by the market gardener? Absurd! No! she would stay. She owed it to herself to put the market gardener in his place—that clown, indeed!

"I shall stay. Unpack, please

That was her final decision, and her weary maid, accustomed to her senseless caprices, for the third time patiently unpacked.

The next morning Lady Flora awoke in the gray dawn—awoke expectant, though she knew not of what. The spring was rapidly advancing. Cherry and pear trees whitened the ground with their snowflake flowers, and the apple trees in the orchard were tinged with a delicate pink. The little birds were trying their voices softly before they burst out into the full chorus with which they saluted the sunrise. She rose from her bed and leaned out of the open window. There was new life in the air, and her pulses throbbed in response to the sweetness and joy of it

Late in the afternoon she went out, and sat near a bank all blue with angels' eyes, and there she sat sunk in sensuous delight. She took an unwonted interest now in the world about her—the exquisite world of nature, the healthy, happy world of tree, and flower, and bird, and beast. It was as if her eyes had been opened to behold a new heaven and a new earth. She had never seen such a spring before, never heard such songbirds. Every day brought its change of scene; they might have been numbered each by its own new beauty. Only yesterday the buds of the beeches blushed red against the old gray boles; to-day their branches shone in the sunshine all on a sudden, bright-tinted with the tenderest green. And there were more butterflies; large, white and orange tip.

She had heard no footfall, but her daylight was darkened, and she looked up—looked up and flushed, and forgot the vegetables.

"I saw your red parasol," he said "At first I thought it was a flower."

He sat down beside her, very much at his ease, yet not more than seemed natural. Now that she saw him again, well dressed, if carelessly, and noted the intonation of his voice and the grace of his manner, she could not think of the incongruous market garden—at least, she did not find it weigh with her in her estimation of the man.

He held a book in his hand

"What are you reading?" she asked.

He answered dreamily, gazing into the blue distance as if the words were there

> [illegible] beckons the flight of the swallows,
> Far flutters the weft of the grass
> Spun dense over desolate hollows
> More pale than the clouds as they pass.
> Thick woven as the weft of a witch is
> Round the heart of a thrall that hath sinned,
> Whose youth and the wreck of its riches
> Are wafts on the wind."

There was a little pause, then she laughed her silent, mirthless laugh. "I scent something ominous," she said. "What is that thing?"

"Sea plume—By the North Sea"

She had never even heard of the poem.

"Ah! it is beautiful!" he said, and then he broke out, and half read, half recited one wonderful passage after another; and as she listened she glowed gradually with something like his own enthusiasm

He made little pauses between the passages—silences full of significance

"It is strange," he said at last, "how this poem gets hold of one and sets up a sudden sea hunger. Out here on the common sometimes I am so seized upon by it that I rush on and on, I don't know why, I don't know where—a sort of reindeer rush to the sea."

"You make me feel it, too," she said.

But she deceived herself The great yearning she had at her heart was not for the sea

Alone in the garden late that night, listening to the nightingales, now in full song, she said to herself tentatively, "Adam! And why not—Adam? What was Adam the First himself but a gardener?

> "The grand old gardener and his wife
> Smile at the claims of long descent"

And so would she—for the time being, at all events. She would stay and play the idyl out to the end. Exactly what the end would be she forbore to inquire of her inner self But before it came all the trees were out of flower, and the young green of early summer was over the land. And there was no reason why it should have come to an end even then. It might have gone on forever had she not become impatient of the pastime. It lingered too long in the early stage, however. An idyl, to be interesting, must swell up to a climax; and the climax must not be too long delayed, else the interest flags.

She saw him—saw him continually, meeting him always in the same accidental sort of way; walking and talking with him on terms of easy intimacy, satisfied with his companionship, and yet not satisfied, always expectant of a word that was never pronounced—of the climax that did not come. When would he speak? Naturally he was diffident (my market gardener!); she must encourage him delicately. And she tried, but she did not succeed. Her little fashionable artifices, which never failed of their effect in her own set, all passed unheeded here

When her ring stuck on her finger he prosaically suggested soap. If she appeared in a new costume he took not the slightest notice of it—never paid her a compliment—never alluded to her personal appearance at all. Yet she often caught him looking at her with curious intentness, just as all the others had done; why didn't he speak?

At last it occurred to her that she might startle him out of his bucolic apathy by announcing suddenly that she was going away. He must be roused

The next time he came to the inn she waylaid him. It was toward evening, and they strolled out into the garden together, and sat there side by side, not talking or thinking, just feeling the tranquil, happy beauty of the hour.

"How exquisite it is!" she sighed suddenly. "And to think that to-morrow at this time I shall be in the whirl of the great, wicked city once more! I shall think—I shall long—for—all this."

"Are you going?" he ejaculated

Then there was a pause—that she had expected. When he did speak it was very slowly. "I am sorry," he said. "It has been a great pleasure to me—to come and see you—to talk to you. No lady—like you—had ever come into my life before."

She rose nervously, and they began to pace the garden path together. The nightingales answered each other in the trees above, the darkness deepened, and the stars shone out

He spoke again. "Before you go I should like to tell you——" he began, then paused, greatly embarrassed "You will not think it a liberty?"

"I shall not think anything you may have to say to me a liberty," she answered in a low voice, plucking at the laurel leaves as she spoke.

"You must have noticed how I stare at you sometimes"

Noticed it! Her heart leaped—*my* market gardener!

"I feel," he pursued in his deliberate way, "I feel, now that you are going away, that I ought to apologize—I ought to explain. That first day I saw you on the common it struck me—the likeness—an astonishing likeness—which made it a delight to look at you. You are exactly like the girl I am going to marry—older, of course, and with a different expression, but still wonderfully like

She stopped short, gasping the clown'

"What's the matter?" he asked with concern

"It was nothing, really—it has passed—a sudden pang—unexpected, indescribable—a new sensation, in fact. So you are going to be married? Well, I hope you will be very happy. You must introduce the lady to me. And write to me sometimes, won't you? Now I must go and pack Good by! Good by!"

She waved her hand to him gayly—and was gone.

MEN OF ACTION

PORTUS B. WEARE

By FORREST CRISSEY

CHICAGO has one log cabin. It stands on the edge of a virgin prairie, in a cluster of shivering cottonwoods, surrounded by dainty bluebells and other wild blooms indigenous to the Western savannas. In this cabin, identical in pattern and appointments with hundreds that have sheltered the pioneers of the prairies and the mountains, Portus B. Weare spends his pleasantest hours.

More than all the aboriginal totem poles that have been brought out of the far Northwest Territory of the United States, this little cabin stands for Alaska and the Klondike. It is the outward token of that deep-rooted personal trait in the nature of its builder which has done more than any other force to make possible the marvelous development of this Arctic Eldorado. In all human probability, had Portus B Weare lacked the unsubdued kinship with the Western wilderness and its barbaric habitat that made the building of this cabin a condition necessary to his residence in a conventionally civilized community, the history of interior Alaska and the Klondike as it stands to-day would have to be erased and altered beyond recognition The impetus which gave birth to the great commercial organization that opened the Yukon country to the world was not that of ambition for wealth, but the feeling of brotherhood with the prospector, the mountaineer and the men of the wilderness.

There is a volume of romance in the inner history of how the North American Transportation and Trading Company came to be formed. The initiative of that enterprise will never be more concisely stated than when John J. Healy, an old companion and partner of the fur-trading days, brought to Mr Weare the first proof of the golden wealth of the Yukon and asked the backing of the Chicagoan's money, judgment and powers of organization.

"I have," answered Mr Weare, "more money now than I shall ever personally need or use; but the Indian isn't quite out of me yet, Johnny, and I'll go into the [illegible]

PORTUS B. WEARE

Not only did he go into the enterprise, but he has twice gone into Interior Alaska and the Klondike, and all because "the Indian" was not yet out of him! Behind that expression is a bit of personal history instinct with psychological interest. When John Weare and Martha Parkhurst the parents of Portus B Weare were married, in 1841, they moved into a log cabin in the heart of a Michigan wilderness. The only human intruders upon the happy isolation of their honeymoon year were the kindly Pottawatomies and Winnebagoes who occasionally visited the cabin of the settler. A high order of courage and a well-defined strain of sympathy with the romantic and picturesque must have been dominant traits in the nature of this young pioneer's wife, for not only did the Indians fail to inspire in her the slightest fear, but they were objects of unfailing interest to her Never did she refuse food or clothes to one of them

In this year the ax of the settler was seldom at rest in the hours of daylight, but his labors were constantly cheered by the presence of his wife. The rare visit of a strolling Winnebago or the arrival of a hunting party of Pottawatomies made the only break in the peaceful monotony of their sylvan existence But the young settler and his wife were happy.

At the close of this first year of their married life was born the son who was destined to set in motion the commercial machinery which has made possible the present development of Alaska and the Klondike. With such a mother, loving the wild pioneer world in which her boy was born and cradled, and looking upon the nomadic red man as a friend and welcome guest, what wonder that the child of these conditions has not been able, even in the course of fifty-seven years, to get the Indian out of him? Apparently, his whole life and the destiny of a territory larger and richer than some European Kingdoms were shaped by those early impressions of the Michigan woods and their wild children

He is to-day a regularly adopted member of the Crow Nation, and bears the name of Bald Eagle in this tribe, and also among the Blackfeet. The Sioux named him Young Man because of his extreme youthfulness when he first began to trade among them

Seated in the log cabin to which he retreats for the nourishment of the untamed side of his nature, Mr Weare spoke with mingled regret and tenderness of that strain which has made him an inseparable brother to the wilderness

"One of the earliest events within my recollection is the coming of two dusky, handsome young Indian bucks to our cabin at Cedar Rapids, in Linn County, Iowa, where my father took up a claim in 1845. I was not more than five years old when the incident of which I speak occurred, but the whole scene is as distinctly before my eyes as if I had looked upon it only yesterday. The Indians were Sacs [illegible] one of them, as he sat before the fireplace, held out his hand to me and jokingly asked if I would go with him.

"I unhesitatingly answered yes, and went to my mother and told her that I wished to go with the Indian and become his small brother. Had she allowed me to do so I would certainly have left home with those bucks that very night. My mental impressions of that moment are vivid in my memory, and I had not the slightest fear of the half naked Sacs. On the other hand, they inspired my implicit confidence and hearty admiration, and I felt as safe and as much at home with them as in the care of my own mother

"We were in the country of the Sacs and Foxes, and the children of these tribes, now consolidated, were my playmates as long as I indulged in play of any kind. But hard, serious work began very early in life for the pioneer boy of the forties, and my case was no exception to the rule.

"In these latter days the term 'playing hookey' is applied to running away from school; but in my boyhood it designated a splendid game that was held a favorite by all the young bucks of the Sacs, Foxes, Sioux, Crows, Blackfeet, and Mandans. All day long I have played it with the Indian boys and girls, keeping constantly on the run from dawn till dark, and not stopping to eat beyond carrying a chip of dried beef in my mouth, Indian fashion. There I learned to run for hours at a stretch without fatigue. This I did by keeping my lips shut tight together, breathing through my nostrils. In fact, I obtained from my copper colored companions and playmates of those days the training that fitted me for the life of an Indian trader, and made me love the freedom of the prairies and the mountains better than any of the luxuries of civilization."

Mr Weare was only fairly in his teens when he entered upon the adventurous and nomadic life of a pioneer trader. From the moment he joined the ox train sent out by "Jim" Booge to trade with the Indians in the country round about Brjou Hills and the spot where Yankton, South Dakota, now stands, has he been unable to keep his hands from traffic in the produce of plains and mountains. Many times in the process of the evolution of the "Great West" from barbarism to semi-civilization has the nature of the commodity in which he bartered undergone radical and significant change; but he has seemed destined to adjust himself to the new conditions and occupy the position of a commercial link joining the frontier of the West and the world of manufacture and business. His apprenticeship in the arts of trade with the tribes which then inhabited the "Land of the Dakotas" was short, for he proved himself generously endowed beyond his years with sound judgment and capacity for business

The natural genius for traffic inherent in his Yankee blood had been rapidly ripened by the peculiar conditions surrounding his birth and boyhood. By instinct and association he was fitted to understand the Indian and to come into closer and more sympathetic relationship with him than almost any other frontiersman. By reason of this remarkably fortunate equipment for a career as an Indian trader, he advanced so rapidly that a few years found him following his independent fortune instead of cooking the food for the hired traders of "Jim" Booge's ox train.

Making his way to Chicago, after he had been but three years away from his Indian playmates and the rough, hand-hewn benches in the school of the United Brethren, he laid the foundation of the commission business which has since grown to mammoth proportions. With a wisely selected stock of goods, he set out to barter with the free trappers and traders of the Missouri Valley. He made this trip to Fort [illegible] of Salt Lake City, and before his long pilgrimage was over he had covered the vast country drained by the "Mighty Missouri" and its tributaries. Sometimes he went up the river by boat to Fort Benton, but generally he circled completely around the headwaters of the great stream.

Year after year these commercial expeditions were repeated, until he knew the frontier country and its people

better than he now knows Chicago. What wonder that he has chosen to make his home in an unfashionable suburb of that city in order that he may enjoy the privilege of looking for a straight stretch of three miles across a prairie never torn by a plowshare—a level carpet of virgin sod starred in season by those blossoms which belong alone to the unbroken prairie? Close beside his chamber window are two towering cottonwoods, and the wind which stirs their flickering leaves whispers to the pioneer trader of the days when the sight of a distant line of these trees gave welcome assurance of water and fuel. But not even the weird rustle of the wind swept cottonwoods brings back to the veteran trader his young days on the frontier so vividly as the plaintive whistles that come from the quail and prairie chickens housed in a huge cage of wire netting near the log cabin. These tokens betray how strong is the love of the wild life and the mountains and plains in the heart of the man who is nearing the age of threescore years, and whose fortune is sufficient to permit him to purchase and maintain the most costly residence in Chicago, instead of living in an unfashionable quarter remote from the lake shore and surrounded by typical prairie scenery

INSIDE THE LOG CABIN

In the course of his earliest trips to the country of the Upper Missouri, Mr. Weare visited the trading post of Captain John J. Healy, at Sun River Crossing, in Montana. The dashing spirit of this intrepid pioneer soldier, scout, prospector and trader strongly attracted the man of business genius. They at once became fast friends and, to some extent, business associates. So long as Captain Healy continued to get beaver pelts and other fine furs from the Indians and free trappers, they were sent to Mr. Weare as a part of the consignment of skins handled for T. C. Powers, then one of the largest traders in the Northwest and, later, United States Senator from Montana

About 1868, however, a change became apparent in the nature of the fur trade. This was the year in which Mr Weare took out from the country about Yankton the last consignment of fine peltries yielded by that region. He saw the course of the traffic, and turned his attention more largely to buffalo robes—the coat of the bison tanned, trimmed and finished for the white man's use by the hand of the squaw The business of the humble commission house which Mr. Weare had founded on South Water Street, Chicago, increased with wonderful rapidity, and his firm undoubtedly brought out of the West more buffalo robes than any other trading establishment

Once more he was shrewd enough to discern the shifting current of trade. When, in 1881, fully 250,000 buffalo skins were sold at Miles City, Montana, Mr. Weare saw that another epoch in the traffic in peltries had been reached. The buffaloes had been slaughtered by whites and the skins tanned inside the pale of civilization. Next season, in place of the buffalo robes the Weare commission house handled hundreds of skins stripped from the great white wolf of Montana. This animal was poisoned by the wholesale, but it was evident to the shrewd trader that the day for a large and profitable commerce in pelts and furs of any kind had passed In the steer he saw the successor of the buffalo, and once more his plans were changed, and he became one of the heaviest dealers in live stock from the great Western ranges

The next step in the building of Mr. Weare's fortune was a most important one. It was the perception that corn and wheat were the master products of the country from which he had only a few years before gathered a rich crop of beaver skins and buffalo robes. With firm faith in the safety of trade in the natural products of the West, he added grain to the list of his commodities. In this field, strewn with so many financial wrecks, he followed the same methods which had brought him success in handling furs, robes, game and live stock. He was content to reap the sure harvest of a legitimate and conservative commission business, and the Weare Commission Company now holds a powerful position in the great elevator interest

These progressive steps in the career of Mr. Weare had placed in his hands a large fortune at the time when "Johnny" Healy came into his office in 1892. They had not met since 1874, but the friendship formed in the old trading-days had not diminished. The mountaineer placed on the desk before him a buckskin bag of dust and nuggets and told the story of his life at Dyea, Alaska, where he had established Fort Healy in 1885; of the pathetic death of "Tom" Williams, the first prospector who came out of the Yukon with knowledge and proof of its riches of free gold, of the months of investigation and the accumulated proof of like kind, and of the certainty that the rush would come quickly, and the scenes and opportunities of 1849 be repeated, and even eclipsed

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of papers under the general heading Men of Action, which will deal with the makers of America's commercial greatness.

In the narrative and its proofs brought by Captain Healy Mr. Weare saw far more than the opportunity to make a large fortune for himself. He saw a new world opening up to the old prospector whose stake had not yet been made; to the old miner who seemed doomed to dig fortunes for others and receive meagre wages himself; to the coal miner, the most unhappy of all the humble delvers with pick and shovel. These men, and all who were not afraid of hardship, and whose blood moved quicker at the prospect of adventure, of large risks for big prizes—these had a strong hold on the heart of the man who when a boy had sat at his father's gate and watched the daily passing of caravans of forty-niners, and listened to their tales of hopes, fears and hardships. He determined to give the men of the pick and shovel another "grand chance," and this is what he has done

The proof that this has been his dominant motive is found in a study of facts and conditions. By a policy of secrecy and delay he might have kept for himself and his business associates acres of marvelously productive claims now yielding fortunes every month It would have been equally easy for him to have held prices on supplies carried into the Yukon country at double the figures which have prevailed. These prices seem exorbitantly high to a community in the heart of civilization; but no fair man of any mining experience who has gone into Alaska will dispute the statement that prices on all supplies might easily have been doubled, and that the great trading company founded by Mr. Weare has given ample proof of its disposition to afford the poorest miner and prospector a fair and liberal show and a "square deal"

Immediately after the old fur trader had pledged his word to go into the enterprise, he called into his confidence John and Michael Cudahy, packers and speculators, whom he had long known as foremost members of the Chicago Board of Trade. They enlisted for the great enterprise, and the North American Transportation and Trading Company was established and incorporated. Although he refused to take the first office in the organization, Mr. Weare was its governing spirit. With his son, William W. Weare, he accompanied Captain Healy to Seattle, where a schooner-rigged steamer was chartered and loaded with supplies and the parts of a steamboat especially designed for traffic on the Yukon

They sailed July 6, 1892, and landed off St Michael's Island August 10. The old headquarters of the established trading company were on this island, and the vessel bearing the new opposition was refused a landing, and its officers were given a decidedly hostile reception. As a result of these unhospitable measures, the Alice Blanchard was compelled to drop anchor two miles out from shore. Natives were with great difficulty employed to build rafts and transport the cargo to the new camp, which was called Fort Getthere. A month passed before the cargo was fully discharged Then began the great task of building the first steamboat for the gold trade of the Yukon—a labor attended by almost insuperable obstacles and severe hardships. These were all cheerfully endured by the man who might have been enjoying the luxuries and pleasures of those whose fortunes place them beyond the necessity of any labor other than the broadest general supervision of their interests

THE PATH TO THE CABIN

In the license for the new ship it had been christened in advance the Portus B. Weare, and the night of its launching, September 17, 1892, will never be forgotten by any witness of the weird scene. To Mr. Weare it had associations which can never be understood by any save those who understand the shivering sighs of the cottonwood, the silent eloquence of the mountains and wild things of Nature. Manned by mountaineers, Malmute and Chilcat Indians, and lighted by brilliant Northern skies, the weird craft slipped [illegible] the waters of Norton Sound more like a monster dugout, or "budarka," judged by its strange crew and fantastic surroundings—than a modern steamer. There was something splendidly dramatic and significant in that strange launching. It opened a new chapter in American history Up to that time seven-eighths of the material benefits of this vast territory—larger than all that portion of the United States east of the Mississippi river—had been monopolized by the pioneer trading company of that region. The people of the United States stood in need of its vast resources, made known at a time of peculiar financial stress. This boat was the first of the line that now has three ocean and sixteen river steamers of its own in addition to those under charter It opened a merchandise trade that now amounts to $4,000,000 a year and embraces a system of fourteen trading posts. Seven years ago both companies took out only $120,000 in gold dust. Last year they carried into civilization $12,000,000 of the precious metal, and this year, according to the careful estimate of Mr. Weare, the valley of the Yukon and the Klondike will yield $25,000,000

Although the capital stock of the company in which Mr Weare elects to serve in the unconspicuous capacity of a Director is only $1,000,000, its holdings in the way of placer quartz and copper claims are scattered over the richest sections, and it is to be doubted if $20,000,000 would secure a transfer of all the properties of the company. The principal associates of Mr. Weare in this corporation which had so romantic a beginning are: Michael and John Cudahy, Captain John J. Healy, John J. Mitchell, E. A. Haiml, C. I Hutchinson, John H. Dwight, William R. Linn, Charles H Hamilton, Charles A. Weare and E. E. Weare Captain John J Healy is the General Manager of the entire enterprise, and his wide and practical knowledge of prospecting mining, trading and frontier hardships makes him the chief support of Mr Weare and his associates

In personal appearance Mr. Weare is short, muscular and wiry, with piercing black eyes and cleanly chiseled countenance. His manner is abrupt, but the kindness of his heart is in proportion to his plainness and directness of speech Few men in America are more widely informed in the pioneer history of the West than he, and his library in the best literature of this kind is large, comprehensive and costly The paintings on the walls are by the best artists who have painted the Indians, the mountains and the prairies of the West. He has read the books in his library, and absorbed their spirit and that of the pictures to a rare degree. It is, however, in his log cabin, dreaming of the days when he played hookey with the young braves of the Sacs and Foxes and Sioux, that he finds his moments of keenest pleasure.

Why Mr. Flint Won Success

OF MR. CHARLES R FLINT, the millionaire merchant and head of the rubber trust, a classmate says: "Immediately after graduation from the Brooklyn Polytechnic, Flint entered the mercantile house of Grace & Co., in New York. It was a young concern, but very ambitious and enterprising. It secured a contract to supply a large amount of expensive machinery to a South American planter, and it was anxious to make a big success in that part of the world Young Flint volunteered to go on with the machinery and oversee its putting up. The offer was accepted, and he instantly began to study Spanish

"He left on the same steamer with his goods, and worked so hard on the voyage that when he reached Peru he had a fair colloquial knowledge of the vernacular, and knew every nut and screw of the machinery. He saw everything delivered in person, and then, taking off coat and vest, he joined his foreman in the task of setting up the mechanism

"When the power was turned on everything ran so perfectly as to obtain the hearty praise of the planter and many profitable orders from his neighbors. When it came to parting, the planter said:

"'A thousand pardons, sir, but are all American merchants engineers and machinists as well?'

"Flint, with true patriotism replied, 'Most of them know considerable about such things.'

"The planter paused. 'That is why you have conquered your continent, and it will make you conquer the world!'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

September 30, 1899

$2 50 per Year by Subscription

5 Cents a Copy at all Newsdealers'

A Retrospect and a Prospect

WITH this issue THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is permanently enlarged from sixteen to twenty-four pages, with monthly special numbers of thirty-two pages As soon as the necessary machinery can be installed—and work upon it is being pushed with all possible speed—THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will contain thirty-two pages every week

[illegible]s will be gratified to learn that in little more than a year under the present proprietorship THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has achieved not only the essence but the substance of success. Hereafter it will be developed upon the broad lines which it has marked out in its purpose to present the best and largest weekly magazine in the world.

There is much in a fine ancestry and strong stock. It would seem as if Benjamin Franklin had breathed into the paper that he founded an immortal vitality. For one hundred and seventy-one years it has been read. It is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued from an American press. Under its founder it occupied the first place in the journalism of the New World. During the present century it has printed more of the first work of great American authors than any other publication. Its fortunes never waned unless it failed to present the best and worthiest of contemporaneous literature. For instance, after 1821 a live and liberal editorship raised it from a struggling existence to the premiership of literary journalism. Observe the names of some of its regular contributors then: Edgar Allan Poe, N. P. Willis, G. P. R. James, James Parton, Mrs. Sigourney, James Fenimore Cooper, Bayard Taylor, Harriet Beecher Stowe

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was the first to pay well for the work of its contributors. So long as it followed a progressive policy it prospered greatly, and yet even in years when it suffered from changes in ownership and management it lived. It always responded to improvement. Since 1897 the progressive policy, broadened and stimulated as never before in its history, has again brought it to the front. Its reputation, latterly local, has become national. All this has been achieved by improving the quality of the paper and by seeking to make each new issue better than the one before. It has presented the best work of the best writers and the best thoughts of the best thinkers.

There is nothing worthy or permanent in life that is not clean, and in its plans and purposes the new SATURDAY EVENING POST preaches and practices the gospel of cleanliness. It appeals to the great mass of intelligent people who make homes and love them, who choose good lives and live them, who seek friends and cherish them, who select the best recreations and enjoy them

To give a list of its contributors would be to call the roll of the greatest names in the literature, the professions and the large business enterprises of the day. During the coming months it will contain hundreds of valuable features which can be found in no other publication. A new serial, which begins with this issue, and which will undoubtedly rank as one of the greatest naval stories, will continue until December, and it will be followed by another novel of surpassing interes

The POST has now in hand some of the best short stories ever written, and the leading writers of the world will contribute to it regularly. In short fiction it will lead. During the next twelve months about two hundred short stories by the best authors will be printed in its columns

Already the special articles in the POST have become famous for their timeliness, their thoughtfulness and their importance. Easily first in interest will be the remarkable series of papers on national and international topics which Hon. Thomas B. Reed, for six years Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the most brilliant of American statesmen, will write for the POST during the next twelve months. The first of these papers will be printed in the issue of next week

The POST editorial page has been called the strongest published. Its signed editorials have proven highly satisfactory. Among the new contributors will be Edwin Markham. The Men and Women, and "Publick Occurrences," two popular departments, will be strengthened and increased. Three features of wide interest are At the American Capital, At the English Capital, and Americans in Paris, which will be written by men and women knowing the best life and the brightest news of the three great centres

In pure literature the POST will increase its service to the public. Its signed book reviews and its literary essays will be continued. There will be articles from the leading critics. The best poetry of the times will be printed. A new department will give the latest and most authoritative information about amateur sports and the best recreations. No other periodical has such a list of contributors upon these topics as the POST. In its art the paper will seek continued improvement, and to that end the services of the best illustrators in the country have been secured

It is hard to tell you how many good things the POST will have for you in coming numbers. It promises twice as much as any other magazine, and it will try to give twice as much as it promises.

❦ ❦

Humility is a virtue, but stooping too low to accomplish too little is a mistake.

❦ ❦

The Lesson of the Links

A FAVORITE form of harmless inquiry with certain speculative minds has been the question as to whether the Battle of Waterloo was won on the chess-boards of Germany or on the football fields of England. There is not wanting the thoughtful individual who suspects that it was won on the ploughfields and in the small shops of both countries, since the military leaders would have made no great headway without some few score thousand of ex-Men with the Hoe to lead —men who probably never had any great experience with either checkmates or line-ups. These men fought, and were food for powder, and filled their pit.

But to return to the leaders, and to favorable schools for leaders. Should it be our painful duty as a nation to be victors in a great battle in the not too remote future, will it be said that it was won upon our glorious golf links? Surely the ancient game ought to cultivate some fine military traits —persistence, for instance. But should not a course of golf lead rather to diplomacy, or to some other form of endeavor along political lines? Some players are said to develop wonderful ability in making the rounds with fewer strokes than the casual observer is led to believe that they used But it may be a reasonable question whether or not golf will stand by us long enough to influence our national character.

Possibly we have gone at the thing rather too furiously; mayhap we have been too rash, too unadvised, too sudden; these violent delights sometimes have violent ends; think how we shall feel if we discover some day that the sight of a cleek fills us with loathing, and we find ourselves vaguely trying to recall if one is stimied in lawn tennis or in rumble-the-peg. Already there are rumors of people riding by links where formerly they were wont to shine without so much as glancing from their automobiles.

It seems, too, that frequently it is not so much golf as the appearance of golf which is the thing aimed at. There are said to be men going about briskly carrying a bagful of golf clubs who do not play golf Perhaps the recently reported invention of a Connecticut man of East Upper Paddleford Centre may not be untimely, after all. This is a golf bag with a formidable array of heads of all the different clubs protruding therefrom; but they are heads only, the lower part of the bag affording a convenient place in which to store an umbrella, a pair of galoshes, the package which has to be exchanged at the store, and a light luncheon which can be eaten at the desk. When required, there is a separate compartment for a powder-puff, a small mirror and a packet of chewing-gum. We live in an inventive age, and Connecticut is headquarters. —HAYDEN CARRUTH.

❦ ❦

It is very unkind of the Filipinos not to consent to be conquered according to program.

❦ ❦

The Better than the Best

IT IS told of Mr. George W. Childs that when he was beginning his long management of the Public Ledger his foreman called his attention to the excellence of one of the early issues with the air of having reached the standard of what such a paper should be. "That and better will do," was Mr. Childs' reply. He appreciated what had been accomplished, but he felt there was a still better before him and the foreman, and toward that he would strive. And his success as a newspaper man lay in that feeling that there was a still better than the best he had done, and that he must continue to strive toward it

That feeling, indeed, is the key to real success in any kind of work. The writer, the artist or the public speaker who is fully satisfied with what he has attained and feels no impulse toward a better than his best, has reached the limits of his attainment. It is the function of true criticism to hold up the highest standard to all of these and make them work toward the ideal achievement. The absence of such criticism may be fatal to them. What is called the "New York period" of our literature—that which is bounded by Washington Irving's beginnings in 1808 and the dawn of Hawthorne in 1837—was characterized by the emergence of many young men of real promise. Not one of them realized the promise and fulfilled the hopes he had excited. There was no adequate criticism then to make them compare what they had done with what they ought to have done, and to tell them "that and better" would do. So they acquired the trick of easy content, and rested on their scanty laurels, without producing masterpieces.

Those who take upon themselves the work of addressing popular audiences are especially liable to slip here. The young preacher who has made less preparation for his pulpit than usual, and feels that his sermon was hardly up to the mark, is certain to have some one tell him that it is the finest sermon he ever preached, and thus he gets encouragement to make light of preparation. That is the swift way down hill for him. He thinks, "That will do," and forgets "the better" which is "the enemy of the good," as the French say. The same temptation comes to him from those who want "just a short talk, for which he need not make any preparation." The speaker who is to succeed makes up his mind that he is to do the best he is capable of every time he tries to address an audience. If he let himself down from that he is a beaten man

In morals it is especially true that "that and better will do." The secret of getting forward in spiritual growth is in dwelling not on what we have attained to, but on what we have fallen short of. Saint Paul might fairly count himself as having achieved something for the great objects of living; yet he depicts his own attitude of mind as one of constant stretching forward to what he had not reached, and forgetting that his Master told His disciples to count themselves good for-nothings when they had done their best.

Miss Cobbe points out this as the Christian attitude of [illegible] compared with that of the antique world. The [illegible] I have thought the true, I have done what is good, I have achieved what is right." The Christian [illegible], "Oh, that I could do these things!" Infinite [illegible] such as is symbolized by Gothic architecture [illegible] all Christian civilization. There is a better beyond its best. There is a perfect standard of excellence it has not reached. It lays its emphasis not on the good achieved, but on the good still beyond reach, the better than the best we have.

[illegible] ELLIS [illegible]

❦ ❦

Specialists tell us that by their work man will live longer. Considering their fees, he ought to be a second Methuselah

❦ ❦

The Right Sort of Vagabond

WHEN good Dan Chaucer wrote his sweetest of all springtime strains, culminating in the perfect cry,

"Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,"

he struck a universal chord of human sympathy. Not in springtime only, but all the year round, and from year to year throughout the whole of life, we are subject to the strange call which lures us out and away. It may be—who knows?—that a hereditary taint is in us from our earliest vagabond ancestors, and that it demands recognition now and again. At all events, few there be of us who can rest satisfied in one place, with no dreams and desires from beyond the horizon, no longing to go on pilgrimages.

Restlessness is the strongest element of enterprise. The youth who tiptoes in the effort to see over the horizon grows into a man that horizons cannot hold. Your listless, satisfied lad is well enough, he may fill his place in the census list and walk in the same little circle year after year; but he who sets out on pilgrimages is the one who arrives somewhere. General Lee said of Stonewall Jackson that his great success came of two things—movement and promptness. "He found the enemy, and meantime he attacked." Genius might aptly be described as the spirit of enterprise focused upon things not heretofore attainable. Genius finds the new thought and instantly captures it. Novelty, surprise, freshness we all want. But where are the wells? Our first thought is that we shall find them "over the hills and far away." And the first thought is right. success really lies "beyond the outmost purple rim," and it is on the journey toward that rim that we pick up all the fair delights of life

We have given a wrong meaning to the word "vagabond." Every great mind is a typical traveler, a wanderer from place to place, from discovery to discovery, from surprise to surprise. Rest is stagnation and decay; movement gives the friction that prevents rust and elicts sparks.

There is but one warning which must be constantly rung in the ear of youth when the vagabond spirit begins to tug. Be sure that you know just where you want to go. Chaucer's pilgrims had a definite goal, they wended their happy way to Canterbury. Over the English hills and beyond the horizon they knew the place. They were vagabonds certain of what they were about, and so they told their tales and had their idle enjoyment on the way. We might take pattern and do likewise. When the call out of vague distance comes to us, bidding us go on pilgrimages, we have but to pause thoughtfully and fix the very spot on the blue verge of distance where our just ambition burns, then take up our staff and wallet and trudge along. We may never reach the golden point of our aim; but what a glorious pilgrimage meantime! —MAURICE THOMPSON.

Americans *in* Paris

IN PARIS revolutions are lightly made. You have but to wander abroad these nights to hear the old fighting songs—the *Marseillaise* and the *Chant du Départ*—and the old provocative cries of death to this and that. Bands of *voyous*—sinister little vagabonds—parade the midnight streets, shouting their war cries. Now and then the crack of a revolver adds emphasis to their disorder. Nightly the "groups" of revolutionists meet in all sorts of dark and remote halls. It is the "era of the clubs" come again. Guérin hurling defiance from his absurd fortress in the Rue de Chabrol, is merely an incident of the general discontent. Cavalry, infantry, police, surround his house, but then they are to be seen everywhere. Everywhere, too, the spies swarm—in the cafés and omnibuses and theatres. "It is like living in The Tale of Two Cities," a young American woman, who knows her Dickens, said the other day.

Of course that was a bit exaggerated, but unquestionably life in Paris at this moment has more than its due measure of excitement. To the thousands of Americans who visit the scenes of the riots—stare with delightful apprehension at the wrecked cafés and convents and the looted church—it all seems like a fragment from some Sardou melodrama.

"It looks like a rehearsal for Robespierre," said a New York theatrical manager.

In this light and picturesque fashion—with songs of civil war and snapping revolvers, with charges of cavalry and medieval sieges—Paris is entertaining its visitors at the end of the century.

And history is being made.

I have witnessed only one revolution. That was eight or nine years ago in the Italian Alps. The good Ticinese, for some reason or other, determined to be free. And so, from hill and valley, they marched out to battle. The day the patriots were to rise I happened to be in Chiasso, a little village of five or six hundred inhabitants. There was only one street in the village. It began far up the mountain and ended at the little railway station in the valley. About sunset—I remember the wonderful red that stained the far away Alpine peaks—my brave revolutionists came marching down the street. There were about fifty of them, armed with old muskets and rifles, swords and hunting knives, splendid with green coats and feathers. In the van strode the village barber with drawn sword. Opposite the village inn he called a halt.

You have seen many a comic opera, have you not?

You know how the chorus of village maidens swarms out when the soldiers pass, cheering, clinking glasses, throwing kisses?

It was even so in Chiasso. The women fell upon the necks of the warriors, kissed them, sobbed, encouraged them with flagons of wine and cakes of chocolate. One brave lass in a red petticoat crowned the barber with a chaplet of flowers.

"Go, my hero," she cried; "fight—it is for the country."

The barber waved his sword. The troops marched away with stirring cries of "Liberty or death!" It was sublime. They were going to die for the native land. The women, weeping but heroic, waved them adieu. I followed the army. At the station the road crossed the railway tracks. The footway was narrow and lined with flowers. The heroes marched recklessly, trampling the plants.

Thereupon out rushed the station-master, brandishing a stick. He was a bad-tempered old man, with a wooden leg and he loved his flowers. He shouted strange curses in a sort of German-Italian *patois*. The army halted.

"Get back there!" he yelled. "You vagabonds, what do you mean by walking on my flowers? Get out!"

"We are going to die for the fatherland," said the barber with great dignity; "let us pass." And the army repeated in chorus, "Let us pass."

Grim, determined, implacable, the old man held the road like the man with the wooden leg in Martin Chuzzlewit, he was not to be moved; and the heroes, heart-broken, gloomy, marched home again. The comic-opera maidens stayed them with flagons, comforted them with apples. It was the end of the Ticinese rebellion. But had it not been for the old man's flowers——

And—by way of Ticino—a very pretty story has just come from Italy. It was brought by a young American girl, who assures me that Queen Margherita is the most charming woman in the world. Perhaps it is true. I was presented to her once. It was not at court, or any place of that kind. I was visiting a hospital for crippled children in Florence. In one of the wards sat a sweet-faced woman with a half dozen crippled youngsters around her knee. They had been eating sweetmeats, and were as sticky and happy as children well can be. The grave and beautiful woman was Margherita, Queen of Italy, that "Pearl of Savoy." It was a pretty picture, and not unqueenly.

A few days ago the Queen was driving through one of the poor quarters of Rome when she saw a little girl sitting in a doorway knitting stockings. She stopped and chatted with the little girl, and at last ordered a pair of the rough, woolen stockings.

In a few days they were sent to the palace. By way of reward the Queen sent the little maid a pair of silk stockings, one filled with small pieces of money, and the other with bonbons. The following day Her Majesty received a letter of thanks, something like this:

> "Your beautiful present has made me very unhappy. My papa took the money, my brother ate the candy, and I am [illegible] wearing the silk stockings."

"They order things better in France," said I.

France just at present is having an epidemic of statues. It is only a part of the cult of great men—that hero-worship—which is so essentially Gallic. The other day a statue of the young Lamartine—he who loved Graziella, the Neapolitan fisher-maid, and wrote the prettiest story in the world about her—was erected at Belley. Later still there was unveiled at Chambery a statue of Joseph de Maistre, that eloquent soldier of the church, and his lesser brother, Xavier. A statue of Bossuet is to be put up at Meaux. Victor Hugo's statue is ready; it will be exhibited at the Exposition next year, and in 1902 will be erected in the square that bears the poet's name. Then there is the Balzac—and many others who have been signally honored.

And all this is well—excellent well. A country that remembers and honors its great men is in no danger of decay.

There is another thing that comes home to the man who has been used to living in a city where the streets are numbered, like convicts, and that is the fine French system of street nomenclature. The streets are named not only after Generals, Presidents, statesmen, but as well for poets, painters, critics, musicians, philanthropists—for all men and women who have deserved well of the country. The history of France, its art and literature and science, is written in the streets and squares. The small boy has but to walk about and absorb it. And then there is a certain inspiration in living in Balzac Street, in George Sand Street, in Mozart Street that the dweller in Fifty-third Street or One Hundred and Eleventh Street never knows. There is a good opportunity for some American city to pay a benefcent compliment to the painters, poets, musicians—and even the [illegible].

Think of the subtle and abiding joy of dwelling in Krehbiel Street or Willie Winter Row!

The American women have reversed the old Sabine myth. They have captured Europe. The first person I saw at Rennes was a Chicago "reportress." She stood in the court of the Hotel Continental, looking very racial indeed in her straw hat and pink shirt waist. She waved her intrepid, inky fingers in the air and shouted, "*Vive* Dreyfus!" Had a mere man said that he would have been mobbed, but since it was a woman—and a Chicago woman at that—we took off our hats in silent admiration.

(By the way, do you want to read a clear, succinct and absolutely true account of the Dreyfus case? Then turn to Mr. Dooley and reread that joyous conversation with Hennessy apropos of Zola's *J'accuse*. But perhaps you are as tired of it over there as we are here.)

But to return to our lambs.

Europe is simply alive with Americans. Here they parade the boulevards, almost in procession. Within thirty feet I met John Wanamaker (who is, or is not, to open a shop here), Rudolph Aronson, General Varnum, Perry Belmont and his new wife, and—by way of contrast—Eugene Grivaz. Last year the war kept every one at home, but it would seem they are making up for it this year.

The flotsam of the Woman's Congress is still drifting about Europe. Two daring members of the Congress—staunch feminists—boarded the yacht of the German Emperor at Kiel. They told him of the degraded condition of German women, and preached the extreme beauty of female suffrage. The Emperor listened patiently, then he said: "On this question I am of my wife's opinion. She tells me that women have enough to do if they attend to the four C's."

"The four C's?"

"Children, cooking, church and clothes," said the Emperor.

—VANCE THOMPSON

Flying Fish

By Bliss Carman

WHERE the Southern liners go,
In the push of the purple seas,
When sky and ocean merge
Their blue immensities,

A CREATURE, novel and fine,
Will break from the foam and play,
Swift as a leaf on the wind,
Part of the light and spray;

WILL scud like a gust of snow,
Silver diaphanous things
As if, when the sun gave will,
The sea for his part gave wings.

FOR aeons the Titan deep
Fashioned and framed,
In the great water-mills,
Forms that no man has named.

WITH hammer of thunderous seas,
With smooth attrition of tides,
Shaping each joint and valve,
Putting the heart in their sides,

BLINDLY he labored and slow,
With patience ungrudging and vast,
Moulding the marvels he wrought
Nearer some purpose at last.

NOT his own. Those creatures of his
Were endowed with an alien spark,
And a hint of groping mind
That made for an unseen mark.

FOR part was the stroke of force
Fortuitous, blind and fell,
And part was the breath of soul
Inhabiting film and cell.

FINER and frailer they grew;
Must dare and be glad and aspire,
Out of the nether gloom
Into the pale sea-fire.

OUT of the pale sea day
Into the sparkle of air,
Quitting the elder home
For the venture bright and rare.

AH, Silver fin, you, too,
Must follow the faint ahoy
Over the welter of life,
To radiant moments of joy!

The PLUNGER'S £1000 BANK-NOTES

By Cutcliffe Hyne

Copyright, 1899, in Great Britain

WE WERE running down to Aintree for Grand National Day, and were [illegible] smoking compartment.

O'Malley is a great man for making train journeys comfortable. We kept two rubbers of whist going for a couple of hours, and then, scarving of cards, lounged on the seats of the carriage and talked. Naturally we [illegible] on matters of sport, and discussed the [illegible] size of Valentine's Brook, and the way the Emperor had broken his neck on an in and out of fencing when dropped from the race, and kindred matters of parochial interest. Then we fell to chatting over heroes and idiots of the past, and with a reminiscent laugh Cope's name cropped up in the conversation.

"There is no doubt," said Grayson, the Q. C., "that Master Willie Cope was an average young fool in the way of frittering away his money. He had been run with a very loose rein all his infancy, and at the age of twenty-two came into a property which yielded him at least nineteen thousand a year in hard cash. He started fair; he cheated away a prosperous crop of 'post obits'; and then stripped off his coat, so to speak, to see how much money a man could spend if he set his mind to it.

"His methods were large minded and various. He took over a big racing stable, and ran at least one horse for every notable event on the turf. He had villas at Nice, Homburg and Aix les Bains. He went in hot for yacht racing and, on the strength of pulling off a few events for ten-raters, had a fling at the America Cup. He didn't bring that away with him, as you may recollect, but the attempt cost him something like fifty-four thousand. And, of course, in addition to these trifling expenses, he had to keep up the shooting lodge which was tacked on to the deer forest in Argyllshire, and a big house near Hyde Park, as well as Castle Cope, in Fermanagh, and Bordell Priory, in Yorkshire.

"In fact, during the first four years of his reign he purchased supreme popularity at the mild charge of nine and a half times his income. The papers very naturally got a nickname for him. They dubbed him 'The Flutterer.' He really had a pimply, nervous manner about him, and so, as the sobriquet seemed happy, it stuck.

"He got an agent fellow, by name Presse, to dry nurse him, and I have reason to know that Presse was continually crying aloud against outrunning the constable. But Cope's domestic motto was, 'While we live, don't let's have any doubt about it'; and as he thoroughly enjoyed the pace, he didn't feel in the least inclined to clap the brake on. So he got tighter and tighter nipped every rent-day.

"Now, when a poor man commences ruining himself on a small scale nobody out of his own parish pays any particular heed. But when a millionaire starts going amuck, proceedings get interesting to the mob at large. In Cope's case the aforesaid papers made four long, interesting paragraphs out of him every week. All the British Islanders watched with prim curiosity the pace at which he was going it. That's an amiable way they have. It makes them feel they aren't so bad as they might be—which is a pleasing sensation to any one.

It was when, in his own particular line, Cope had created himself the biggest celebrity in the country, that his earthquake arrived. He was accused of systematically uttering forged Bank of England £1000 notes. It seemed that he had negotiated at least fifty-four of them, and there might be others which had not yet come in. Now, as this is a crime which, in the British decalogue, comes very little short of brutal murder, Cope stood a very good chance of remaining behind the bars from the first moment of his arrest; because, at the magistrate's inquiry, the case was proved against him up to the hilt. After they committed him for trial, however, great pressure was brought to bear, and he was released on bail that was simply enormous.

Barnes was given the case, and he retained me for the defense—and a pretty sick sort of defense it was. The principal argument I was bidden to use was that Master Willie Cope felt quite convinced of his own innocence. It was his habit to make all his bets in £1000 notes. This avoided arithmetical calculations, which he was not good at, and also brought him fame. It is very easy to purchase notoriety of that brand in Great Britain—if only your purse is long enough to pay the price.

"The prosecution, on the other hand, could prove beyond argument that the last fifty of these trifling pieces of paper, which Cope had drawn from various banks, had been carefully and cunningly duplicated; that Cope, with his own fingers, had paid away the reproductions; and that the originals, after being saved up until their number amounted to some fifty odd, had been simultaneously cashed in Constantinople, Moscow, Berlin, Genoa, Monte Carlo, Marseilles, Lyons and Paris. This pointed to an extensive organization; but none of the confederates could be traced. Bank of England notes are good all the world over, and those which were passed on the Continent were genuine.

"The counterfeits, too, were, paper and all, so artfully made that they passed unchallenged through all the country banks, and for a while even at the Bank of banks in the city; and it was not until the other pieces of crisp water-marked paper, bearing the signature of Mr. May, and the promise to pay bearer £1000 began to dribble in from Europe, that the trouble commenced. Then it was observed that E65-16626 had been circulated before, as had also R16 23360, and likewise P84 86362. The documents bore the blue impress of rubber stamps and the scratchings of pens, which in part traced their circular tours; and the authorities easily collected other records of the hands they had passed through, because the majestic movements of £1000 notes are spied on with far more interest than the rambles of the commoner and more garden fiver.

"When they found that the last comers were undoubtedly orthodox, and the previous series superb forgeries, there was one of the soldest rows inside that building ever known since Threadneedle Street was paved. The men at the top thundered at the carelessness of those immediately beneath them; the men at the bottom looked preternaturally grave, and hoped for their step; and the wretched tellers who passed the first batch of notes had to bear the brunt of all these bombardments. Most of the notes had been burned, but enough were left to show—with the more glaring light of after knowledge—that they were most accurate forgeries.

"Now, savaging your own underlings may, as sheer dissipation and amusement, be very pleasant in its way; but it isn't solid, satisfactory vengeance, and it has no connection with the law of retaliation, both of which are far more businesslike and to the point; so, after the preliminary scratching match, the Directors looked around them and demanded blood. Obviously, the supply would have to come from Master Willie Cope, and as no one else appeared to share the brunt, from him alone. He was a very fit and proper person to be made into an awful example, and so they set the mill of the law in motion, and it looked as though he would be mangled up very small indeed before he was done with.

"Now, those are the outlines of the case, and Barnes quite agreed with me that matters for the defense looked very sick indeed. The prosecution would show that Cope was excessively hard up; that he had been losing very heavily on the turf; that he had drawn good £1000 notes from various banks, and then with his own fingers passed bogus notes on to the bookmakers. All this was absolutely true, we admitted it.

"'Look here,' said I to Barnes, 'we must find how and by whom these spurious notes were manufactured.'

"'Precisely,' said Barnes; 'that's obvious. The only trifle waiting to be discovered is the method of doing this. I confess that beats me, and what's more, it's too big an order for Cope. His inventive faculties are stimulated just now; he's got as good and solid a scare in him as a man can well carry among his ribs without tumbling down; but even that hasn't screwed him to the necessary pitch. He no more

"YES, YES; BUT GET TO THE POINT"

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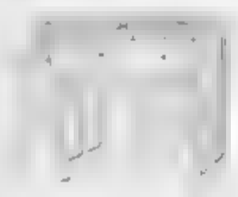

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knows how those notes got into his pocket than Elk, your clerk, knows

"'You see, the young fool was, in a way, most awfully slipshod about his money matters, though there was method in his madness. A £1000 Bank of England note isn't a thing an ordinary pickpocket can get rid of like a tenner. In consequence of this, Cope used to leave his money lying about anywhere, confident that it would not be stolen; and forty people might have had complete access to it. He says Presse was constantly blowing him up for his carelessness, and that he was always chaffing Presse for being a nervous old woman. Presse took a big interest in the fellow, there's no doubt about that

'"Then do you hint that this officious agent fellow forged the notes?'

"'I hint nothing, Grayson; but I suspect everybody. I might remark, though, that

"YES, AND HAD A THINKING TRIAL OF IT; A REGULAR *CAUSE CÉLÈBRE*"

Presse messes about with a hand camera, and photography certainly had something to do with the production of these forged notes.'

"'Why on earth didn't you tell me this before?'

"'Because I can add nothing to it. Because, between making bad amateur photographs with a half-plate camera and turning out perfect £1000 bills there are many lengthy gaps which I can't fill in anyhow. I'm not exactly a fool, Grayson. You can bet your boots I've tried to father the job on Presse.'

"'Yet it strikes me it's *and* Presse *and nullus*. Look here; from what you tell me, nearly all these forged notes were passed at Doncaster during the Leger week. Cope was then staying at Bordell Priory. Do you mind my sending Elk down there to see if he can hunt out anything?'

"'You can send a whole menagerie if you like,' said Barnes. I could see he didn't like my trying further where he himself had failed; and if I had seen any other chance of bringing Cope off clear I shouldn't have suggested the thing. But it seemed to me then that our only hope was to shift the blame on to Presse's shoulders, and if any one could do that, I believed my queer head clerk to be the man

■

"I told Elk what I wanted of him, and the fellow's eye brightened up at once

"'Can you tear yourself away from the domestic hearth for a day or two?' I asked said Elk, 'and gave me a most magnificent dinner. He had had a very bad scare given him that very morning. Some anonymous Fleet Street scoundrel had written an article about the bank note scrape, giving the whole thing, chapter and verse. He gallantly disregarded the Court of Queen's Bench, and pronounced sentence on his own brazen hook. He pointed out that without the least doubt the whole bar could not argue Mr Cope clear, and was kind enough to assure the young gentleman of fourteen years' toil on public works. He said that when a person of his record gets before a jury of upright tradesmen they weren't in the habit of taking lenient views of his failings; nor is a Judge, when passing sentence, able to restrain himself from making an example. Indeed, I think, sir,' said Elk, rubbing his hands, 'that it was owing to this scare that I banqueted with Mr. Cope in the dining room. Otherwise I might have found myself taking high tea with the upper servants

"'Yes, yes,' said I; 'but get to the point. Have you pinned the onus of this affair on Presse?'

Elk grinned. 'I worked to do that, sir, from the very first moment I set foot in the house. Mr. Cope didn't like it, but I told him it was the only chance we saw of saving his own skin, and so he went away to his own room and let me do as I pleased, without interfering. I started by overhauling Mr Presse's photographic tackle

'Ye know, sir, I m a bit of an amateur on that line myself, got a quarter-plate, and do a touch of portrait work among friends, against the rustic seat in my back garden; and so I could bring expert knowledge to bear on Mr Presse's outfit

"'It was stowed in a hump roofed attic which he used as a dark room, and didn't seem to have been cared for recently. I took up the camera—an early Meagher—and examined it carefully. At first I thought the thing was sound enough, but on looking still more closely I found the bore-hole of a wood worm barely an inch away from the lens. Now that, sir, would have formed a second superimposed picture of its own; and probably fogged everything as well. The worm-hole was comparatively old, and I took it for certain that the camera had not been used since it was drilled.

This, of course, didn't prove that Mr Presse had no second camera stowed away somewhere. But I fancied he hadn't, for this reason: the developing bottles had not been touched for a long time. Their shoulders were [illegible] with dust. The pyro. solution was [illegible]. The hypo. bottle had a caulifl[illegible] cast around its cork. Of course, he might have had a second set of bottles, but that seemed rather far fetched

The floor was swept, but on the shelves and in the sink there was evidence that the place hadn't been used as a dark room for many a month. There was thick dust everywhere except on one thing.

Fitted by the side of the sink was an elaborate half plate developing tray. The upper leaf was clean and shining; in the lower angle lay a drop or so of dark brown liquid covered with a faintly opalescent scum. Now, that was pyrogallic developer, recently used; and I took the tray to the window to have a closer look

"'On one flange was a thumb mark—faint, indeed, but absolutely distinct in all its lines. Now, Mr Presse has large hands as I have seen from his photograph, he being an enormous gentleman; and Mr. Cope also has "eights," as I noticed from himself. This thumb-mark could have been made by neither of them. It was small, and long, and delicately shaped. I fancied it was the mark of a woman's thumb, and a lady's at that

■

"'It puzzled me much. Mr. Cope is not a lady's man; he does not get on with the other sex. He told me himself that he has none but men friends to see him, and that the only women under the roof are the kitchen staff. And my thumb mark seemed too delicate for any one who could come from these last. But as I could think of no other way out of it, I went down to consult with Mrs Jarrett, the housekeeper

"'I found Mrs. Jarrett a very nice lady, sir; much above her present station in life. She mentioned that before she had her misfortune she drove her own pair——'

"'Bother Mrs. Jarrett, Elk,' said I, 'get along with your tale'

"'Certainly, sir. As I was saying, Mrs Jarrett was very kind, and rendered all the information in her power. I wanted to know if she had noticed one of her staff who constantly had stained finger-ends. Mrs Jarrett was on the point at once. There had been an under kitchen maid whom she was always chiding for this very fault—a nice, pleasant spoken young woman she was, Mrs Jarrett said, and—yes, her hands were small and nicely shaped, when she came to think about it. But I was rather knocked, sir, when Mrs. Jarrett told me she was gone away from the Priory. It seems that for no special cause, except a sudden spasm of temper, the young woman gave her sauce just two days before Mr. Cope's misfortune, and was bundled out of the house with a month's wages and no character, there and then. Her place had not been filled, and Mrs. Jarrett had no objection to my examining her bedroom, which had been undisturbed since she left. It was a plain enough attic room, sir—bed, chest of drawers, two cane seated chairs, and the usual utensils; and for a good half hour I stared about it without seeing anything suspicious. Then I trod on a thumb-tack which was lying point uppermost on the floor, and on picking it out of my shoe noticed the white of plaster on the shank'

"Elk paused, grinned, and then proceeded

"'There was nothing very remarkable in that, sir, you'll say. Perhaps not; but it made me stare over the walls more closely, and on one of them I saw three other tacks driven into the plaster, and the hole where the fourth had been. Now, I didn't know

(Continued on Page 230 of this number)

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"SHAKESPEARE."—*Tempest*—Act IV., Sc. 1.

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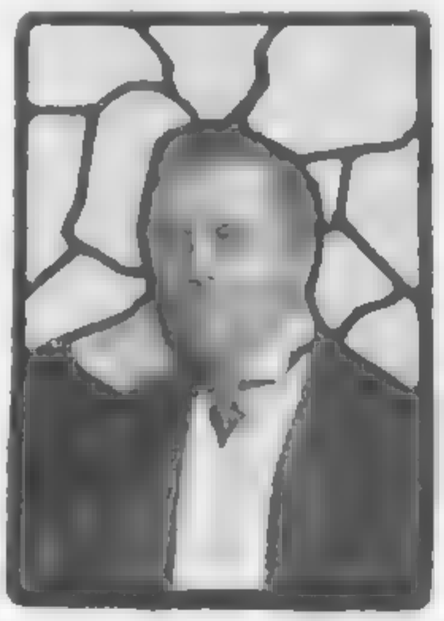
This calculation takes into account some of the cost of wars which were fought for gold. It seems to be the experience of history that as soon as a goldfield is discovered there must be an international complication, possibly leading to human slaughter. Methods have improved with civilization, but the old compelling cause remains. There was no trouble in Venezuela until gold was found. Alaska was as peaceful as a frozen sea until gold was announced.

There would be, probably, no wars nor rumors of wars in South Africa to-day were it not for the existence of the gold and diamond mines and the billion dollar British mining ring which must have its profits. The South African Republic is about the same size as Arizona Territory, and is much less than half as large as Texas, and yet from its mines this year $130,000,000 of gold is being taken. It may go up to $200,000,000 next year, if peace prevails. Transvaal mines paid to English stockholders the following dividends: 1896, $7,450,000; 1897, $13,500,000; 1898, $24,450,000. One mine paid 675 per cent. on the capital invested.



HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES

The Troubles in South Africa

If one keeps this thought in mind he will have the beginning and the cause of the intensely interesting conflict in South Africa. The South African Republic, the President of which is the redoubtable Oom Paul Kruger, has an area of 113,642 square miles, and a population variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000. The great majority of these are blacks. Over 120,000 are Dutch, who rule the country, and there are about 30,000 Englishmen and Americans, called Outlanders, or foreigners, who are working the mines, managing the enterprises, and getting most of the wealth that is left after the Boers exact what they can in the way of oppressive taxes. Between the Dutch and the British is an inherited animosity coming from the wars between Holland and England centuries ago. Ever since the Dutch settled in South Africa the feeling has increased.

When England went to the Dark Continent the Dutch settlers kept moving northward in order to get out of their reach. Finally they passed beyond the Vaal River, hence the name Transvaal. There the Boers set up their own Government, and in 1852 were recognized as independent. Great Britain, however, got closer, and in 1877 it annexed the country, making the protection of the Boers from the Zulus the excuse. In 1880 the Boers rebelled from this domination, and the revolt culminated in the battle of Majuba Hill, February 27, 1881, in which the victory of the Boers was complete. Gladstone and the Liberal ministry had not the hardihood to continue the war, and Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the South African Republic, except as to its foreign affairs.

Since then the events belong to the current history of the times. The Boers have increased the exactions upon the Englishmen and Americans who have been developing the country, and have made it so that the men who control the property and the wealth have very little to do with the Government, because the laws of citizenship keep a foreigner waiting seven years before he can vote. It is the conflict between the bright, progressive, educated Anglo-Saxons and the stolid, honest, determined Dutch farmers, who have suffered wrongs and who see in the British plans their own downfall.

A curious contrast has been drawn. Sixty years ago the Dutch in caravans moved from the English. It was known as the "Great Trek." This year the English women and children have been fleeing from the Transvaal because they feared the Boers.

There seems to be no reasonable doubt that eventually, in some way or other, the country of the Boers will be brought under the British flag. Mr. Chamberlain, the constructive genius of the present Government, is determined that it shall be done, and troops are being hurried to Africa. This is the policy of absorption, but it by no means gets the approval of all the English people. Right Honorable John Morley, the greatest of the Liberals, in a public speech declared: "There could not be a more insane attempt at human folly than a war that would bring added burdens. We do not wish to be a pirate Empire, and war with the Transvaal would mean deep dishonor."

In standing so long against such overpowering odds, President Kruger, with all his brusqueness, has shown himself to be a historical character; and, while the Boers will probably lose the game in the end, there must always be admiration for their sturdy resistance. The Americans in the Transvaal have done what they could to involve this country, but the Government at Washington shows no inclination to get mixed up in the troubles.

The stakes are worth millions. If the Outlanders, backed by the British Government, win they will soon control the Government, as they can outvote the limited number of Boers who are allowed the franchise, and, with Great Britain's suzerainty admitted, the Transvaal will become a British dependency. It is for this reason President Kruger is insisting that Great Britain shall abandon all claims of suzerainty, the very point which Mr. Chamberlain will not yield. It is a great fight of right and might, but progress sometimes demands large sacrifices even of abstract justice, of which our own Indian history is an illustration that we seldom point to with either pride or satisfaction.

For a Real War in the Far West

Indeed, we have as much on hand at present as we can attend to. It is very evident that the desultory fighting in the Philippines has done very little to subjugate the natives. Even President McKinley has recognized that fact by announcing that hereafter real war will be prosecuted.

It is rather amusing to recall the many predictions from Washington that have been printed within the past twelve months. Aguinaldo would surely be defeated within a week or two, but the weeks have grown into months, and the months already exceed a year, and the Americans hold a very small percentage of the Philippine territory.

Evidently a big work remains to be done, and thus the Army is being increased to 100,000, and all the available transports are hurrying troops to Manila, and the President in his speeches is announcing a real war policy. "That flag which you kept stainless and made triumphant will be kept stainless and made triumphant," he declared in his peroration to the Grand Army veterans, and deafening applause greeted his words. The same day Secretary Root in a public speech declared: "Not one man who wants to fight will be withdrawn from the Philippines, and we shall not leave that country under the dominion of a semi-barbarous race. Our soldiers will prosecute the war to a successful termination."

The Question of Profit in the East

Again comes the test of gold. While this most precious of metals did not directly cause the war in the Philippines, it is hard to keep it out of the situation. United States Senator Carter declares: "If the Philippines mean a constant drain and small return you will find the verdict of the people to be against permanent retention. Neither religion nor sentiment will have much influence in determining the verdict. The great question will be, Will it pay?"

While bringing the question down to a rather low plane, it is curious to note how general is this view of the case. Thus we find that the Philippines have gold mines and other valuable resources in metals, and with all this to offset the cost of the war, several hundred millions, including the twenty millions which are paid to Spain, the United States may be able to get back with profit all that it may expend. Already it is pointed out that the growth of our Eastern trade will more than compensate us for our expenditures. To all the other new colonies the exports have increased many millions of dollars. To Hawaii, for instance, we send over twice as much as we did before annexation. Already to the Philippines we have doubled our exports.

The present expense of the war, however, is enormous, and it will go on for months to come, and after peace is secured it is estimated that it will take many millions of dollars for the maintenance of government and order in the Philippines, so that balancing one with the other it still remains for events to decide, Will it pay?

The World Unusually Peaceful

There probably never was a time when the rest of the world was so peaceful as it is at present. France and Italy have their daily sensations and their promises of outbreaks and revolutions; but, somehow, the programs of wars and rumors of wars which fill the newspapers never reach their sanguinary climaxes. The wit who suggested that the statues of French heroes be supplied with hinges so that they could be raised or lowered in deference to passing conditions, thereby saving much money for the nation, hit off in an apt and happy manner the gusts of passion that make the French news as interesting as an April day; but so far the French Republic has stood the strain better than its old Governments.

In Italy there are interesting rumors of a clash between the temporal dynasty and the religious forces with the idea of making the Papal power supreme, but so far nothing of a positive character has happened.

Russia is so busy with peaceful enterprises that it seems to have no time for war. It has established a city and a big garrison at Port Arthur.

There will be a modern city with electric lights, trolley cars, artificial ice, steam laundries, and all the latest improvements from the United States, except our municipal politics, which Russia in her blindness does not seek.

In this country we have the usual rumors of conflicts between labor and capital, but as a matter of fact there never was a time when these two forces were pulling together more harmoniously and more effectively. For fifty years there have been constant prophecies of class wars in this country, and sometimes the prophets seemed to be dangerously confident, but as time goes on fear of this sort of thing grows less. Altogether, the optimist should be reasonably satisfied.

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MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Labori on the Quality of French Justice

The Dreyfus affair has probably exerted more influence upon the century than any other litigation, unless it be the Alabama arbitration. It has had its bright as well as its sombre side, and has provoked an endless amount of humor among Frenchmen and outsiders. One of the bright episodes concerns Maître Labori and our own General Benjamin F. Tracy. The French lawyer was talking, one evening at his club, with some distinguished English and American lawyers, and the discussion turned to the differences in procedure between the French and the American common-law courts. Labori was not so well informed upon the subject as his friends, and listened with deep interest to their exposition of the constitutional, statutory and common law safeguards which are thrown about an accused person. He compared them with similar features in French jurisprudence and finally said:

"It seems to me, gentlemen, that under your system it is impossible to convict a man, no matter how guilty he may be."

The following week the story was told to General Tracy, who retorted:

"That may be true, but under the French system it seems impossible to acquit a man, no matter how innocent he may be."

MADAME LABORI

The great French advocate is an athlete in frame and vigor. His face is rosy, good natured, frank and determined. His manners are like those of his nation—lively, impetuous and intellectual. He is a man of the world rather than of the closet; an advocate and counsel rather than a case lawyer or jurist. No man has a broader knowledge of the French people. Nearly all of his predictions have been verified, and when, therefore, he announced that the trial would be long and stubbornly contested, he came nearer to the facts than the optimists who declared that it would go through as a matter of course, or the pessimists who held that it would never end. He had a thorough familiarity with the case, having acted as counsel for Zola and also for Colonel Picquart. It was during the trial of Picquart that Labori was taunted by a lawyer, who said:

"Behold the third Dreyfus!"

He retorted: "There was one Dreyfus, and when he was convicted his enemies sowed the dragon's teeth. You may convict Zola and Picquart, but you will not convict the hundreds of other brave patriots who will [illegible]"

Madame Marguerite Labori, before her first marriage, was a professional pianist. On a tour in England she was for a week the tenant of a handsome apartment belonging to another musician. During this time the latter called, and the fair pianist said:

"I have fallen in love with your cat. It is a musical prodigy. I never practice but it comes and sits down near me and looks at me with an expression that is almost human. As long as I play it keeps quiet as if its soul were lost in the pleasure of the performance. The moment I stop it wails as if to beg for an encore."

"I dislike to destroy a romance," replied her friend, "but for the last five years I have made it a rule to feed the cat the moment my practicing was over."

Madame Labori spent many years in Boston, Massachusetts, and became a social favorite at the Hub. She met her present husband after her return to the Continent, where she was engaged in professional musical work. In appearance she is a typical Anglo-Saxon, with a well-knit frame, showing a love of outdoor sports. Her complexion is pink and white, and her bright dark eyes show an inheritance of health and vigor.

Buckwheat Cakes as Foot-Warmers

Thomas F. Phair, the "Starch King" of Maine, who controls the manufactured product of the potato fields of Aroostook County, is less than fifty years old. He is a self made man, and is proud of it. Not long ago he said to a friend:

"When I was thirteen years old I made a trip as a teamster, and then I made a wild resolution which I am now able to realize. I resolved that the time would come when I would ship half a million dollars' worth of stuff out of Aroostook County in one year. And this year I shall do it.

"All it takes is grit and determination. When I am riding through the big timber wilderness in a private car I often think of that trip of mine thirty-five years ago. I started from home with a pair of horses and a big lumber team to go to Cross Lake and back. At night I hailed a Frenchman's cabin on the tote road. Now, a Frenchman's cabin in those days was a mighty unappetizing place. Twenty to thirty people lived in one room and ate buckwheat fritters, mixed in a keg and cooked on the top of the stove, as tough as boot leather.

"Of course I had to stay to supper, but I couldn't eat the food, and I didn't want to offend them, so I dropped the hot cakes down my boot legs and they kept my feet warm all the way home. It was during that ride that I made my first plans to make money, but I don't attribute my resolution altogether to my foot warmers, although my discomfort may have had something to do with it."

Wallace's Idea of Brevity

A story is told by David Christie Murray of the late Robert Wallace, M. P. The member from Perth was a Queen's Counsel, an able theologian and a man of unfailing courtesy. Two years ago the editor of a small country paper, who was a staunch constituent of Wallace, wrote asking him to contribute a brief article on a light theological topic. The latter promised by return mail to do so, and at the end of a fortnight sent a manuscript which, when put in type, made nearly fifty columns.

The editor was at his wits' end. He could not print more than a column and a half at a time, and he did not dare to offend the kind Commoner by cutting or abridging the copy. He consulted with his head printer, and, as a result of their deliberations, began to print it piecemeal. By degrees they fell into the system of using one time a piece from the beginning, and the next time a piece from the end. Finally they employed it as a "filler," and whenever copy was desired the standing order became:

Eh, mon, just sneck off a bit of Wallace to fill the hiatus."

Murray declares that they are at it still.

Helping Editor Forman Out

Allan Forman, of New York, the brilliant editor of the Journalist, the pioneer newspaper journal in the country, has had many controversies with men both in and out of journalism, and in his long career has made rather more than his share of friends and enemies. Only once, however, has he been obliged to seek advice. He had, in the line of duty, exposed the record of a notorious politician who threatened to shoot him on sight. Forman is no coward, but, as he did not fancy being shot for such a cause, he went to consult a retired newspaper editor who was in the newspaper clipping business.

"What would I better do?" he asked after he had told his story.

"Give him another dose of publicity. I've said all I know."

"I'll help you out," returned the clipping man, and he turned to a case of pigeon-holes and drew out a small bundle of cl[illegible]. "I guess you'll find all the material you want there."

"I shouldn't want to get into a fight with you," said Forman. "Do you keep many records like this?"

"Oh, a few," replied his friend grimly, as he reached up into the case and drew out a double handful of clippings tied in red tape and marked "Forman."

If Wellman Had Discovered the Pole

Walter Wellman, the returned Arctic explorer, has a quaint gift of humor, which was happily displayed just before leaving upon his last trip to the frozen north. A pompous merchant, who does not believe in Arctic exploration because it produces no financial results, said to the traveler: "Supposing, after all this trouble and expense, you do reach the North Pole, what will you do then?"

"Why, come back again, of course," replied Wellman. "There really doesn't seem to be anything else to do."

Minister Wu, Railway Magnate

Mr. Wu, the present Chinese Minister at Washington, has many amusing stories to tell of the first railroad ever built in the Celestial Kingdom, which was constructed under his supervision in the province of Tong Chong, where Li Hung Chang reigned as Viceroy. Curiously enough, this road was built without the consent of the Emperor, without his knowledge even, the projectors realizing that they must educate their countrymen, from the highest to the lowest, by an object lesson. The road once in operation, they argued, the people, understanding it was a wonderful servant of commerce and not a great devil, that it carried freight better and quicker than the old-fashioned way, and would bind the uttermost parts of their great Kingdom together, would no longer oppose it. Its establishment, however, was missionary work of a different character, even to so sagacious a diplomatist as Mr. Wu, and, though he succeeded in overcoming the prejudice to a certain extent, he failed utterly to gain consent that the road should run through the towns and villages that marked its route.

[illegible]ed the leading men of those places; "build your road if you must, but keep it away from us—the farther the better."

"Well, well," said Wu, "have it as you will. We will run our road at a distance from your limits, but you will regret it for all time; and when you realize what serious harm you have done to your own interests don't come and insist upon our moving the road nearer your borders."

The railroad was hardly in operation before the men who had opposed it besought him to change its route that it might come by their towns and cities; but the management was obdurate, and Tong Chong received a most wholesome lesson.

A Famous German Crime Defined

Ex-Congressman Tim Campbell, whose definition, "A virgin forest is a place where the hand of man has never set a foot," made him famous, is ever and anon adding to the amusement or edification of the public. This is his latest.

A friend who had been reading the daily paper with painful slowness, looked suddenly up. "Tim, fwot is that new-fangled crome in Germany they call lease majesty?"

The bystanders, aroused by the word, looked inquisitively at their leader, who, with a mild expression of condescension, replied:

"Lease-majesty, Mike, is a foreign crime, and is taking the lease of a house without the Emperor's consent."

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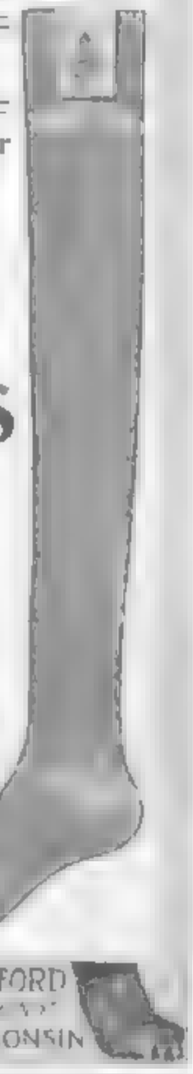

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A STOLEN SWEETHEART

By Bailey Millard

IT WAS flood time along the Sacramento. The river, breaking through its levees, sprawled far and wide over the marsh over wheat farm and orchard, through the forest, and far away to the very feet of the Marysville Buttes.

The levee held at Juba Landing, but there was hot work there to keep the river back.

The stern-wheel steamboat Fay Fuller lay at the landing. Frank Yates stood on the deck of her, where he belonged, for he was her Captain. Yates was as bony as a racing wheelman, but his face, though brown and drawn as that of many another over-active young Californian, was striking.

He had a fine, strong chin, and eyes of intense black—eyes that made weak people as nervous as if a camera were pointed their way; but the chin was more to be feared than the eyes, for the eyes were kindly enough, though keen of gaze, while the chin always gave a suggestion of power that might be uncomfortable if wielded against you. Many a warehouseman up and down the river had reason to dread that chin.

Beside Frank Yates stood such a short, large-waisted man as generally owns the electric light works, or the lumber yard, or the ice factory in a California town. In this case it was the lumber yard.

"Captain," said the stout man, "I think you'll have no trouble about the job. You'll find the house there, and all you'll have to do will be to roll her aboard the barge and tow her down river."

"That's all right, Mr. Pritchard," said Yates, "but what is the good of doing the job in the night time? We might just as well do it in daylight. The house is yours, and what is yours you can remove to any place you see fit, on land or water. Why not take to-morrow morning for it? There'll be no moon to-night, and it will be as dark as tar. There's no occasion to be so very secret about the matter, is there?"

Pritchard turned suddenly, faced him squarely, and said:

"I might as well tell you. It's a bit of strategy. The cottage is claimed by another man. You see, six years ago a relation of mine that I don't claim very [illegible] chap—with a poor little wife, and I don't know how many children—asked me to do something for him. So I leased from another man the ranch up there, stocked it, built the cottage, and had the orchard planted for him—cost me quite a heap, too. Then my man made the discovery that there was work on a fruit ranch, and that you had to cultivate your trees in beastly hot weather. So up jumps my gentleman, sells off all the stock and implements, and flies the country, taking his wife and his children along with him. The lease has expired, and now the owner of the land claims the house. I hate to break a rule I've made about never going to law unless forced to, and so I just want you to go up there quietly and, when nobody's looking, run off with the house."

"All right," said Yates, satisfied. "There's no one living in it, is there?"

"Not a soul. You know the place, Frank? Just around the bend from King's Ferry, about a quarter of a mile from the river at low water," said Pritchard. "It stands on pretty high ground, but the water must be nearly up to the front doorstep now."

"A white house on the right hand bank going up?"

"Yes; low, two-story, with terra-cotta chimneys. Easy enough to move if you tow up a big barge and carry along plenty of [illegible]."

"Well, I'd rather take daytime for it than night," said Frank, "but I'll do it; and the house shall be here on the river lot by daybreak to-morrow morning."

Pritchard smiled, and as he walked along to his office he went a little out of his way to look at the barren lot where in the morning the house should stand. As he viewed the lot he rubbed his hands together in large satisfaction.

It was forty miles to King's Ferry, which was up the Feather River, a tributary to the Sacramento, and a stream Yates had not navigated for several years. He could recall the sinuosities of it at low water, but the bars had changed, of course. Still there was no need to know the channel, for it was anywhere now, and there was plenty of sailing-room.

Long before the Feather was reached it came on very dark. Yates, from the pilot-house, watched carefully the turns of the river, and felt by the action of the craft rather than by visual impression that the Feather had been reached. This, being a swift stream, was harder to stem and slower of navigation.

After going a few turns up the Feather, Yates saw that the levees had given way everywhere, and that the stream had stretched away into unknown territory. It was hard work keeping clear of the forest, into which the current set strongly. The barge which the Fuller was towing was madly intent upon ramming a sturdy oak now and then, and the wheel worked badly.

The steamer swung around a great bend, and in the distance Yates perceived a white object on the right bank.

"That's our house," he said, "low, white, two stories, though I don't see any terra cotta chimneys yet. Suppose they'll show up later."

He headed the Fay Fuller for the right bank and signaled for the engine to slow down. The little steamer cautiously poked her bow toward the house. There was deep water clear up to the bank, as was determined by the man with the lead, and soon the barge was made fast to a cottonwood tree and lay close in, her starboard side almost grazing the shore and her deck slightly below it.

"Now quietly, men," directed Yates; "and don't show too many lights."

He sprang ashore with his Mate, and while he looked about the place the crew ran out their heavy gangplanks, atop of which were placed some long, square timbers to give additional stiffness to the rollway they were preparing.

"She sits on mud sills," said Yates to the Mate, speaking of the house as if it were another Fay Fuller; "and she isn't heavy."

"No; and there's no brick chimneys, Cap'n. Them two stone pipes don't count. We ought to git her out o' here and aboard the barge in a few hours, with all that gang."

Bidden ashore by Yates, the men now gathered about the cottage, with great jack-screws, handspikes, rollers and planks. The work went swiftly, and in two hours from the time the men began their task the house stood upon rollers that lay upon a plankway running aboard the barge. Then ten men with handspikes turned the rollers slowly and the structure began to move gently along the timber bed.

There was hardly a creak or a crack, and so little of other disturbance that it seemed as if nothing would mar the safe stowage of the great cargo. Yet Yates was all diligence for the quiet performance of the work. He was afraid that there would be a sudden starting of the house when the steeper part of the runway was reached, particularly as the barge was settling, and this made the run steeper than ever. But the men, among whom were several experienced house-movers, were exceedingly careful.

Soon the little front porch protruded over the side of the barge, and in half an hour the house was safely aboard.

Then, with just steam enough to keep her helm working well, the Fay Fuller swung out into the Feather with her barge and house in tow. When the Sacramento was reached the sun was well up. Yates saw another stern-wheeler steaming down-stream. She seemed bent on getting in his path, though she had no tow.

"What's the matter with that fellow?" exclaimed Yates, running to the pilot-house where the Mate stood at the wheel.

"I don't know. Guess I'll give him a blast." The Mate pulled the whistle cord and the Fay's awful voice rent the silence of the morning. The other steamer replied, and drew out of the way. As Yates turned from the pilot-house he chanced to turn his eyes toward the barge.

He stared in amazement, for as he looked at the house he saw the upper front window sash slowly let down from the top, and framed by the casement he saw the classic face of a young woman, with great eyes gazing about in sweet bewilderment. And all in a moment he was full of wonder and worship. For never on the river nor anywhere had he seen such a face. The pilot-house, near which he stood, was almost on a level with the window of the cottage, which was not more than twenty feet from him. There was a sash curtain in the window, so that the lower half of it was screened. The girl was in her nightrobe, and her hair was in fine disarray. Suddenly her eyes were turned upon him, and though they were gentle, and beautiful as they were gentle, they had a smiting effect upon his susceptibilities. He became of a sudden extremely self conscious and altogether uncomfortable. He fully expected to hear a scream. What he heard was a mild inquiry, delivered in a tone of

On the wharf he saw Pritchard, on whose face was a look of confused wonder and consternation

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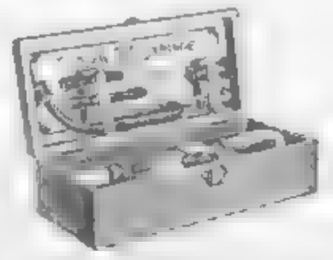

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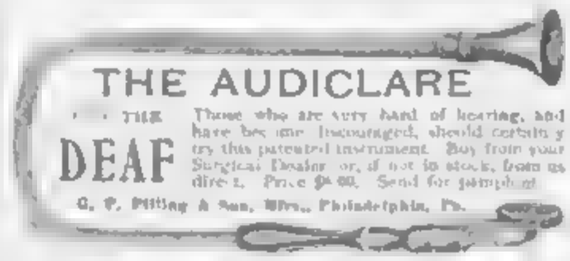
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confidence, as though his presence and manner had soothed any alarm that his newly discovered passenger might have felt

"Where are you taking me—and the house?" It was a voice dulcified by culture, and low as the voices of women of quality

"Just down the river a little way—to Juba Landing," replied Yates, still startled

"Yes; but how do you know I want to go to Juba Landing? And what do you think my uncle will say?"

"Oh, we're not stealing the house. It's all right. It's just being moved—that's all."

"Just being moved? But nobody wants it moved. I'm sure my uncle doesn't, and he didn't know anything about it."

"Of course he didn't," said Yates, venturing a smile

That smile was a surplusage of chivalry. It did not fit into the situation. It reminded the young woman at the window that she was conversing with a live man while clothed in a very unconventional costume. With an "Oh!" and quickly, she pulled up the sash and disappeared.

"It was the whistle that woke her up," said Yates, as he strode down to the lower deck. "Had it not been for that fool's smoke-box getting in the way we might have steamed clear down to the Landing before she awakened. She must be a sound sleeper, though, to go through all that moving process and never lift an eyelid!"

After waiting for a time in which he thought any young woman could have dressed herself twice, he went aboard the barge, trying to set aside as impersonal and irrelevant the broad smiles of the deck hands and house movers. He walked up the front steps of the cottage and knocked at the front door. Nothing came of the knock, and he repeated it.

At last he heard light footsteps inside and the key was turned in the lock. Before him, in a trim tailor suit, stood the young woman of the window. She had evidently taken her time to dress, for there was not a fold nor a plait that evidenced the slightest disarray. Her hair was carefully brushed, and her face was fresh from a free laving. The great eyes—Yates saw that they were very blue and as deep as the river itself—looked at him with a frank and not unfriendly gaze

"I was afraid," said he, "that you would not come out unless I invited you, and that you would miss your breakfast. It's ready now on the steamer

"Breakfast? I hadn't thought of that," she said with a pleasant smile "There have been so many strange and diverting things to think of. But I suppose one must eat

Yates conducted her aboard the steamer, the girl hesitating not at all to take the great step from gunwale to gunwale, and at breakfast she talked of her queer adventure.

"It was strange you were not disturbed by our work," said Yates.

"I did hear some noises They seemed like slight shocks of earthquake. But we had some shocks only the other night, and I'm not much afraid of seismic outbreaks."

Surprising as it seemed, she did not appear so very resentful, and did not ask many questions. She told Yates she was from Sacramento, and that she had been visiting at the house with her uncle and aunt. He wondered how an uncle and aunt could be living in the house. The girl went on to say that on the previous afternoon her uncle had gone in a boat to look after some cattle which he had thought were in danger of drowning in the flood, and that her aunt had gone with him to see a sick friend of hers across the river

"Weren't you afraid to stay there alone with the water so high?" asked Yates sympathetically

"Oh, no, I've seen floods before. Besides, I'm an optimist. I knew nothing very serious would happen"

"But something serious has happened, I should say," he remarked, helping her to a baked potato; "the house has floated off"

"Well, supposing that it should turn out that Uncle James should get a large sum for damages?

"Damages?" repeated Yates. "What is your uncle's name?"

"James Brown," she answered

"How long had he been living in that house?"

Five or six years, I think"

But he couldn't have lived there all the time." He saw the young woman's eyebrows lift with a show of resentment and challenge. There was a dangerous sparkle in them

"I beg pardon," he went on, "but you know it's impossible. That is, it's—it's——"

"Oh," she said quietly, and smiled. "Perhaps you are better informed than I am."

Still without light, Yates talked with the girl for a while on various subjects. They found themselves kindred spirits in many things. Yate's favorite novels were her favorites, too. The breakfast had extended itself unconscionably, but to the purpose that he had learned her name, Alice Rixley

When they left the table he invited her to the main cabin, but she said that she preferred to "go aboard the house," and he escorted her there, giving her his hand for the ugly spring from the steamer to the barge. He was soon seated in the little parlor of the cottage, where he was surprised to find no bad paintings, and to see a genuine Bokhara and a genuine Cloisonné

"Yes, Auntie is a woman of taste," she said, divining the look he gave at the rug

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

They looked very much satisfied with themselves, and with each other, and the world in general

and at the vase. "Uncle tells her she needs a thousand-acre ranch to go with her ideas of house decoration. The rug, though, was a present from a lady in San Francisco. They say it will last a hundred years with ordinary usage. She has had it five or six years."

"Five or six years in this house?"

"Yes. She'll be mightily glad her pet vase didn't get broken in the moving."

His eyes bent upon the rug Pritchard's prodigal *protégés* certainly had no Bokhara. They would have pawned anything they had that was of as much value as that. And the Cloisonné? They could have had none. Besides all that—and this came to him with a sudden flash at last and smitingly—Pritchard had said his people had gone away for good Yates lifted his eyes from the rug

"Miss Rixley," he said, rising of a sudden, "I begin to believe that a terrible——

Just then the Fay Fuller gave a ponderous and prolonged shriek, and the Mate yelled, "Cap'n! Cap'n!"

Yates ran out to the front porch

"Cap'n, we're in!" shouted the Mate.

"All right," was the response, and excusing himself, Yates sprang aboard the steamer and took his place on the upper deck to direct the landing of his craft. On the wharf he saw Pritchard, on whose face was a look of confused wonder and consternation.

"By the eternal," he bellowed, when Yates came up to him, "you've gone and got the wrong house! Well, that's the worst I ever heard of! This is Jim Brown's house—not mine at all! How in the name of sense did you come to make such a mistake?"

"I don't know, Mr Pritchard," said Yates, "I don't know, unless it's because this one tallies exactly with your description, and I'll swear it was the first house beyond the bend, precisely as you said."

"But this was the second house beyond the bend. Didn't you see the first one? Ah, how-de-do, Miss Rixley!" continued Pritchard, lifting his hat to the young woman who had stepped out upon the porch. "I want to beg ten thousand pardons. I never asked Captain Yates to tow your uncle's house down here. It was another one entirely"

"I thought there must have been some mistake," she trilled back blithely.

"Mistake? I should say so!" fretted Pritchard.

On a toy of a steamboat that puffed and panted shortly and with much cheap dignity, James Brown arrived from his ranch two hours later

Yates and Pritchard explained the matter and offered to make amends. They would tow the house back at once and set it in its old place. But that would not do

Brown proved the fighter that Miss Rixley had promised him to be. He wanted damages—heavy damages.

In the course of the wrangle they learned that the cottage Yates had gone up to bring down had been borne off upon the bosom of the flood three days before.

And so it came to pass that the celebrated case of Brown *versus* Pritchard was begun in the Superior Court, and lasted from high water to low water and back again It was stipulated by brown, and agreed to by Pritchard, that the house should remain on the barge at Juba Landing until the case was decided; and there, in what seemed to the Juba dwellers a strange and unseemly life, but to Alice Rixley a very idyllic existence, the Browns and their niece remained month after month, awaiting the termination of the legal matters.

Yates and Miss Rixley [illegible] in court as chief witnesses [illegible] other very often, and were sometimes noticed in each other's society outside.

This was observed by the jury, which, as one of its members expressed it, "thought the business looked kinder am'cable, an' as though no damages had been did" So the verdict, when it finally came, was in favor of Pritchard, the defendant. Of course Brown gave notice of an appeal to a higher court.

Miss Rixley seemed in nowise dismayed. She and Yates came in from a row on the river the evening after the trial was ended. They looked very much satisfied with themselves, and with each other, and the world in general. Yates went over to where Brown was looking sullenly into the river's depths, as though he contemplated suicide. Then spake the Captain:

I think we can settle this matter without any more going to law, Mr. Brown. I want to make you an offer for this house

"It isn't for sale"

"I should think it would be. It couldn't be put back again now without spending three times as much as it's worth. It was removed from the bank on the highest water we've had for eight years. You might have to wait another eight years before you could put it on its old site. I'll give you $2000 for it. That's a good deal more than it's worth, but I feel I should stand part of the expense you have incurred in this suit."

Brown reflected. He went in and talked with his wife. Then he came out and said

"I accept your offer. But what do you want of the house, Captain?"

I've bought that river lot from Mr. Pritchard, and I'll need a cottage on it."

"What for?"

"Because I'm going to marry your niece.

"No!"

"Yes," said Alice, looking down at the barge's deck very modestly. "He said he stole me with the house, and he wants to keep both it and me."

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FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 213)

"What is it? Out with it.'

"You won't give us up, sir, will you?"

The question was perfectly audible throughout the ship and the men were listening for the reply.

"No!" said Hull with emphasis

"Three cheers for Captain Hull!" shouted the chief boatswain's mate, an old seaman by the name of Joe Rhodes, who was standing near the mainmast, and the "fir-built" frigate rang from truck to keelson with the wild shouts of the crew.

The Captain, not ill-pleased, turned to Mr Read·

'Relate me all the circumstances as they occurred, sir."

"About seven bells in the first night watch a man from the Guerrière came alongside His escape must have been discovered immediately, for a boat followed soon after with an officer and a demand for his surrender. I refused to return him without consulting you, and as the Englishman was abusive and threatening I thought it best to call all hands to their stations, while I sent a messenger to you. A short time ago the other two came aboard from the Lion. That is all, sir.'

"You have done well, sir," replied the Captain; "very well, indeed. Now, gentlemen, to your stations, all. Mr. Fairford, look to the batteries. Sailing-Master, I want springs got on the cables at once, in case it becomes necessary to wind her. Thank God we are moored to that buoy astern, as well as anchored ahead; it gives us a command of her that we may need. Let the men remain at their stations by the guns, Mr. Fairford, and keep all fast until I give the order. Let the officers keep a strict watch of the enemy and report at once the first suspicious movement. Colonel Barrett and the other gentlemen will remain with me on the quarter deck.

[illegible] nothing. It is you he loves; will you not keep it?"

The armorer will provide them with arms"

At this moment the noise of an approaching boat was heard.

"Boat ahoy!" was the hail from the ship.

"Ay, ay," came the response

"What boat is that?"

"Boat from the Guerrière"

"Boat ahoy!" again shouted the Lieutenant on the quarter deck, as another cutter came shooting out of the darkness; "what boat is that?"

"Boat from the Lion

The two boats speedily reached the gangway, and an officer left each and mounted to the deck

"Is Captain Hull aboard?" asked the first one, Lieutenant Howard, of the Lion.

Yes, sir

"I have a message for him from Captain Dacres, of the Guerrière."

"And I one from Captain Dacres," said the second officer, who was Lieutenant Heathcote

A midshipman at this moment came up and saluted

"Captain Hull's compliments, sir. Will the gentlemen be kind enough to lay aft to the quarter-deck?"

When the two officers reached the quarter-deck they found Captain Hull, surrounded by a little group of officers, waiting for them. After a ceremonious interchange of salutations, Lieutenant Howard opened the conversation

"We are informed, sir, that you have on board two men named Martin, deserters from the Lion."

"And one named Badely, a deserter from the Guerrière," added Heathcote.

"Your information is correct, gentlemen," responded Hull.

"Such being the case," said Howard, "I beg to present Captain Cunningham's compliments and transmit his demand that the men be given up at once."

"I have the same demand to make on behalf of Captain Dacres for the Guerrière's man," added Heathcote.

"Gentlemen," said Hull, his face flushing at the language and manner of the two Englishmen, "I beg you to present my compliments to your respective Captains, and inform them that the men in question claim to be American citizens, and I cannot give them up.'

"Such being your answer," said Howard threateningly, "I am directed to state that Captain Cunningham proposes to have those men of his even if he has to use force to secure them"

"Captain Dacres is of the same opinion, and the two ships are prepared to cooperate, if necessary—though that would hardly be the case in any event—to effect the thing at once," chimed in Heathcote.

"Very good, gentlemen," said Hull, recovering his composure with difficulty in the face of this unparalleled affront to him on his own quarter deck. "You have delivered your messages, and I am indebted to Captains Dacres and Cunningham for the extremely courteous manner in which they couched their terms, as well as for their happy choice of messengers. As to my reply, you shall have it in this way

"*Beat to quarters, there!*" he shouted in a voice of thunder, and as soon as he could be heard above the long roll of the drum, he continued, as each order was obeyed: "*Cast loose and provide! Man the starboard battery! Run in! Load! Let the guns be double-shotted! Run out! Let the forward division train on the Guerrière, the others on the Lion! Stand by the guns!*"

The men, with hearts full of joy, sprang to their work, and at the words of command cast loose from their sea-lashings the massive guns of the ship's battery, ran them in, loaded them swiftly, and then ran them out like playthings. The ports of the ship were thrown open, and the light from the battle lanterns streamed out over the dark waters, while the guns were trained and swung to the right or left by the eager crews.

"Boat ahoy!" was heard again in sudden interruption.

"What boat is that?"

"Message from Colonel Scott, sir," was the answer.

"Come aboard here," promptly replied an officer at the port gangway.

A young Lieutenant of artillery soon stepped upon the quarter-deck and saluted the Captain

"Well, sir," said Captain Hull.

"Colonel Scott's compliments, sir, and he has complied with your request. His artillery is now unlimbered, with the guns trained on the two British ships. They are in easy range, he says, and he awaits your signal to commence firing."

"Good," replied Captain Hull "Tell him when we let go the Constitution's battery it will be a signal for him to join in."

"Major Brady," continued the Lieutenant, "bade me say that he has his riflemen lined up behind the fence on the bank, and not a soul can live on the tops and decks of those English ships if you give the word."

"Good again," said Hull. "Tell him to begin when he sees us open fire. Now, gentlemen," he added, turning to the two English officers, [illegible] the action of the American Captain and heard the report of the Lieutenant, "you have my answer, if these," with a wave of his hand toward the main deck, "have not told it to you. The men you speak of claim to be Americans. I am bound to believe their statements They have appealed to me to protect them in their rights. They are under the jurisdiction of the American flag I apply your own theory and your own course of procedure to the case. Once under the flag, always under it. They are here, and shall remain here. If your Captains wish to take them and are able to do so, they are welcome to make the attempt, but, may I be lost eternally if I give them up so long as one plank clings to another on this old ship!"

"Very good, sir," replied Lieutenant Howard haughtily. "Come, Heathcote," he added, turning away.

"By gad, sir!" shrieked Heathcote, white with passion, and exercising less restraint over himself "if we Guerrières ever catch your pine coffin on the high seas——"

"Enough, sir!" thundered Hull; "I recognize no privilege of your position as a messenger that gives you the right to insult me twice on my own ship. Leave it, sir, and do not come back again unless at the head of a boarding party. Mr. Fairford, will you escort these gentlemen over the side?"

"Three cheers again for Captain Hull shouted the boatswain's mate, and with the

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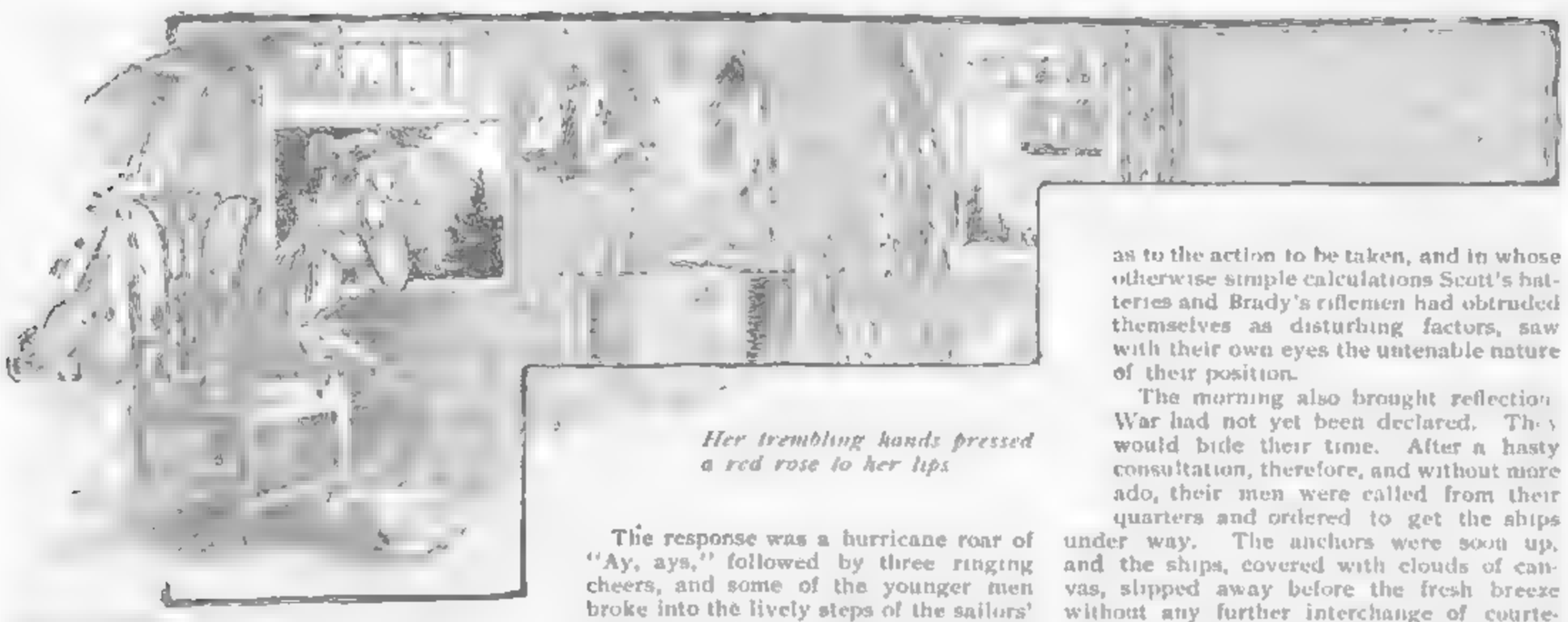

Her trembling hands pressed a red rose to her lips

chorus of the American sailors ringing in their ears, the two officers left the ship.

Sixth Chapter

WHEN the Englishmen reached their respective ships the two frigates had already awoke to life. The rolling of their drums again broke the stillness of the night, and the eager watchers on the Constitution, with ears trained by long practice, quickly detected other notes of preparation, which said that the ships were clearing for action.

With perfect equanimity Captain Hull and his men awaited the storm which seemed about to break. The Constitution alone would have been no match for the two British ships, one of which, as has been stated, was a "razee"—that is, a cut down line-of-battle ship, of fifty guns; but, with the assistance of Colonel Scott's battery, which was so placed that it could deliver a deadly, plunging, raking fire from above with but little chance for a return from the ships, and with the swarm of Major Brady's riflemen, excellent shots—as were all American woodsmen of that day—posted behind the light breastworks on the hill, and easily able to pick off the exposed Englishmen on the decks, the chances of the combat were equalized

Though Hull expected and was willing to be sunk at his anchors if his antagonists attempted to carry out their threats, it was more than likely that they would be worth nothing for offensive or defensive purposes when the conflict was over. About the only people who did not share the universal idea of British supremacy on the seas were the little band of officers of the American Navy; and, since the trouble arose entirely over ships and sailors, they were especially anxious for a trial of strength and seamanship.

Consequently, when Captain Hull left the quarter-deck, and walked up and down among his officers and men at their stations in the batteries, with a word of grim pleasantry here and there, he saw such a spirit of determination and eagerness that nothing was left to be desired

The scene was a striking one. Little groups of men at their appointed stations, many of them stripped to the waist, clustered about the heavy guns which were illuminated by the bright light from the long rows of battle-lanterns; their glow was reflected from the polished cannon; the white decks were covered with the moving shadows of the eager crew; convenient to hand were racks of glittering pikes and muskets; here and there a cutlass was poised in some nervous hand; below, out of sight, the surgeon and his mates in the cock pit were arranging the simple surgical instruments of the period, the gunner and his men were prepared to hand out the charges from the magazine to the eager powder-boys crowded about the hatchways; above, the marines on the poop-deck and the forecastle, the sail trimmers in the gangways and about the masts, with the topmen aloft, completed the preparations.

When Hull's brief inspection had been concluded he returned to the quarter-deck and briefly addressed the men, exhorting them to do their duty, reminding them at the same time that the fight was peculiarly their own. As he finished his remarks, Joe Rhodes, the boatswain's mate, leaped upon the breech of a gun.

"Men," he shouted, "let the quarter-deck look to the colors. We'll take care of the guns"

The response was a hurricane roar of "Ay, ays," followed by three ringing cheers, and some of the younger men broke into the lively steps of the sailors' hornpipe. All were smiling as if they were going to a party instead of a fight.

"With such a crew and such a ship, I think we will give a good account of ourselves in case Dacres and Cunningham attempt to enforce their demands," observed the Captain to the First Lieutenant.

"We all hope so," responded the latter eagerly. "I will answer for the men in any contingency, sir"

Inasmuch as the training and efficiency of a ship and her company largely depend upon the capability and zeal of her First Lieutenant, Fairford certainly spoke with authority.

"Well do I know it, my lad," said the Captain kindly. "Let us go aft and see what the Englishmen are doing."

The English appeared to be in a state of uncertainty. It was evident that both ships had their men at quarters and had been cleared for action. Their ports were open, and the lights from the battle-lanterns brilliantly illuminated the water about them. Rousing cheers were heard from time to time from their decks.

One of the Lion's boats had been seen making its way to the Guerrière, and it was presumed that a consultation was going on between the two Captains. Hull and his Lieutenant walked the deck together, its regular occupants having withdrawn to the other side. Colonel Barrett and the gentlemen volunteers, all full of eagerness for the fight, were grouped a little distance away upon the quarter deck

"Tell me, Blake," said Hull, dropping the commanding officer in the friend, for he had known Fairford since the latter had been a boy reefer with him on the old frigate John Adams, "was there anything back of that quarrel you had in the house?"

Fairford hesitated. He was usually reticent—his loneliness had made him so; but he was devoted to his Captain, not only as an officer but as a friend.

"Yes, sir; there was."

"A woman?" said Hull

"Miss Barrett," answered Fairford that waltz—the rose she gave him——"

"Put not your trust in woman," said Hull with a cynicism unusual in one of his cheerful disposition, who was noted for his gentle courtesy to all women.

"Once I myself had—— Well, she laughed at me, my lad, when I had only one swab on my shoulder; and when I was posted Captain she laughed again, and said she wouldn't marry any American sailor while all our ships were afraid of every cockboat that flew the English flag, so I have put her out of my mind altogether, and now I am wedded to my ship. It's a sailor's best bride, Fairford, believe me."

Fairford, who noticed that his Captain sighed deeply nevertheless, received this rather astonishing confidence in silence, and the two continued to pace up and down together, until Hull, awaking from his reverie and perhaps ashamed of his confession, sent the First Lieutenant to the gun deck, directing him to allow the men of the gun-crews to go to sleep beside their guns, their captains only remaining on the alert, since no movement had been made by the Eng sh Thenceforth, until the gray dawn came steal ing over the hills, he walked his deck alone, buried in thought, though never for a moment losing sight of his antagonists.

When the day broke, Dacres and Cunningham, who had been much perplexed as to the action to be taken, and in whose otherwise simple calculations Scott's batteries and Brady's riflemen had obtruded themselves as disturbing factors, saw with their own eyes the untenable nature of their position.

The morning also brought reflection War had not yet been declared. They would bide their time. After a hasty consultation, therefore, and without more ado, their men were called from their quarters and ordered to get the ships under way. The anchors were soon up, and the ships, covered with clouds of canvas, slipped away before the fresh breeze without any further interchange of courtesies, and with the derisive cheers of the Americans, in which the men of Colonel Scott's battery and the infantry uproariously joined, ringing in their ears. The Constitution's men were not happy, however, if one could judge from the remarks of Rhodes, who said *sotto voce*, in the hearing of the Captain:

"Dash it all, don't we get no fightin' at all after all this night performance?"

"You shall have all you want, Rhodes, and that before long, or I am not a prophet," said Hull, smiling. "Mr. Fairford, pipe to breakfast; Colonel Barrett, gentlemen, will you honor me?"

Seventh Chapter

LATE in the afternoon, when the English ships had long since disappeared down the bay and were well on their way to the sea, a boat was called away, and Colonel Barrett and the other gentlemen were taken back to the Hall. They were accompanied by Lieutenants Fairford and Ludlow. On the arrival of the party at the house they found the ladies congregated on the porch, and greatly excited over the mysterious happenings of the night and morning.

They swarmed about the men with eager inquiries. A thrill of delight pervaded Margaret's heart when she saw Fairford unharmed, and, although he remained gloomy and distant, she rejoiced in the consciousness of their mutual affection. She believed, of course, that the estrangement would be temporary at most, and waited impatiently for a moment alone with him to effect a reconciliation.

"Can you tell me," said Evelyn Heathcote to Lieutenant Ludlow, when she had made an opportunity to see him alone, "if all of the English officers were unharmed, after last night?"

As she spoke she found herself blushing deeply.

"All of them, I believe, were perfectly safe when the ships sailed away"

"Are you sure? Was my cousin——?"

"He was as well as the rest," said Ludlow "Tell me, Miss Evelyn, is it only because of your relationship that you ask?"

"Surely," said Evelyn, drawing herself up in surprise; "but by what right do you question?"

"By no right, unless the fact that I love you myself confers the privilege," he said promptly.

"I never thought of this, Mr. Ludlow," she said in great surprise at his blunt and sailor like declaration

"Did you not? I was afraid all the world could see it; but is it too late? Won't you think of it now?"

She shook her head sadly, in pity for the gallant young man whose affection she could not doubt.

"No, I cannot even dream of such a thing, nor must you. You will soon forget it, I am sure. Believe me, I am sorry"

"Sorry enough to give me one of those roses you wear?" he said, mournfully accepting the inevitable

"Certainly. Why not?" she replied, giving him the choicest bud of those she held "Now let us rejoin the rest, and we will both forget this little episode," and she extended her hand to him, smiling kindly.

"As you will," he answered, bowing gravely over the hand; "but it is not an episode to me, unless life and death are but episodes, after all."

(Continued on Page 240 of this number)

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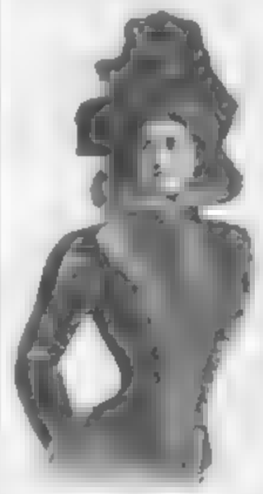

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Notes on New Books

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has published a volume of short stories which contains the work he has done during the last three years. They are stories of War and Peace, and the collection is entitled "**The Lion and the Unicorn**" from the first story which is a delightfully told tale of the [illegible] in London. Mr. H. C. Christy has illustrated the stories. (12mo, $1.25.)

A new Christmas story full of refinement and tenderness of feeling is called "**Santa Claus's Partner.**" Its author is Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who, as might be expected, has treated this theme of universal interest in a characteristic manner, and in a way that will be sure to appeal to all. It is illustrated in colors. (12mo, $1.50.)

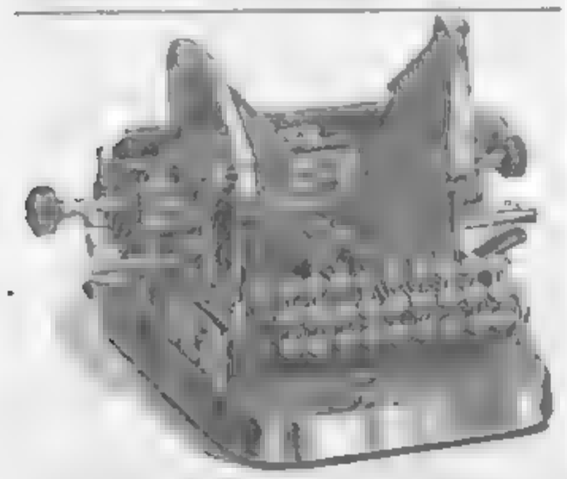
The author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, has written a new story, "**The Trail of the Sandhill Stag,**" which is sure to be one of the noteworthy books of the fall. It is a hunting story in which the joys of the chase are set forth in a poetic manner. It is beautifully illustrated. (Square 12mo, $1.50.)

"**Aunt Minervy Ann**" is a new creation of Joel Chandler Harris', well worthy to rank with "Uncle Remus." She is an old-fashioned negro mammy, and her adventures and experiences, which are delightfully detailed in "**The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann,**" have been pronounced the best negro stories for years. A. B. Frost is her illustrator. (12mo, $1.50.)

Mr. Hornung proved in "The Amateur Cracksman" that he could write a book of thrilling interest. It is safe to say that his new book, "**Dead Men Tell No Tales,**" will add to this reputation. It is a modern story of romantic rivalry and piracy on the high seas, and belongs to that class of books whose breathless interest compels a perusal in a single sitting. (12mo, $1.25.)

Mr. Herbert Hamblen, whose "On Many Seas" was one of the best sea tales for years, has written a new book called "**The Yarn of the Bucko Mate.**" It is full of the salt-sea flavor and has the lively interest of a good story well told, for Mr. Hamblen's years of experience at [illegible] before the mast and elsewhere, enable him to write with a fullness of knowledge which makes his stories most real. (12mo, $1.50.)

***** All the foregoing books are for sale everywhere. They are published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York.**



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WHAT to READ

THE solid array of fiction now ready for autumn sales makes us sigh for those halcyon days when the English-speaking world had but half a dozen novels for its accepted recreation, and when London thought it no shame to discuss the merits of Evelina for three whole seasons. Now story jostles story with such bewildering speed that the most avid novel-reader is powerless to keep pace with the invasion. Romance and realism, psychological studies, sweepings from the slums, semi-scientific problems and simple love tales all find equal favor, while occasionally there appears a book which, like Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Stalky & Co., belongs to none of these departments, and obstinately refuses to be classified.

MR. KIPLING'S UNKNOWN TONGUE*

STALKY & CO. is, we understand, a true and vivid account of Mr Kipling's school-days, a narrative unsoftened by those mellow lights with which time occasionally beautifies and falsifies this half forgotten period There is nothing beautiful and probably nothing false in the robust recital of the misdeeds and misadventures of that triumvirate of sinners, Stalky, Beetle and McTurk. Life seems to have been gloriously full of incident and excitement in this particular school, and the sole regret of the adult reader is that most of the conversations are carried on in a dialect full of mysterious words and phrases to which no clue is given. What, for example, is a "swat"? What is it to be "metagrobolized"? What is "bisnai"? What are "dollops"? What is a "brolly," and what is a "spidger"? What is "pizzling," and what is "frowsting"? What does a boy do when he "burbles," or "vamps it up"? These things, says Mr Kipling, belong to "the simple and primitive jests of the Stone Age," but if one chances to have been born a long time after the Stone Age it is hard to understand them without an index. Terms of opprobrium, however, such as "putrid ass," "swine," "flopshus cad," and "jelly-bellied flag flopper" explain themselves, and are among the mildest flowers of speech used by these primitive jesters

The best thing about the book is the comfortable absence of womankind. No troublesome petticoats mar the serenity of a purely masculine atmosphere. Thus we are spared all immature passion, all sentimental talk about softening and refining influences, all the fair haired little girl business so common and so foolish in school fiction. A lodge-keeper's wife is mentioned casually in the first chapters, and the comely daughter of a fat dairywoman cuffs the boys with impartial good humor when they become troublesome. Once, too, we catch a fleeting glimpse of a day-boarder's mother behind a hedge, and Stalky has an aunt who sends him on his birthday Erie, or, Little by Little, and St. Winifred's; or, The World at School—both of which masterpieces are dispatched swiftly to the second hand book shop But neither in the first part of the story nor in the breathless narrative of Indian warfare which serves as sequel are we vexed with tender emotions; and this is the more grateful because Mr. Kipling knows, and knows intimately, men and boys and men children, [illegible], and elephants, and ships, and locomotives, and all things animate and inanimate, save only women. But women he does not know, not even that common product, an ordinarily nice girl. Therefore the readers of Stalky & Co. rejoice and are glad that no Eve is permitted to enter into this rough and tumble paradise of boyhood

CALIFORNIANS IN CARICATURE†

FROM the same publishers comes a story of San Francisco briefly entitled Blix, this curious cognomen having been bestowed by [illegible] upon the heroine, whose real name is [illegible]s Bessemer, and who was considered a beauty even in a city "where all women are more or less beautiful."

Miss [illegible] was [illegible] fine points of her own. Her skirts "rustled in delicious fashion"; her shirt waist was "starched to a rattling stiffness", "there was style in her to the pointed tips of her patent leather slippers"; and she wore a dog-collar for a belt—"a chic little idea which was all her own, and of which she was very proud."

When we first meet this rustling and rattling young lady she is the centre and upholder of domestic life. There is a Mr Bessemer, whom she calls affectionately, but not prettily, "Papum"; a younger sister, Alberta La Rousallaer Bessemer, and a promisingly troublesome brother. Strange to say, after the opening chapter all these characters drop out of the narrative and are never heard of any more. The fair Travis devotes her days to the companionship and the reformation of Mr. Condé Rivers, a journalist who has written some successful short stories, but who, "unlike most writing folk, dressed himself according to prevailing custom," and was consequently well fitted for the "chic," society of the shirt-waist and dog-collar

Gambling is his chosen vice, and Travis, *alias* Blix, cures him of it by the simple process of winning all his money at draw poker and leaving him nothing to gamble with The two young people spend their days together in innocent Bohemian pastimes—journalism seems to be a singularly unexacting profession on the Pacific slope—and finally Mr. Rivers writes a story which is so good that he is promptly offered the assistant-editorship of a New York magazine.

A BOOKFUL OF REAL PEOPLE‡

AVERAGES, by Eleanor Stuart, is a novel of unusual brilliancy and finish. Its author has compelled herself to be veracious without permitting herself to be dull; and with the wisdom of the serpent she has written a book in which all the principal people are married before the story begins. The advantages of this course are apparent The reader realizes with a gasp of joyful relief that he is going to be spared the monotonous love making which fills so large a place in fiction and so small a place in life; and the novelist, relieved from the labor of assorting the lovers, finding them their opportunities and developing their emotions, is at liberty to present more varied types of character, more interesting phases of existence.

Only a keen and tolerant student of poor humanity could have drawn with such delicate skill the figure of Cornelia Burnham Beautiful, clever, rich, gentle of speech and kind of heart, impulsively generous and inherently false, she is a heroine more closely allied to life than to the ordinary demands of fiction The merciless serenity with which she is presented to us, the candid recognition of her sweetness as well as of her baseness, the impartial attitude so carefully preserved by the author give to the book a fine artistic quality. Here is a novelist who recognizes with joy that the duties of a schoolmaster are not hers

The other characters in the story, if less carefully elaborated and far less absorbing than Mrs. Burnham, are drawn with firm, sure touches, and with a sense of humor which is rather repressed than encouraged. They move in an atmosphere of gentle cynicism, and are at home amid the conventionalities of life. Dinners and organized charities, concerts and hospital committee meetings fill their busy days. Their cooks have varicose veins, and they themselves are operated on for appendicitis in correctly realistic fashion. They "make friends with the Bible" in moments of bereavement, and wear "ornately mournful garments, suggestive of mitigated grief," when their relatives have been dead the proper length of time In a word, they are average men and women living in a great city, and described by one too clear-sighted to be deceived, too wisely kind to be alienated by the truth.

* Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling *The Doubleday & McClure Co*

† Blix. *The Doubleday & McClure Co*

‡ Averages. By Eleanor Stuart. *D. Appleton & Co*

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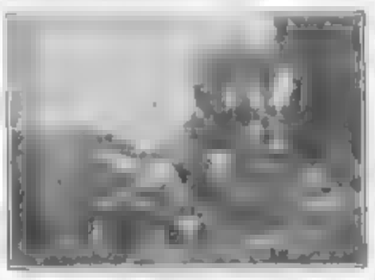

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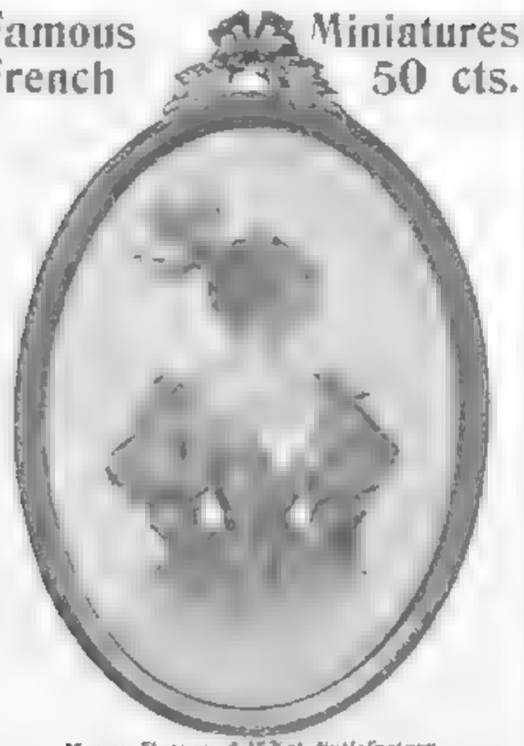

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The Early Fall FICTION

MR. PERRY'S WITTY STORIES*

THE Powers at Play is such a charming title, at once alliterative and suggestive, that it is mere wantonness to ask why Mr. Bliss Perry has given it to his last volume of stories. Even when we [illegible] of Browning's line on the title page,

"We caught for a moment the powers at play,"

what we do *not* catch is its connection with the tales. However, when sketches are as good as these their christening and their sponsors are alike matters of indifference. So, too, alas! is their moral, albeit most adroitly inculcated. In the first story, His Word of Honor, we ought to rejoice that Doctor Colburn remains faithful to his early love; but we don't really care a great deal which girl he marries, being engrossed rather in the fortunes of Mrs. Jacob Hunter: in her homely wisdom—"Just now we're livin' one day at a time"—and in her very sensible preference for circus-riding over mill work. "Stop ridin'!" she says aghast, when this respectable course is proposed to her—"and Jake stop his acts! And neither of us see anythin' or do anythin' more, but just stand around a room and watch a big oily machine chew up rags and spit out undershirts! No, sir-ree!" And hearing her, we thank Heaven devoutly that one life—two lives are saved from the destructive forces of civilization.

A blessed power of humor vivifies all these tales, save only The White Blackbird, in which sentiment runs riot, the protesting reader being asked to believe that a girl cheerfully faces coming blindness because she fancies a young man is in love with her. By the Committee is a delightful story of a town "cursed with a benefactress," who determines to perpetuate her own insignificance by presenting to her unfortunate birthplace a number of handsome things it doesn't want. So she builds a "Martha J. Torrington town hall," in which no tobacco is allowed; a "Martha J. Torrington drinking fountain," which never holds any water and a "Martha J. Torrington parsonage," so big and barren and hard to heat that it ruins the poor minister who lives in it. Mr. Perry is essentially a cheerful writer, but "little ironies" are well within his ken.

A VOLUME OF LITTLE ROMANCES†

ANOTHER volume of stories, with excellent illustrations by Mr. H. C. Christy, comes to us from the indefatigable pen of Mr. Richard Harding Davis. It includes that brief, admirable piece of work, The Last Ride Together, published some years ago in Scribner's Magazine, and not to be forgotten by any one who ever had the pleasure of reading it. It is by such a masterpiece as this that Mr. Davis occasionally proves his power—the supreme power of looking at life with another man's eyes. The Honorable Reggie Blake, a light-hearted participant in the famous Jameson raid, scribbles one day's diary on the back of the Warder's official report blank while he is waiting for a cell in Holloway Prison. His is that delightfully irresponsible attitude of mind, that wholesome freedom from speculation which keeps the world young. Like the wandering knight of the Spanish ballads, he rides unburdened by mental equipment, and is immensely surprised—as well he may be—at hearing from Lord Russell that he has disturbed the peace of nations: "It seems like such a large order for a subaltern."

Of the other tales in this volume, The Lion and the Unicorn and The Vagrant are the best. On the Fever Ship and The Man with One Talent are Cuban war stories of the kind that have wearily [illegible]ted Cuban war articles in our magazines during the last twelve months. The first is cheerless and sentimental and well written. The second should have been permitted to lapse into merciful oblivion. A year ago it could hardly have been deemed a sensible narrative; but in the cold light of subsequent history it reacts like the dreariest nonsense—a dismal farce.

* The Powers at Play. By Bliss Perry. *Charles* [illegible]

† The Lion and the Unicorn. By Richard Harding Davis. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE NEWEST CREATION OF MR. STOCKTON‡

A BOOK that bids fair to fill the heart of the veritist with joy is The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander, by Mr. Frank R. Stockton. All the rigid rules laid down for [illegible] avoidance of incident, of improbability of anything more out-of-the-way than morning walks or afternoon tea, come pleasantly to mind when we read this story of a gentleman who has lived since the days of Abraham and who has naturally seen a good deal of the world in the interval. Not that Mr. Crowder (Kroudhr was the original spelling) has diversified his centuries of existence with wild adventures. On the contrary, either from fear of Mr. Howells' displeasure or from a natural passivity of disposition, he appears to have kept clear of any excitement and to have behaved always with propriety and moderation. His narrative sounds strangely like the volumes of reminiscences which of late years have been so generously given to the public; only, instead of little anecdotes about Mr. Lowell and Doctor Holmes, we have personal recollections of Moses and Solomon, and tea-table gossip anent the Queen of Sheba.

Perhaps it is a mistake to drink of the fountain of immortality after one is fifty-three. Perpetual youth sounds like a glorious thing; but perpetual middle age—to judge from the experience of The Vizier of the Two Horned Alexander—must be rather a dreary business. To teach school for hundreds of years at a stretch sounds estimable, but uninviting. To practice medicine for hundreds more, to dig in Nebuchadnezzar's gardens and in Maria Edgeworth's, to mend walls and to write treatises—these things are praiseworthy, but not amusing. A nineteenth century moral atmosphere hangs over the Vizier from the start, and it is little wonder Delilah jilted him in favor of the more enterprising Samson. What can we think of a man—and a man secure of life—who wouldn't fight for Napoleon when he was bidden?

"He said that he was busy, and marching made him dizzy."

There may be a calm satisfaction in looking back upon an unblemished, studious, hard working career of some five thousand years; but consider the fun Mr. Crowder might have had in all that time—and didn't!

A PUNCTUAL CHRISTMAS STORY§

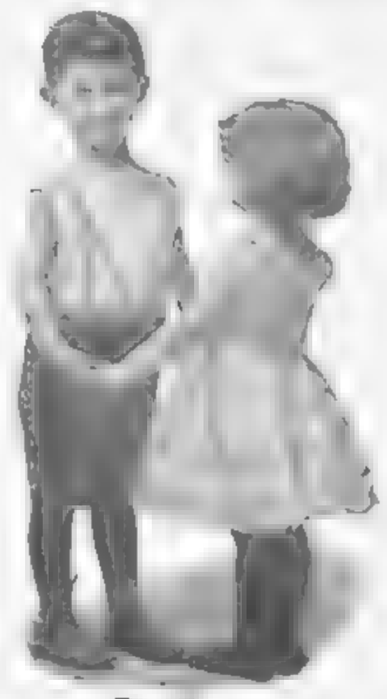
MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE has the courage of his convictions. In these gray days of sober fidelity to facts he has written an old-fashioned, jovial Christmas story, fashioning it closely after that incomparable model—A Christmas Carol. The part of Scrooge is played by Mr. Berryman Livingstone, a moderately hard hearted, moderately selfish and immoderately wealthy merchant. Our old friend, Bob Cratchit, with his seven children and fifteen shillings a week, becomes a gentlemanly Mr. Clark, with eight children and $1600 a year. Tiny Tim is altered and improved into Kitty Clark, a healthy, hearty little girl of a somewhat vicious temper, and the "partner" of Santa Claus. We miss old Marley's ghost, with its festooning chains, and there are no Christmas phantoms in Mr. Page's story.

Mr. Livingstone's change of heart, which is quite as sudden and overwhelming as Scrooge's, is brought about by a sense of loneliness, and by feverish visions of his lost youth, his dead parents, and the girl he once loved. As a consequence of these waking dreams, he starts forth in a sleigh late Christmas Eve, borrows Kitty Clark for a confederate, buys out the toy shops, and goes to work to make everybody happy. Gifts are showered upon Kitty's brothers and [illegible] with "articles of full partnership," thus coming out ahead of Bob Cratchit, who, if we remember rightly, only had his salary doubled on the spot. Well, we have all been [illegible]

‡ The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander. By Frank R. Stockton. *The Century Company.*

§ Santa Claus' Partner. By Thomas Nelson Page. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

IT IS THE BEST



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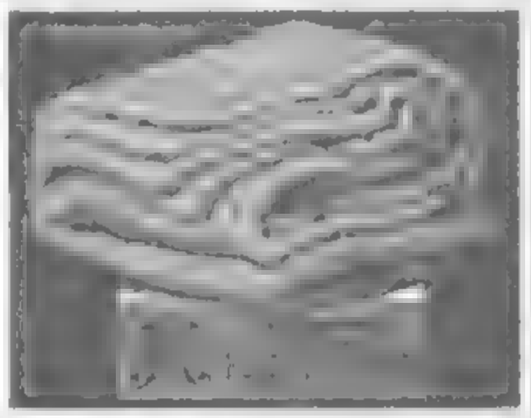

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The Early Fall FICTION

young once, and have listened smiling when Dickens told us of such wonders. Spell bound by the magic of that gayety, by the splendid good cheer and good fellowship which tingled in every page, we found nothing absurd in A Christmas Carol. Whether we can be young over again with Mr. Page, whether we can be beguiled by his milder seductions to frisk and gamble anew in the realm of innocent impossibilities, is another matter. It might be worth while to try

THE GRIM HUMOR OF "Q"*

A WILD, grim story of the Cornish coast is the Ship of Stars, by Mr. Quiller-Couch, a story told beneath sad skies and by a stormy sea. Strange passions haunt its pages—religion akin to madness, love allied to hate—while ever and anon fresh wrecks come lo it ing to the shore, and the poor drowned sailors are buried within sound of the scornful waves. But running like a golden thread through the deep melancholy of the book is a sense of the blessedness of labor, of the peace that is born of work. The boy Taffy, who has inherited from generations of lace makers firmness and delicacy of touch, is apprenticed to a smith that he may learn the mysteries of staples and rivets, of bolts and bars, and so help his father, the Vicar, in rebuilding the dismantled church—a task to which no laborer dares to lend a hand Without shrinking or shame he toils like a village lad, and the honest exertion cures him of sick fancies, of immature passions, of vain desires When, as a man, he builds his lighthouse on that cruel coast which

"From Padstow Point to Lundy Light
Is a watery grave by day or night,"

and plans the harbor which is to be the salvation of many ships, his life is too full for dreaming, his heart too strong for the troubled emotions of his youth

What humor the book possesses—a humor too grim for laughter—is concentrated in Squire Moyle, a half savage old reprobate, wrong headed, hot-tempered, and ever on the lookout for salvation. "He's asking your father about his soul," explains little Honoria to Taffy. "He wants to be saved, and says if he's not saved before next Lady-day he'll know the reason why." So, with his Bible in one hand and his game-cock in the other, the 'Squire struggles to grace, and falls from it, swearing copiously at his own transgressions

CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN†

WITH infinite humor and a touch of pathos, with ample knowledge and unfailing sympathy, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has related to us the Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann. All that is best and worst in the negro character, all that the South knows so well and that the North does not know at all, may be studied to advantage in this vivacious narrative. Minervy Ann, big, masterful, devoted, with a warm heart, a bad temper, and a genius for cooking, is well matched by h husband, Hump, a "no account nigger," worthless enough to be promptly elected to the Georgia Legislature as the first fruits of franchise. But the "Honorable Hampton Tumlin" awakens only the old affectionate contempt in his spouse's ample bosom, and she is as careless with her hand as if she were not boxing the ears of a Representative

Nevertheless, Minervy Ann stoutly protects the "Honnerbul Hampton" from all ill usage save her own; and she is disposed, moreover, to take an optimistic view of her race and its future. "It looks like dat de niggers what been growin' up sense freedom is des tryin' der han' fer ter see how n count dey kin be. Dey'll git better; dey er bleege ter git better, kase dey caan't git no wuss." An argument as sound as any we have heard on a subject endlessly argued If Mr. Harris knows more than he has yet told us about Aunt Minervy Ann we hope he'll tell it soon. —*Agnes Repplier.*

* The Ship of Stars. By A. T Quiller-Couch *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

† The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann. By Joel Chandler Harris. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

MORGAN ROBERTSON'S SEA STORIES‡

A VERY lively and untrammeled lot of sea stories has been let loose on the world by Morgan Robertson in a volume of 300 pages under the name of Where Angels l ar to Tread. It has been no trouble to read these remarkable tales, and to recommend them to other readers involves no qualm of conscience. They are audacious and diverting. The author has no compunction about manipulating events to suit his personal preferences. He seems to know about the sea and about ships of war and of peace; ships that go by steam and sailing ships. He betrays strong sentiments about the brutality with which seamen are treated by their officers aboard some American merchant vessels. His favorite situation is where the Captain and Mates of an American merchantman are outrageous tyrants, of whom in the end the suffering and maltreated crew gets the better

In the story which gives the volume its name a Captain bound for Callao ships a crew of lake sailors from Oswego, with the results that are finally exceedingly gratifying to the reader's sense of justice. The cases in real life where a suffering crew gets even with a brutal Captain are understood to be exceedingly rare. There are laws against undue cruelty aboard ship, but the average sailor seldom gets benefit from them. Mr. Robertson uses in his narratives seamen of exceptional capacity and resources, who win where common sailors would fail

It is proper to add that all American merchantmen are not hells afloat. Some of them—presumably a large majority of them—are under command of humane skippers. But if a skipper is a bad man his power for mischief aboard his ship is terrifying to think of S arcely a month passes that the newspapers do not have fresh stories of the work of demons of this sort

A PROFESSOR WHO SPOKE OUT‡

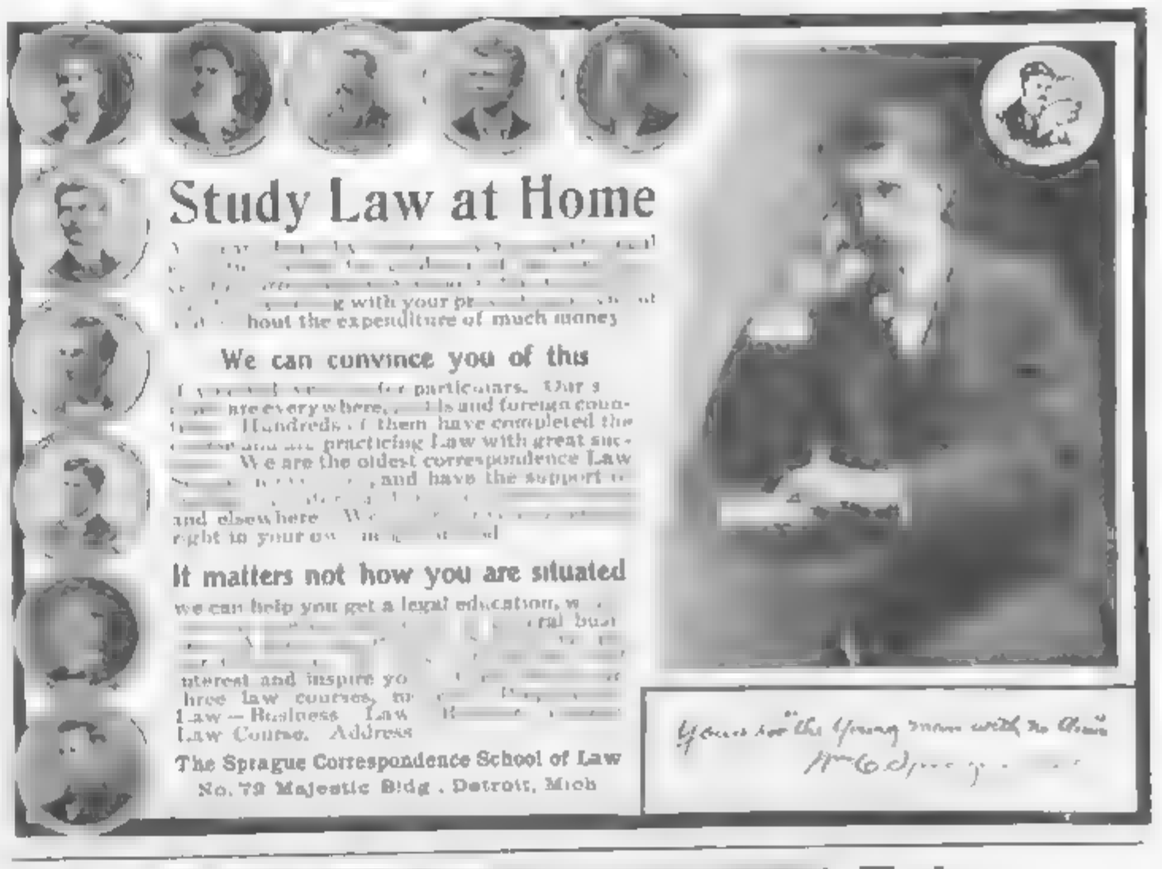
THE ideal of Ralph Worthington, Idealist, was to be a teacher of young men; to help them to know and follow righteousness; "to urge in economic matters a justice that did not mean simply obedience to the letter of the law, but generosity in the ordinary transactions of life"

He was the son of a professor and the grandson of a professor; at twenty-six he became a professor himself. He taught political economy. By what trains of thought and circumstances he was led to denounce in his classroom the commercial practices of a man who had given half a million dollars to the college which employed him is what Margaret Sherwood has related in her book. Of course, from a worldly point of view, it is inexpedient for a young professor in a college that is none too rich to assail the business morality of a benefactor of the college during the benefactor's lifetime. Ralph Worthington did so, however, with resulting experiences that were fit to be r orded

In the course of her story the author touches on many interesting concerns, as the condition of shop girls in some department stores, the ethics of mortgages and foreclosures, the queer twist of mind which impels some men who have grown rich by l l dealings to covet a reputation for philanthropy; and the liability, often exemplified, of unscrupulously rich fathers to leave very gentle and generous daughters. These things are worth thinking about, and one cannot read this book without considering them. It may be that Miss Sherwood has r ally given a fair impression of the form of known as "organized charity," but of that let the reader judge. With more power in it; with a greater vigor of speech and action, the book would be a better book and the folks in it would take a stronger hold on the reader, but as it is it is readable, and constrains the mind to exercise itself on many weighty questions. —*E. S. Martin.*

‡ Where Angels Fear to Tread. By Morgan Robertson. *The Century Company*

‡ Ralph Worthington, Idealist By Margaret Sherwood. *The Macmillan Company*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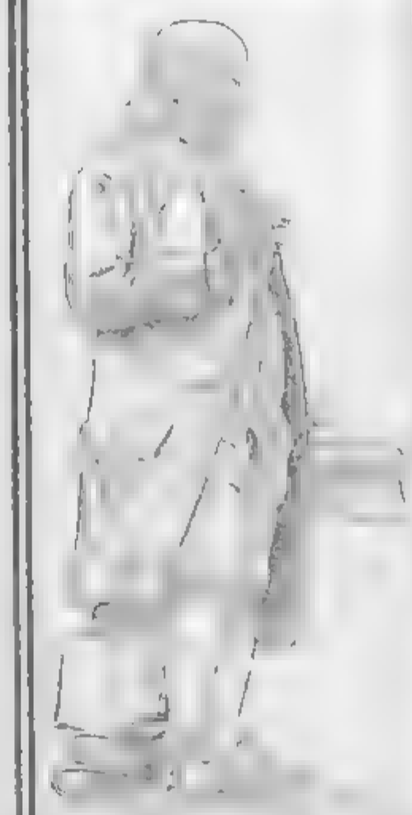

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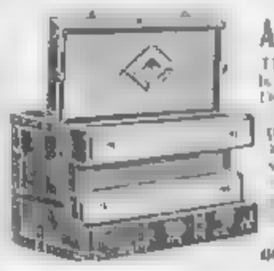

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The Making of a Journalist

By Julian Ralph

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WHEN one thinks of the dangers which lie across the path of the journalist, the mind turns first to the war correspondent, and after that to the special or traveling correspondent whose work takes him among uncivilized peoples. They risk their lives so constantly and are so often in the public eye and mind that people generally must wonder what sort of men they are. I fancy that it must be a common belief that few men exist who would care to do their work, and that they are most likely to be reckless fellows, perhaps with a great deal of swagger and bounce about them. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. For every man in these branches of journalism there must be at least a hundred who long to do his work. Then, as to their temperament, they must be cool, clear-headed, sensible men. Necessarily, the more deliberate and prudent they are the more successful they are certain to be. Whether they are born so or whether familiarity with danger sobers them I do not know, but it seems to me that those who risk their lives most frequently in this calling are among the most modest, quiet and sober fellows I have ever met with in any walk of life.

Every night, in the foreign city where I am now reporting, one hundred and fifty correspondents gather before the principal coffee-house, the only high-class rendezvous of the city, to enjoy their coffee and cigars and to gossip with one another. Three of these are distinguished war correspondents whose names are known to every journalist in England and America. All three expect to meet in the next war, whose signs of precipitation they discuss daily. They speak of reporting it precisely as if it were no more than a political meeting, except one, who fancies that it will be very hotly contested and bloody, and therefore says he expects "good copy" and "plenty to do."

THREE TYPICAL WAR CORRESPONDENTS

The name of one of these men is associated with stirring adventure and hairbreadth escapes in both the Caucasus and the Balkans. He is the last one you would pick out for what he is in all the crowd. He works harder than any man there, and is the most retiring and undemonstrative among them all. He is the first to break away and seek his hotel of an evening, for it is his nature to like his own company best—a result of the years he has spent with rude peoples. In London or New York you might take him for a journalist, because the men of that calling are the only professional men who are not marked by any peculiarity of dress, manner or appearance. But I should say he was an overworked bookkeeper if I knew no better. The second man has led a long life of dangerous adventure on sea as well as on land. He is distinctly cosmopolitan. If you saw him walk into a hotel in Paris, London, San Francisco or Bombay, you would say to yourself "That is a citizen of the world. His nationality is effaced by the fact that he knows all countries." He walks in boldly, but without a trace of swagger. He chooses a seat, a friend drifts to his side, and after that you must bend close to him to hear what he is saying. If you ask him he will tell you of his adventures, but always as if he was telling a story of what happened to another man. And what he lays stress upon will not be his courage or peril, but the comical side of the things he has known. When he tells you of being saved from shipwreck to be at once imprisoned as a spy, the point he dwells on with gusto will be this: that without a penny in his pocket he induced the governor of the jail to serve him with special fare, for which he paid when his employers learned of his plight. The last of the three men is by far the most brilliant writer. He has seen three campaigns and two wars, but you have to be told so, for he is so shy in his manner and so self-depreciating at most times that you might fancy he belonged in a small English town and was away from it for the first time in his life.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh paper in Julian Ralph's series on The Making of a Journalist. The series began in the Post of August 12, and will be continued weekly in succeeding numbers.

GETTING IN LINE FOR WAR ASSIGNMENTS

The manager of a London daily newspaper tells me that when the word goes out for the war correspondents to be ready to start upon a campaign, Fleet Street becomes the Mecca of scores, perhaps hundreds, of other men who want to get the same commissions. Many are journalists not regularly employed upon any newspaper, but a greater number are students, young barristers, and idle men of means. I have heard of their offering to work for nothing and pay their own expenses. I have heard of an actor, and again of a theatrical manager, who applied to be sent to a war. I have been told, too, that there are men in London who fly to the newspaper offices upon reading the merest hints or prophecies of trouble in other lands, saying, "Do you not think these may lead to war, and will you not remember that I have made the first application to be sent to it?" The moral of all this is that danger is not a deterrent with many men; in fact, danger is an incentive and an attraction to thousands. If courage were all that is required of a war correspondent, there would be so many to choose from that their pay would be very small. As a matter of fact, it is taken for granted that every correspondent has courage, and the tests are upon his other qualifications—his sagacity, his ability to write, and his persistence and enterprise in getting his reports through to his newspaper.

EPISODES OF THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR

In China, during the war with Japan, there were no war correspondents on the Chinese side. The first time I ever saw these men at work was on the battle ground before Domokos, in Thessaly. The battle had ended, the Greeks had fled, as usual, and the Turks were resting on the scene. A few large tents had been set up, and of two which faced one another, one was that of Edhem Pasha, the victorious leader, and the other was what one may call the *salle du correspondance* of the newspaper men. This tent contained no furniture. In it, upon the bare ground, eight or nine Englishmen and Americans were lying upon their stomachs or their haunches, writing their reports. A French English dictionary lay among them, and was occasionally passed from one man to another, for it was required that our reports should be written in French, and not all the correspondents were good French scholars. Except that they wore revolvers, there was nothing peculiar about their dress or appearance. They wore flannel shirts, loose short coats, and knickerbockers or riding breeches, and most of them would have passed muster in any small American town.

A pretty incident occurred while all were busy in getting off their accounts of the battle. A poor Turkish soldier with a gaping hole in his back at the base of his neck staggered along to the door of the tent. I had met a great many wounded Turks that morning, and had had them call to me from the bushes and depressions by the roadside. In every case they wanted cigarettes, and one or two asked for water as well. They had been exposed to the almost freezing night, and now were baking in a sun hot enough to bring out millions of poppy blossoms, which splotched the battle fields as with blood. Like them, this man had been freezing, and now was baking, yet all he wanted was a cigarette. No one of them ever complained of his wounds. I wonder what the weakened, staggering chap thought as he saw the correspondents leap to their feet and make a back rest for him with their coats, while some cut away his clothing and sponged and cleaned his wound, and others fetched him a stimulant, and still others ran for the English surgeon? To his Turkish mind it may have seemed as if he had fallen in with a lot of women in men's clothing, but he must have been glad in his heart, though he uttered no thanks.

GOING TO THE FRONT IN A CAB

My own experiences were amusing rather than serious. They all occurred in getting to and from the war. As an especial favor I

(Continued on Page 239 of this number)

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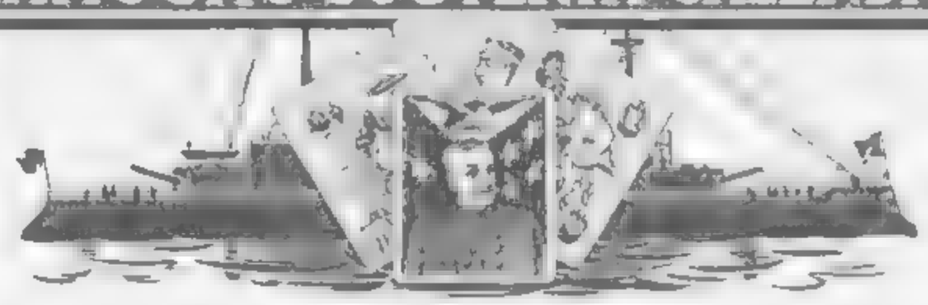

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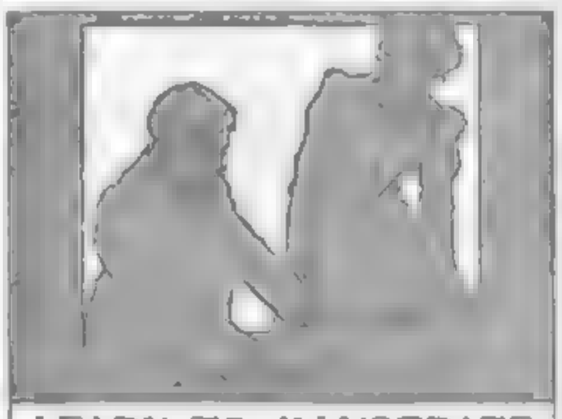

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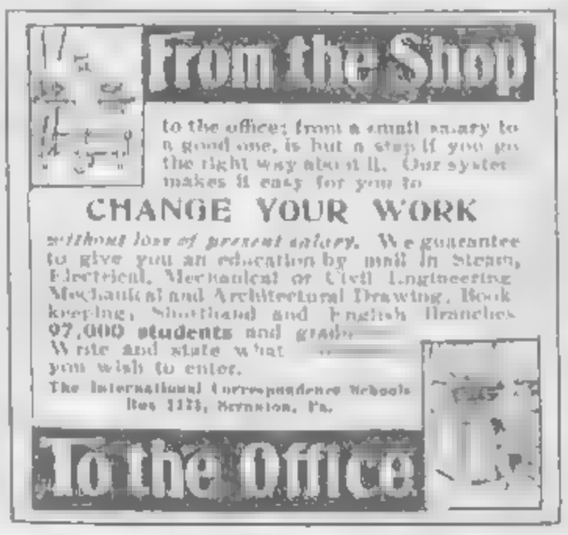

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For *the* CHAMPIONSHIP of *the* SEA

By A. J. Keneally

AMERICA, THE FIRST CHAMPION (*From a Water-color Painting*)

ON THE eve of the great international yacht race, it is only natural that sportsmen and laymen alike should be "tuned up" to as high a pitch as the competing boats themselves. It has fallen to my lot to see more contests for the America's Cup than I care to admit, but never have I seen such enthusiasm manifested as in this year. Shamrock and Columbia are surely the most costly and scientific racing machines that the genius of the naval architect has yet devised, and thus the battle between them appeals strongly to all.

I must confess that my first glance at the Shamrock was disappointing. I had the good fortune to come across her quite by accident as she was being towed in on her arrival. At first I could scarcely believe my eyes. Nobody expected her for at least a week, as it was the general opinion that the steam yacht Erin would not tow her so many miles. The steam yacht on which I was a guest made a sharp turn and accompanied the Shamrock to her anchorage off Staten Island, so all on board had a capital opportunity of criticising her general appearance. She looked heavy and clumsy, and, in fact, more of a "brute" than Valkyrie III. But then the underbody of a yacht that does the work in a race, and the Scotch yacht with the Irish name must not be judged from her appearance as she passed Sandy Hook.

She has several inches greater beam than Columbia. Her draught is also deeper than the Yankee boat, and she carries a bigger racing rig than Columbia did on the cruise of the New York Yacht Club, but no greater sail area than the Columbia will spread to the breeze in the actual Cup races. Shamrock is a fin keel craft of the same general type as Defender and Columbia. When comparing the two, the impression is strong that it will take a rattling strong breeze to show Shamrock in her fastest form. She is a more powerful boat than Columbia, and has more "wetted surface," and is consequently harder to drive through the sea than her rival, who sneaks through the water in light airs at a surprising rate. In heavy weather, with the wind free, Columbia has all she can do to keep ahead of Defender.

Shamrock's racing rig is immense. Her steel mast and boom are each 107 feet long. Her topmast is the tauntest ever put on end in a single-sticker," and her largest club-topsail, which she carries in light weather, [illegible] sailmakers declare is perfect in "sit" and cut as British talent can make them. Her underbody is burnished bright like plate glass. Her interior has been literally "skinned" for action, nothing remaining below but what is actually part of the vessel's hull. Her crew are accommodated aboard a tender, where they eat and sleep, and where their personal belongings are stowed away. On the eve of the first race they will all be smoothly shaved and have their hair closely cropped for weight saving purposes. All that the yacht will carry with her during the cup races in the way of "grub" will be a box of sandwiches and a few gallons of water.

The mere fact that in her trial spins in New York Bay and out in the open sea she has been sailing by herself without a "trial horse" precludes any accurate judgment of her sailing powers, but the general opinion is that she will do credit to her designer. She is, however, at this writing, a practically untried boat in that respect, being unlike all former challengers for the Cup, which had the advantage of hard racing in British waters against the crack yachts of the [illegible] fitted out for the defense.

Now, while the brave boys who man the Shamrock have spared neither toil nor trouble in fitting her out for her races, it must not be supposed that Columbia's crew has been otherwise than alert. As already hinted, she is now better equipped for racing than she has ever been since she took her maiden sail. Her ability to stand up as stiff as a granite tower under all the sail that her first steel mast could spread led Mr. Iselin to order the Herreshoffs to build him a new steel mast, so that the yacht might carry a largely increased sail area. This spar was stepped, and, as a natural result, Columbia is faster than before.

Columbia's cloud of new canvas makes her tower over Defender more than ever. On a strictly conservative estimate, she should now beat Defender, boat for boat, considerably more than ten minutes over a Cup course in a whole sail breeze. A boat that can do this is a credit to America; but it must be borne in mind that Defender carries much more canvas than in 1895; that she is fitted with a steel mast, which, being lighter, enables her to stand up much better to her work.

Shamrock is practically an untested racing yacht, for her two spins with the Prince of Wales' Britannia can scarcely be said to lead us to any sane conclusions as to her speed. Yacht designing is not an exact science, by any means, and it is only a reckless man who would dare to offer a decided opinion upon the speed of a yacht from an examination of her hull in the dry dock.

To sum up, I think that though Shamrock is an excellent craft, she is scarcely in Columbia's class. She may win by a "fluke," or by an accident, but I cannot believe that, boat for boat, she can outsail the American craft.

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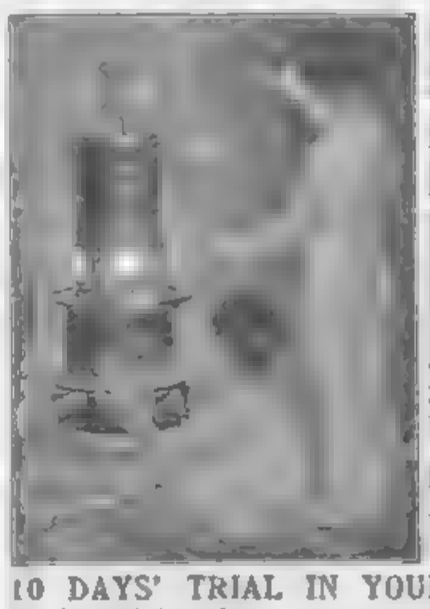

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THE MAKING OF A JOURNALIST

(Continued from Page 237)

was allowed to go part of the way in a freight car, and when two Turkish officers asked leave to share the hard and jolting floor of the car over night we made them welcome. They proved to be the most disagreeable human companions with whom I ever spent a night, for they quarreled, and one kept drawing a fearfully big dagger and attempting to stab his companion with it. We only made believe to sleep, and watched them out of the corners of our eyes.

Arrived at the end of the railway, we managed to strike a bargain by which we loaned our horses to some officers in charge of a train of hackney carriages taken from the cabmen of Salonica for use as ambulance wagons. They gave us the right to ride in the carriages. Thus it came about that I was one of the first men who ever rode to war in a landau. Wherever we stopped for a night the richest Greek in the place was bidden to entertain me, and a Turkish soldier stayed in the house each time to see that the wretched people gave me plentifully of their best. It was pitiful to see these bankers and rich merchants routed out of bed and made to put on their best apparel and to cook our meals at midnight. Wives, servants, children—every one—had to be up and doing for us. Wonderfully lucky as it was to escape a night in a filthy Turkish khan, or tavern, the pleasure was marred by the knowledge that I was not cheerfully served or truly welcomed.

THE TALE OF THE TURKISH COMEDIAN

In the city of Larissa the Governor gave to Mr. Roberts, of the Washington Post, and to myself and my son, the beautiful villa from which a Greek professor had run away on the approach of the Turks. As the front door was kicked in to save the time and trouble of unlocking it, we were at the mercy of thieves all the time. All Albanians are thieves, and a company of them was encamped beside the low wall of our garden.

True to their instincts, they made an attempt to rob us, but this only occasioned the most laughable incident of the entire campaign. They came while we were away and had left our house in charge of a moon-faced Turk who acted as our cook. He could not speak any language, we understood, so he told us about it in pantomime, something after this fashion:

All is quiet—the house is in his charge—he is asleep in a chair with his head against a wall. Cr-r-r-ck! Pist! What's that? He wakes—opens his eyes—cocks his head on one side. Hark! He leaps to his feet—peers through the shutters—sees some Albanian bashi-bazouks climbing over the wall into our compound. They are thieves, ruffians, murderers! What is to be done? Ah, he knows! He throws open the window. He waves the men away. They hesitate. "Turgue! Turgue!" he cries (meaning, "This is a Turkish house; therefore one you dare not rob"). Pistt! Cr-r-ck! They drop back again on the other side of the wall.

Never in any theatre in any part of the world have I seen an actor who did as clever a bit of playing as this man did in telling that story by signs. Every day and many times a day I made him repeat this story for my visitors—in reality, I did so in order that I might be sent into roars of laughter by his comical face and gestures.

DESERTED IN THE WILDS OF MACEDONIA

At one point on our return from the war we bargained to be driven with our baggage to a certain railway station. We decided to alter our route afterwards, but the owner of the wagons and his men flatly refused to make any change in their plans. We had a very exciting time, and came very near seeing our belongings dumped on a mountain pass and abandoned. By exercising patience and cunning we induced the men to proceed to a certain town, where we knew—but they did not—that the Governor was our friend. When we got there our servants were told to obey us in all things or they would be severely punished.

They promised to do so, but ran away with all our property the moment we left the town. Thus we found ourselves in the middle of Macedonia without servants, baggage or horses; in fact, we had nothing but the clothes we were wearing. That looked like a very serious adventure, but it amounted to nothing more than a day's worry. We reached the railway, took the train, and at the station to which our men had bargained to take our goods we found them and our property awaiting us. The worst feature of that experience was that by reason of it we were obliged to spend one night in a Turkish khan. My bed was a frame of wood with a sheepskin laid upon it. How many years that had been there without being cleaned, and how many peasants had slept upon it I do not care to know. Within an hour after I had lain down upon it I began to suffer such torture that I almost feared I should be devoured before morning. From this misery I rescued myself by a very simple but most efficacious proceeding. There was in the room a lamp which held between a pint and a quart of kerosene. I opened the lamp, stood upon the sheepskin cot and poured the oil all out upon my head. Then I put on my nightgown and lay down. My tormentors either died or imitated the Greeks in battle, I do not know which. But I lay down and enjoyed the sleep of the just.

A sad and, to us, a melancholy interest attaches to this subject, for the war correspondents of to-day are the last men who will ever serve in such a capacity. Two of the great nations have resolved to exclude them from their armies, and no one doubts that the others will do the same. Unavoidably, the correspondent supplies the enemy with news. After this he will only be allowed to report small affairs with savage tribes where Europe is concerned.

How Cleveland Kept His Word

A YEAR before Grover Cleveland was elected Mayor of Buffalo he spent an evening with former Assemblyman Chance and Mr. McLean, American Consul at Nassau. Mr. Cleveland related some anecdotes of Buffalo political life with such spirit that Mr. McLean made this prediction:

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Cleveland," he said, "if you stick to politics you'll be President some day."

"Umph!" replied the Buffalo lawyer.

"What would you do now—to-day—if you were President of the United States?" inquired Mr. Chance speculatively.

"Take a Government dispatch-boat and go a-fishing."

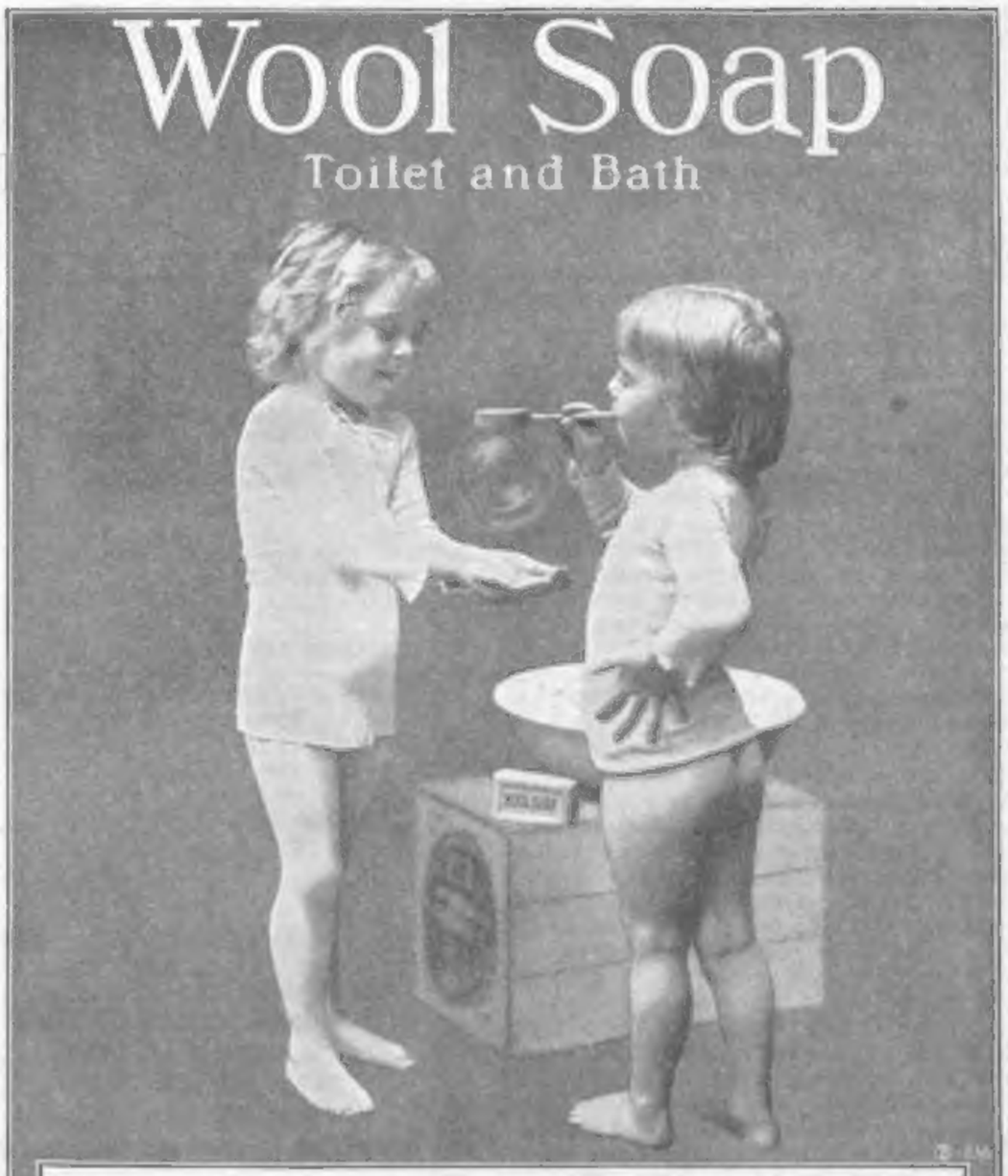
"All right," said Chance. "Consider yourself President."

"You've got to reappoint me to office," put in the Consul.

"Agreed," replied Mr. Cleveland. "And what do you want, Chance?"

"I guess I'll go fishing, too," answered the Assemblyman.

The next year Mr. Cleveland was elected Mayor of Buffalo, and ascended by the rapidest jumps on record to the White House by way of Albany. But he was true to his word. He took a dispatch-boat and went a-fishing, he reappointed McLean Consul, and he invited Mr. Chance to go fishing with him.



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THE PLUNGER'S £1000 BANK-NOTES

(Continued from Page 227)

the size of a £1000 Bank of England note, but I had with me the fiver you gave me for expenses, and, guessing it would be the same shape, I flattened that out over the drawing-pins on the wall. It fitted exactly.

"'So, thought I, that's all right. Now, where could it be photographed from? I looked around. The chest of drawers against the opposite wall would make a perfect camera stand; the gas bracket over them would give light——'

"'Cut short your beautiful reasonings,' I said, 'and give me the result. To begin with, how are these things forged at all?'

"'Photographed, sir,' said Elk, 'as I have shown you, from the original note on to a zinc plate covered with sensitized film. That is developed like an ordinary negative, and then placed in a bath of dilute nitric acid. The acid eats away what corresponds to the bare part of the note, leaving the lettering in bold relief. This is inked, placed in a press, and printed from in the usual way.'

"'I see. Well, did you find the camera, and the press, and the negatives which these notes had been printed from?'

"The little man looked at me with a comical air of reproach. 'No, sir. Why, you'd hardly expect a woman who was clever enough to go through all these processes would be sufficiently green to leave the tackle behind. No, sir; when she had finished her job she sauced Mrs. Jarrett, and packed the outfit in her boxes, and went. But she did leave one or two mementoes behind her. She used another attic at the end of the passage as her dark room—a windowless, littered place which was never disturbed. Everything was well hidden, even there; but, knowing what to look for, I found a good deal. She had developed on the top of a packing-case, which is all stained with her chemicals, and she poured her slops down into a hollow of the walls. She had also dropped into that niche another thing, a spoiled plate—under-exposed—of the note marked P84-86162. On the corner, over the drawing-pin head and a flower on the wall paper, was a thumb-mark identically similar, line for line, with the thumb-mark on the vulcanite developing tray.

"'You have probably heard, sir, that the markings on the thumbs of no two individuals are the same——'

"'Oh, confound you; do get on.'

"'Yes, sir. Well, being able to do no more there just then, I ran up to town and gave at Scotland Yard an accurate description of the young person I wanted; and within half a dozen hours they'd got her. She was living in comfort in my own neighborhood, Brixton; and they found in her house a light, handy lithographic press, an extremely good camera and several unexposed zinc plates. And, moreover, an impression of her right thumb taken in wax coincided line for line with the impressions in my possession. These facts were put before the young lady, Mr. Grayson, and I am pleased to inform you that she has owned up to making all those notes which Mr. Cope so unluckily fingered.'

❧

"We had a clinking trial of it, a *cause célèbre*. There were two counts—forging and uttering. There was no question about the uttering, and we pleaded 'guilty as an unconscious instrument.' However, expert evidence from the Bank of England showed how marvelous had been the imitation, so I had little fear of sentence on that score. Still, we had a grand fight of it over the forging, but we got a 'not guilty' on it triumphantly.

"Old Hawkins was on the Bench, though, and you know his way. He couldn't resist reading Cope an improving lecture. It was, perhaps, unfair under the circumstances; but it certainly did that enterprising ass no violent harm. Master Willie Cope ripped out the old leaves and ranged himself most wonderfully afterward; and, thanks to Presse, the estates are pretty nearly on their feet."

"But what about the girl?"

"Oh, you see, she was a sinner much in request. She'd done before for the same game, and came of a fine old criminal stock. Consequently, she got it hot."

"Accomplices?"

"Were many, naturally. The whole thing was worked most scientifically by a large gang. But the girl was staunch, and she wouldn't tell. The rest of the crowd are at large today, and we shall probably meet some of them on the race-course.

"Hullo! My faith, here we are at Aintree! How you fellows have kept me babbling!"

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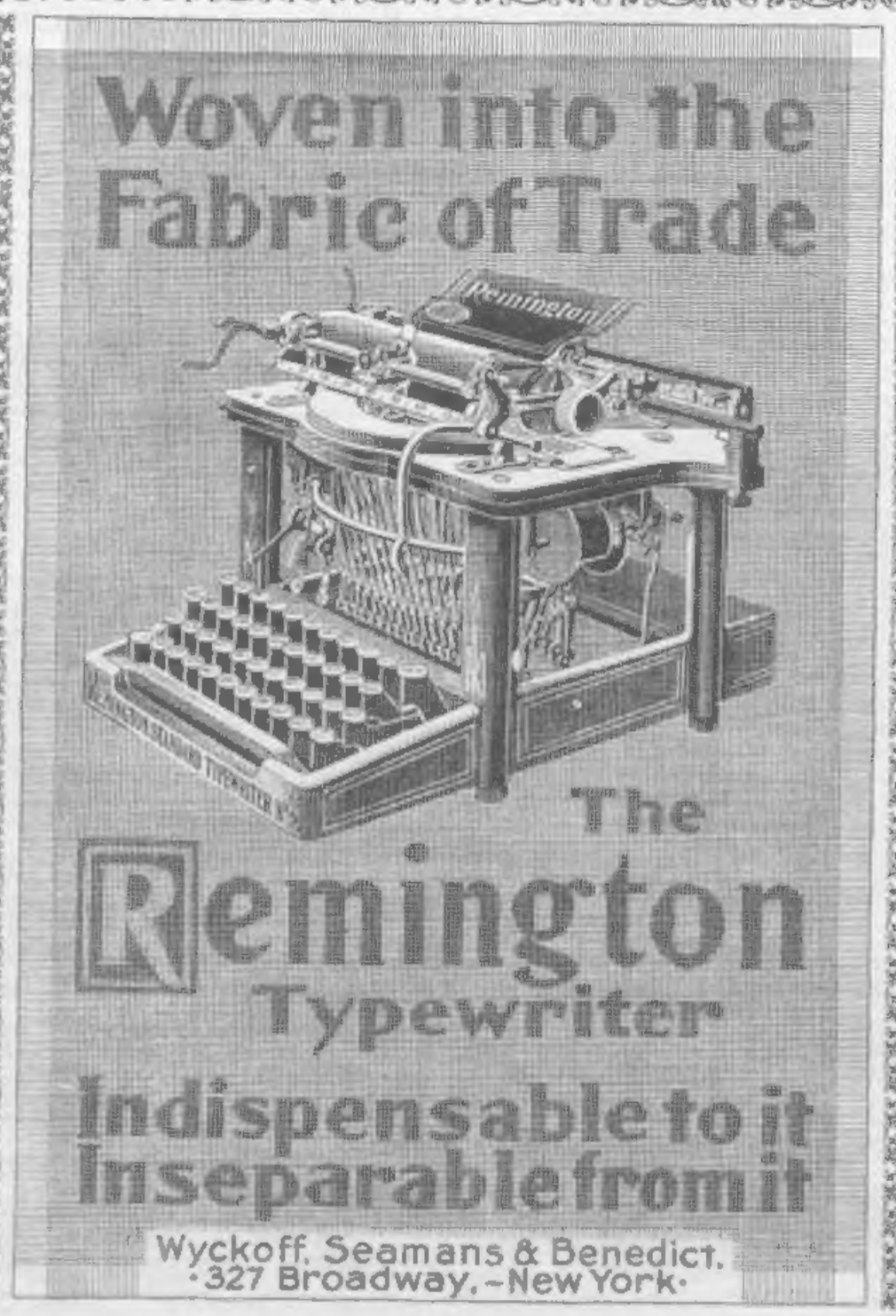

FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 233)

Far down the road leading over the hills back of the plantation, which was for a long distance in full view of the party on the porch, a horseman could be seen coming rapidly toward them. He rode as if pursued. When he drew rein on the graveled walk they saw that the animal was covered with foam. The man leaned from the saddle.

"In the service of the Government!" he cried. "Captain Hull, of the Constitution?"

"He is on his ship below, yonder," answered Colonel Barrett. "Do you bear news?" he added, as the messenger gathered up the reins and turned toward the wharf.

"Yes, sir; war has been declared with England, and I have orders for the Constitution to get to sea," he cried, striking his spurs into his jaded steed.

"Hold, sir," cried Colonel Barrett quickly; "two of that ship's officers are here and will take you on board. Leave your horse with us till you return."

"Come, Ludlow!" cried Fairford, full of excitement. "Good-by, Colonel Barrett," he added as he wrung that old soldier's hand.

"God bless you, my boy!" was the answer.

Raising his hat gracefully to the ladies the young officer turned to the messenger. "Come this way, sir."

❧

Margaret's heart sank within her as the little party walked rapidly toward the end of the porch. She ran fleetly toward them.

"Blake!" she called softly.

"Go on," said the young man to his companions; "I will overtake you." He turned and stood before her with bared head.

"Blake," she said, "you are not going without saying good-by to me, are you?"

He made no answer, and she went on timidly, detaching a rose from those she wore at her breast. "Won't you take a rose now?"

"Perhaps if we overtake the Guerrière I can get one from my brother," he replied.

Her little hand dropped to her side at his bitter words, and the rose fell at her feet.

Where had her pride gone? Apparently he had it all, as he had her heart. Her eyes swam with tears.

"Good fortune to you . . . . farewell," she whispered.

"Thank you; good-by," he said with foolish pride, and, after hesitating a moment, turned and ran rapidly after his companions.

"God bring him safely back to me again!" she murmured, and then, avoiding the rest, sought the quiet of her chamber.

"What have you there, Robert?" said Fairford to his friend as they sat in the boat.

"Nothing but a flower and a memory, Blake," was the reply.

"I have no flower, and I wish to Heaven I had no memory," said Fairford bitterly, looking back at the white house on the hill.

"Muster the crew," said Hull calmly, when he had read his orders. "My lads," he said to the men as they ranged themselves around the mast, crowding the gangways and filling the waist, "war has been declared against Great Britain. We are ordered to sea, with special instructions to look out for the Guerrière! We will get under way at once, and perhaps we may overhaul her to-morrow. Mr. Fairford, take the ship."

"All hands up anchor!" shouted the young Lieutenant, leaping upon the bridge amid the cheers of the men. "Man the capstan!"

❧

Had they been returning home from a foreign cruise the men could not have sprung to the bars more eagerly. To the rude tune of some time-honored chantey, the anchor was jerked from its ooze bed and catted and fished in an incredibly short time. At the word of command the eager topmen sprang into the shrouds and spread themselves upon the soaring yards.

Cloth after cloth of snowy canvas was unfurled; the sheets were hauled home; the yards mastheaded with a will, until the old frigate, bowing to the gentle breeze, started forth upon that career of conquest which was to make her the most famous ship in history. The cheers of the artillerymen and the infantrymen on the banks bade them good-speed.

As they passed the little summer-house on the brow of the hill, the Colonel and the others waved their hands in farewell.

One there was who from her chamber window watched the ship speeding down the bay, till she was lost in the falling night. Her trembling hands pressed a red rose to her lips as she bowed her head upon the window ledge and wept silently in the darkness.

(To be continued in the next number)

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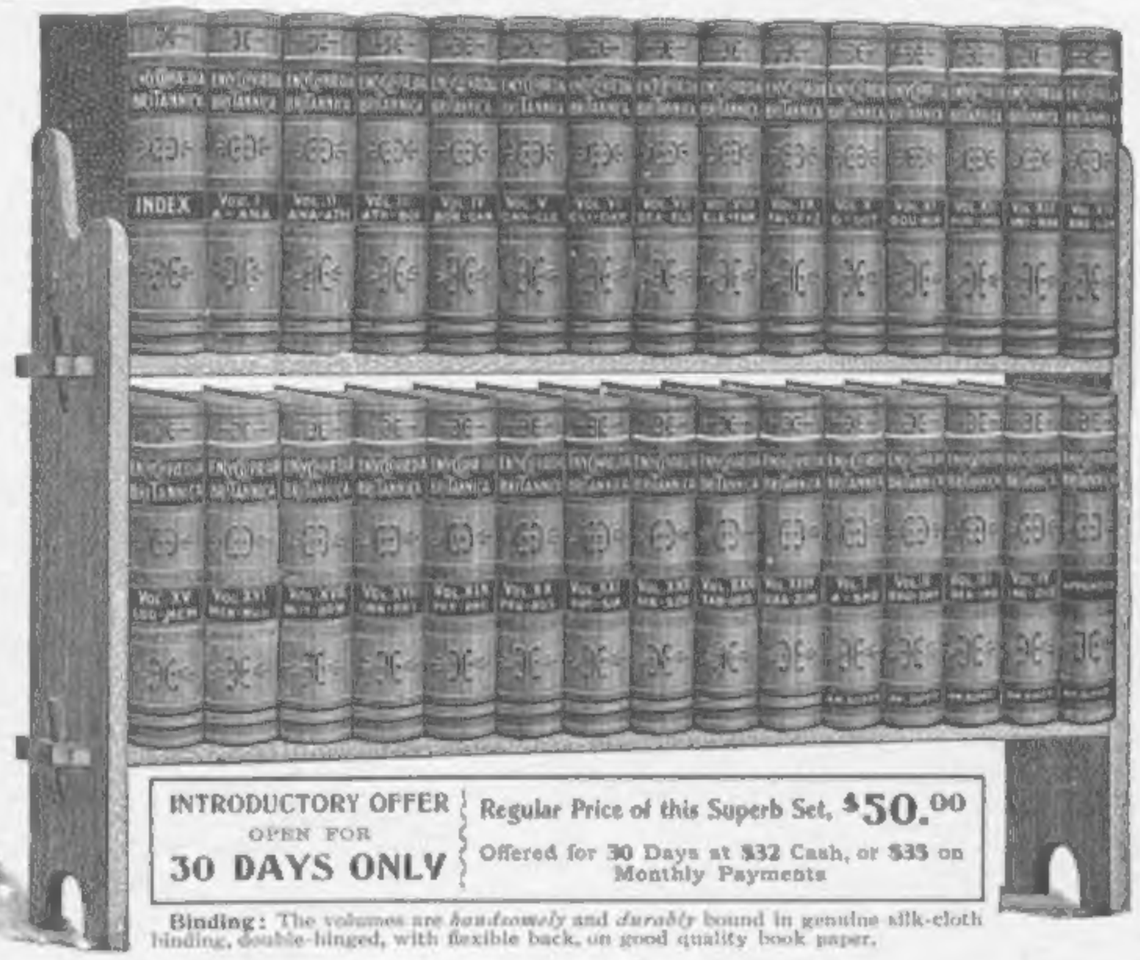

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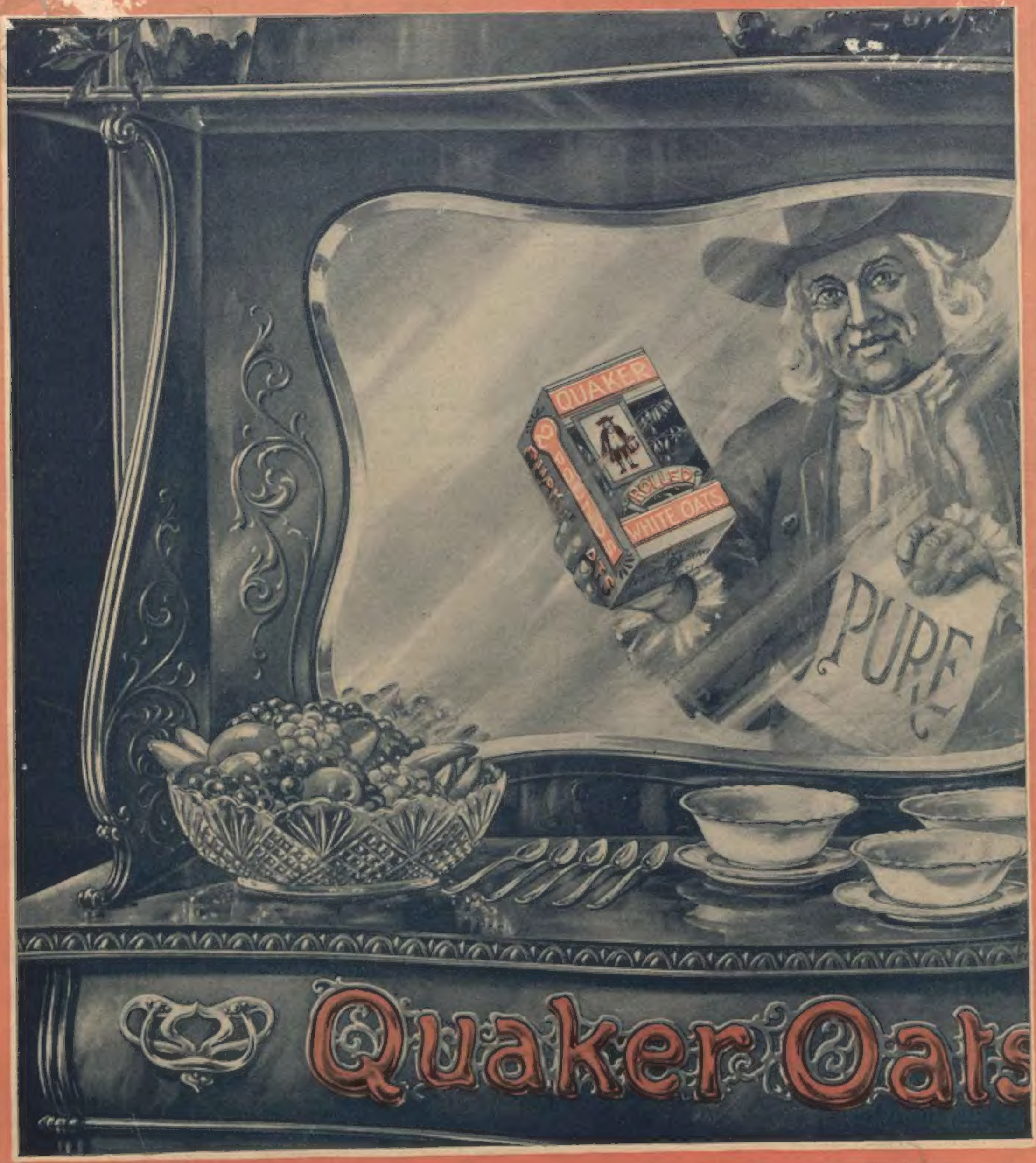

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